THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY
VOLUME 156 NUMBER 5
NOVEMBER 1935

NOTES ON BEING A WIDOW

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THERE is not a widower in the whole Bible. At least he did not remain one long enough to appear in the Concordance. But with widows the Scriptures are heavy laden. The solicitude of the Hebrew writers for a widow is something like that of children for a stray dog. To them the term was the ultimate word for affliction. The best smiting in all God's armory of punishments was in store for him who sent widows away empty; whereas to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy was the very best in Biblical Social Service.

There was good economic reason in Job's day why the widow was like unto the stray dog. She probably came to the back doors in Uz, and was acquainted with the Judean garbage pits. She was without her provider; she was destiny's castaway, with only her desolation for a cloak. The Biblical period is not the only one where the widow's plight has been a case apart. In India she may often have felt that suttee was the lesser evil of two. In the long photography of Victorian literature widows have a special character. Is n't their composite picture in our minds a large solemn woman flowing with crape-bordered black, consecrated to mourning and to making people uncomfortable? Even now, no matter what kind of widow we talk about, — a rich widow: see her in her caracul coat getting into her car with the aid of a footman; a young widow: she has beautiful teeth and a high natural color set off by her black; a poor widow woman: she is that limp specimen with threadbare gloves mumbling for charity, — in every case Widow is her hallmark, her status, her comprehensive fact. She is not just a person whose dearest friend has died; she is a Widow, impaled upon the word of calamity. When I took the telephone receiver and heard the faint long-distance message of which the first clear word I caught was 'autopsy,' though my upper mind answered and framed the necessary questions, the reflex that zigzagged like a swift snake along my intestinal mechanism was the automatic hereditary word, paralyzing the sense. Widow. Widow.

No epithet with anything like that force exists for parents who have seen

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their child lowered into the ground, or have read a telegram from the War Office with the regrettable intelligence of his death in action. They have lost their son, we say. Terrible. But have n't they two other children left? Or, at the worst, they still have each other. But have they? Marcus's going has changed his father, changed him from an upstanding man in command of his forces to a broken one; it has aged his mother unrecognizably. They have n't now the same each other. They cannot talk of Marcus together any more — each has to work something out in the solitude of his own misery. But the language takes no special account of their status. Childless they are, but so are numbers of their friends who have elected to be; 'childless' is no term that essentially carries grief with it.

If Marcus at sixteen, who worshiped his father and patterned after him even to his inflections and the motions of his head, if Marcus has seen his father wiped away by the flu, and his youth is warped with rebellion and cynicism, what name does the language have for young Marcus in his lone fiery ordeal? He is fatherless. So is the woman next door, just having buried her parent of eighty-five years who has been paralyzed for the last six — an intolerable burden lifted. So are the mites in the sand pile on the next street, whose mother is planning a new father for them in the person of the radio repair man. 'Fatherless' can imply much or little. A term with more terror to it is 'orphan,' but usually something is done for the Annies, be it ever so unsociological. Most of us over fifty are orphans and are not set apart by it.

But widows are in a class by themselves. The widow floats in sympathy and concern, deserved or not. Well she knows it — it may be the first chance in her life to attract concern. With all consciousness of her importance, she establishes herself in her new rôle, and proceeds to maintain it with distinction. If she has inherited her husband's property, and furthermore becomes executrix or administratrix, she has moved up several pegs in significance. All the legal formalities take distinguished account of her: the widow enjoys, the widow receives, the widow will sign, the widow must file, the widow is represented; they talk to her about her widow's award, or her right to a widow's election; she finds herself an affiant, an oratrix, a co-trustee — a lot of things she never dreamed of being when her business on any dotted line was nothing more than housewife. She frequents the bank, learns her way about the law offices, confers with the brokers, holds up her right hand before the judge and says, 'So help me God.' She has papers to find, inventories to check, documents to read before signing; her insurance policies are to be investigated, her will is to be made, and her taxes, several kinds, are to be most loudly and continuously deplored. It makes her something of a person, and very likely a prize nuisance in all the business offices where her affairs are being handled.

This complex of importance does not take possession of the widower, the fatherless, or the childless. A megalomania that would have been unknown to us before the death of our husbands attacks women like a pestilence in widowhood. You know us where we congregate, on the Cruises, in the Palace Hotels on the Riviera and in Rome, when we are not hibernating in our hotel apartments at home among the family furniture and mementoes, nursing our bronchitis and resenting our inconveniences. Abroad, the decline of the dollar is a personal affront. We compare notes as to how serious our lot is; what 'my business agent writes' and what 'my lawyer says' is quoted with respect if not with much

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intelligence. The lawyer back in his office in New York is hard put to it to know what to tell the widow — he tells her anything that will keep her abroad; it is better for everybody if he can. 'My daughter,' 'my son's wife,' is usually 'coming' — she has been sent for to share the anxiety. Or else, 'my daughter-in-law says my room in her home is always waiting for me.' The querulous voice makes one hope her daughter-in-law will have the room waiting for some time.

That corollary, the phenomenon of the Bought Niece, do you know it? Paris knows the Bought Niece well. Rome is full of her. Sometimes — even worse — it is a Bought Nephew who squirms in his ignoble toils. You see, besides arthritis this widow has her loneliness to bear, which does not seem right for one who should not need to suffer anything. She has to be helped down steps by the chauffeur — it is quite sad. But at home in Buffalo is a family of nieces (and nephews), whose mother married not an automobile manufacturer but a minister, and one of the nieces, we will say, will most gratefully be bought. There is rapture in Buffalo when the letter comes inviting the prettiest niece for a year abroad. What more alluring prospect than Europe with the fabulous aunt who can do anything in the world she likes! The niece comes to Italy starry-eyed with expectation. But after some months she presents a different appearance — her eyes are then set in dark hollows. The Buffalo home is heaven, but there is no prospect of returning to it.

In the mornings she does the errands and takes the dog out. After lunch she reads aloud and receives dictation. She operates charmingly at the tea tray and bends gracefully to the elderly with a sandwich plate in either hand. In the evening she plays bridge and reads aloud once more into the small hours, for widows have a great deal of insomnia. She wishes, of course, to return all she can for her year abroad, as adjured in every letter from home. No, she has not been to Lake Nemi or to Frascati; she has been in the Vatican Gallery only once for a short time — Auntie has done those things so many times. She would love to motor some day in the Abruzzi, but no, to-morrow Auntie has planned to pick out post-cards and will need her. No, she does n't go anywhere in the evening because of bridge. You see, her aunt is not well.

Let us all uphold the aunt, of course. She is a widow, alone in the world. Is not the charming niece living at her aunt's expense in one of the most luxurious suites in Rome? A girl who has had very few advantages of any kind should be grateful with great singleness of mind. *She* is n't crippled with arthritis; she can do anything she likes — save fly the cage, indeed; while in the ministerial bosom dwells the hope that she will make herself indispensable in Rome, and so come into the Larger Life. The letters from the suite on the Pincian have not made clear that the larger life is not there.

It is hard for an elderly solvent widow to lead the larger life, or any life but the most self-centred. There is no more supremely placed person in our times than she. She need please no one. All her world is bent on seeing that it is she who is pleased. Her son may talk with violence to her occasionally, but he is in New York and she is living abroad. His concern, too, is to keep her there.

Catch the conversation over the bridge table of four well-upholstered old impenitents whose only contestants are their several infirmities. With each other their defenses are down. 'I told him I would n't have it. I'd go to another hotel. That brought him round.' 'Yes, she's a good girl, my

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niece. She does n't give me any trouble.' 'He said it was too expensive for me. It was expensive, but it was worth it.' 'They won't dare refuse me — they want patronage, don't they?' '"We don't make them in sets any more," he said to me. "They are n't fashionable." "You make a set for me," I said; "I'll see that it's fashionable."' Why, certainly. It is this lady whose wishes make manufacturers' history. She deserves a great deal of truckling. She is probably a collector of something, and commissions portraits. If a young sculptor can get her to his studio, his future may be made. But not if his manners are too independent. She is immune from criticism, not only because she is elderly and a woman, but at bottom because she is a widow, invested with the consequence that is in the title.

II

The psychological change that comes to widows is not illusory. I have always been alone — even well married, I have basically, of course, never been other than alone. But now I am alone differently. I am reaware of aloneness with every turn of the day's chance. In partnership the whole of life is referred to the partner. I could not be independent if I tried, even the more if my husband supplied me with all the independence at his command. Nothing that I did was without his mark upon it in one way or another. Long association with him insensibly affected all my ideas, my sense of humor and of values. But now that we are apart his effect, though still there, still operating, has become static. There are no surprises, no new play of personality upon me to keep me in active adjustment. It is a historical he who is there, not one who is producing himself afresh hour by hour in response to each newly created circumstance. When I had to turn in my old car, the one he gave me and in which he rode with me, it was another link with him I gave up. While I still drove it, I felt him there, looking ahead, saying nothing if crisis loomed, but merely stopping halfway the transit of his cigarette hand. When the risky moment passed, he put a period by flicking the ash. My new car he never saw; I am alone in it. In my new car I am a widow.

That difference between his then and his now is like that between a photograph, excellent reproduction though it may be, and the actual person who went to sit for it, the very man who, in the familiar mixture of irritation and consent that goes with being photographed, kept his appointment at the studio and submitted to the ordeal. It is, figuratively, a photographed husband that follows my movements in my mind and checks my step, an almost cardboard likeness of himself, looking in a somewhat fixed direction. Vivid change is lacking in him, plunging reaction to stimulus simply is not there.

Photographs! How we bereaved exercise ourselves to get hold of photographs! We hunt up all the early ones, we exhume the snapshots and carry the best of them to be enlarged, frame them handsomely and set them up, following the blind instinct to get back the dead, whether or no. But whatever is seen constantly is not seen. Invariably after a while the picture ceases to speak, reverts to its character of furniture. There is a better way than having it about, and that is to hide it away and take a meal of it now and again after forgetting it. Then, if one uses the lover's device of putting the picture to the mirror, the reversal brings a fresh evocation of his personality. In the mirror there is almost movement in the face, a welling up of the familiar eye laughter, almost a flicker of changing thought, of inten-

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tion to speak. It will start emotion springing.

When I found myself alone, at first for a time my mind continued its live habits of reference and check. 'I must remember to tell Decius about this — what will Decius want done about that?' The habit of writing to him — is it possible he is not there in that other city waiting to hear? The habit of calling upon him — will he not lift the fire log for me, twist the refractory bottle top, carry the suitcase upstairs? The habit of refuge — 'I'll talk it over with my husband and let you know,' which deferred disagreeable decisions and closed importunate telephone calls. That very part of myself that brought home the clock from the repairer's, that ferreted out the error in the bank balance; the part that watched the secondhand bookshops and brought home by degrees collections of my favorite authors, the Vernon Lees, the C. E. Montagues, the Somerville and Rosses, the few Percy Lubbocks; the part that came up out of his chair when I exclaimed at the sunset, that heard with me the first chatter of the wren and observed the first crocus from the dining-room window; even the part that said practically nothing when the saucepan boiled over or the shoelace broke or I cut my thumb — it takes time to learn that this powerful share of me is excised, amputated.

Some months after the lightning bolt had struck, I found myself on a wide new highway cut through a familiar town near ours, a town which had always before to be threaded slowly. 'Well, see what's here! Decius will be pleased,' was my quick thought. 'He has been hoping they would widen this.' It was some seconds before the sensation of falling elevator in me told me what was the matter. No. He is out of reach of all that. What does he care whether there is a through highway in that town or not? Highway in our meaning is all negation to him now. It neither disconcerts nor delights the electronic operations that take place in that quiescence or lucidity of his which is outside the scope of my small mind. That habit of reference of mine will have to admit defeat. I must learn that I can impart nothing to him now.

To impart — woman's pressing need. I no longer have the wife's privilege of telling him something. When telling, I stirred the signs of relish that were my test; I knew it for good marriage. He relished me and I did not need to think about it; there were other things to do. If Decius's eye, quite lustreless, could in company cross my glance with a dropped message that defied interception, the antiphony between us was demonstrated anew. Each was the other's value, his weight, his meaning in the world. Of all the network that knits me with my fellow mortals, much the densest mesh is where the two of us were enveloped together. In the process of cutting the threads now, one by one, consciousness cries out. It wants its otherness, its component. A bird with one wing, or the man who has but one arm left, puts out the other to steady himself, and falls for the lack of it.

The first and easiest substitute one reaches for is retrospect, but retrospect has a dark danger trap — namely, 'What should I have done differently?' That fatal problem of a wife's policy — you can turn it round and round and always see some fresh aspect of it. It looks at first like this: Should n't your man have unlimited freedom to be himself without the sense that you are critical of what he does — such liberty as you accord any other of your friends, whose lives you are indulgent toward and make no attempt to change? Those friends' small defects you would rather recognize and cherish with amusement; you would not think of

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calling their attention to them. Your husband is the best friend you have — should he not enjoy the largest tolerance to live his life as it seems good to him? Being married to you should not limit him — it should expand him.

But here you turn the question a quarter revolution. Your other friends do not bring their foibles to live with you day and night. If you allow some small annoyance to be increased and multiply itself into a usage that soon amounts to habit, and then to tradition, its cumulative effect may be out of all proportion to its innocuous beginnings — it may even imperil your affection. Very well, then — here you turn another quarter: if confronted with a tendency that needs correction, it is your business as his wife to present that to his attention. No one else will. But — now another turn — if you warn him against something that has become a part of him, he cannot receive that judgment of yours without shock. You will put him in a dilemma. His conception will be different from yours. He is not prepared to deal with the matter at once or to surrender his sovereignty of choice. But he would like to give you satisfaction if possible. And, as he has been made self-conscious, he must take first refuge in reticence or even evasion, and — back to the beginning again — you will not like that and your last state may be worse than the first.

Which aim would have been better, to keep intact your approval of him in which is imbedded your love, or his own serenity as the unquestioned arbiter of his affairs? Many a widow sets herself this riddle, and is haunted by the fear that she may have answered it wrong.

Fear indeed rules much of her consciousness now that she has not his reassuring warmth upon it. And fear brings change. At first, when she is only stricken, she crawls limping and inarticulate into a hole, and no one reaches her there. But when she begins to go forth to forage again she is changed toward life — not quite so free with it as formerly. She distrusts approach; pausing and alert, she scents the wind, stops, looks, and listens for sounds and indications. Life is all extrahazardous — she cannot step too gingerly or tread too narrowly, or be too closely furled against the storms. She can easily be lost, and, if lost, there is no one to come and find her. It is a curious experience in middle age — this sudden loss of one's natural corrective. Inevitably one fumbles — with the native illuminant cut off, what else is there but to feel one's walls and grope?

Though I am speaking of a state of mind, groping is all but literally what happens. That loyal friend Junius, whose wish to be of help to the widow conflicts with his very masculine reluctance to be caught giving advice, may let his sympathy get the better of his judgment and drop a word or two of guidance. Cornelius too, feeling strongly about the dangers to the defenseless widow in these rocky times, rather against his will is led into pointing out what her best course would be. But these views, so kindly framed, so hesitatingly proffered, and so hungrily seized upon by one who feels acutely the shortage in advice, are mutually contradictory to the point of collision. Oh, for quiet Decius at home, easily producing his own neat sound opinions, and making all the deductions for the family! Though she listens with fervor and gratitude to Junius and Cornelius, and downtown to the known expert Antoninus and the known expert Marius, backed by their swivel chairs in their inner offices, and though she judges and sifts with all the presence of mind she can muster, in final analysis what has the widow but guesswork and tears? Behind her automatically clos-

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ing oyster shell is likely to be the poor conclusion that Antoninus seems like a nice man, or that Marius certainly has an imposing staff of stenographers.

III

Of course there are beneficent aspects to the change that has occurred. When the storm has worn itself out, emotion — any kind of emotion — is less quick in you. Small disappointments no longer devastate; greater ones are easier to assimilate. In the interval since you were last alive, age has crept kindly upon you, the old age of emotion. Perhaps it is like a harborage you have come into. No longer subject to every wind that blows, you lean gratefully upon calm, and listen willingly to the stillness. A shift has taken place in your interests. Your house, for example, that place in space that enclosed the life you had together, your house has always been in the top stratum of your mind, its arrangements, your purchases, your ideas for it — your house was like a running accompaniment. Now it has dropped like a plummet down out of your concern. It has no meaning for you, no future. It housed your past, and with your past has come to a halt. Your notice is attracted now by the things that cool the human heartache. With a slow-burning pain of your own, any agency that will pour a picric acid stirs what response you have to give. You look for what healing there is in such things as religion, music, gardens, or people.

Or in remarriage. In every friend's mind who brings you her sympathy, you read that unuttered suggestion: remarry. Drowning, I clutched at that easy rope, too: 'I must find someone else; I can't do without it; I must get me a substitute,' swirling round and round in the maelstrom. But presently comes quietly to the surface the fact that someone is no antidote. No. Let me take aloneness while there is still some flexibility left in me to learn its ways, which will not be so hostile when embraced. I will do better not to assume someone's else last phase of life as well as my own. The last phase is something to be encountered in privacy, with girded powers and a single problem in adaptation. Remarriage invites death to attack my citadel again, later when I could be more vulnerable to it even than now.

People, however, if the widow turns to them for renewal, will only quicken the sense of the separation she is undergoing. At first she talks of her husband and herself almost as freely as if he were soon coming in. She gets through many a conversation about him without being too visibly shaken. But soon he has begun to drop out of others' talk. She sees that it blocks them to have him in the conversation much. They expect to be solemn when they speak of the dead, to do it in quiet moments, not in a group with laughter. His friend the widow is the only one who still feels his right to be there, but if she includes him in the laughter she will kill it. They fancy she will show emotion at mention of his name, and when his name occurs more rarely with them she refrains from using it herself, to save them their embarrassment.

But I resent being solemn when speaking of the dead. I want to be light-hearted in referring to Decius, whenever I can, just as if he were there in the other chair. Why may I not keep him as alive as possible? Such a personality as his is too strong to need protecting from anybody. He should be an active factor in all the heat and scrimmage of conversation, contributing his full flavor to it out of everybody's memory, taking his turn as a subject of discussion quite as much as Hitler, or Mr. Tugwell, or Johnny away at school, or anyone else not

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present. If I had the tongues of men and of angels I would do something to annihilate forever that hoary sophistry, that vicious unreasonableness, *Nil nisi bonum*. We debunk the great with complacency; everybody reads how fallible Washington was, and Queen Victoria. But of Father or Sister Letty or Aunt Abigail gone to their reward none may say the truth. Father may have held an autocratic thumb upon our comfort throughout his long life, but no hint of it may escape us now as we receive the visitors and discuss the portrait. The obituaries included a list of the causes he headed, but said nothing of the many times he made Mother weep. And Mother as a widow is the first to lend herself to the convention. Dear Father, you understand, was a remarkable man. Just see the tributes to his strength of character and business acumen pouring in from the offices of all the competing corporations. This congestion of florists' baskets, with so much ribbon on them, spouting the very largest gladioli and roses, — it required two maids to lift that one! — they sufficiently attest Father's remarkableness.

Indeed the process of idealization is usually the first phase of healing. After shock, the reeling consciousness seeks footing. Recognition of the disaster that has come, forced by the facts that go along with death, alternates with a kind of incredulity, when the dispossessed one hardly grasps what has taken place. Certainty, any sort of certainty, is her most urgent need. Certainty of the perfection of the departed is the easiest form for that imperative to take. It will be secure from attack — no one living will care to dispute it and the dead will not blemish it by any further conduct. It can flourish and often is all that does flourish in a time of wreckage. So if your marriage has been a semi-martyrdom, you can now believe firmly that your husband was a saint. And what a relief! Conversely, if you have ruled the union yourself and reduced your husband to the status of a shadow, you can now have laid to rest your guiding star, your master, your lord. It is a very satisfactory arrangement.

But for me there is nothing agreeable in self-deception. If there were I should doubtless adopt it. If I suffer loss, I am less uncomfortable to know it for what it is n't as well as for what it is. It does me no good at all to see my husband as other than he was — his rare merits, his special charm, his appealing defects all together. He was a realist, and his training has made a realist of me. Especially now, I should like the body of consciousness out of which my new life must make its way to be as free as possible of any falsity, however much it may contain of weakness and inconsistency.

Yet why do I let slip no word of Decius now save in praise? Because, again, it disturbs our friends. A year ago I should have said quite naturally, 'Decius has the worst way of forgetting to pass his cigarettes.' Now, with a remark like that in the past tense, someone squirms. 'Decius never could think to pass his cigarettes' is a disloyalty to his memory. If he had human and understandable lapses from perfection, say nothing of them, hush them up. Shorten him to fit the formula for the dead. He is no longer a whole man — he is a bust in a niche. Let no Spoon River verities touch him. Cover him, if not with eulogy, then with silence. But — let me stop to think — can it be that at bottom it is my own egotism I cover, in order that my lost, my dearest, my possession, may be magnified to majestic proportions and take laurels even of a nature that he himself would have repudiated? Oh well, fortunately for him, what he 'would have' repudiated or accepted or thought is now not pertinent.

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'What would Decius have thought of the Gold Decision?' I may as well ask: 'If you had a brother, would he like green cheese?' Decius cannot be synthesized. His mind was too growing. Certainly what the Supreme Court did mattered to him almost as much as what his wife did. Its important decisions entered his mental fabric like a dye, modifying his professional life and reflected thence upon all his dealings. But no verb is as unreal as 'would.' 'He would think' is to guess and be paralyzed.

You know well that your husband, any husband, though you may have believed that you read him like a book, was nevertheless as unpredictable a man as ever lived. The occasions stand out in your memory when he belied all his customs and did just the opposite of what was expected of him. If there is any safe guess to be made as to what Decius would wish, it is that his imagined opinion should not be the source of your actions now. He would dislike extremely to influence you from the grave. Living, he was a foe of what he called the Dead Hand. If he had rage, it was for those famous self-made, hard-boiled testators of the nineties whose ironclad wills created follies that the living cannot overturn — institutions founded in perpetuity for which society has no more need, trusts impossible any longer to carry out, descendants fettered unto the third and fourth generation by provisions conceived in a world that was mere history almost as soon as the witnesses' signatures were dry. To lone daughters binding their movements by guesses as to what their dead would have wished, his advice was always directed toward their own fuller freedom. He who knew me as wife did not know me with the problems of a widow. Not even Decius could foretell. He has insensibly gone elsewhere and my life has to be developed now in a different medium. It must make its own rules, and his tolerance must be trusted to comprehend, if comprehension or tolerance or even 'he' are terms applicable to that spiritual stratosphere where his being, if any, takes place. Living, one is continuity freshly written day by day, bound up with the continuity of the world. But in Decius continuity is done.

IV

The happy element in death is that it makes safe forevermore the one who is elected to it. Fate cannot harm him; he is complete. There can be no regrets for him; he has the great advantage. Your Catholic European is bound by a convention that requires him to speak of the dead as *mon pauvre père*, or *mia povera madre;* but even he would admit that life is not always the greater blessing, and that to go out of it has sometimes distinct merits in spite of the prospective Purgatorial ordeal. Not being Catholic, I have my Decius in a state which is at least happiness. He is not disturbed any longer by the conditions in this world. Reaching after him myself, straining to hear a voice from him, living in the aftermath of his life, will have no advantages for either of us. Better for me is a full day or two of the satisfactions that remain to me. Better is my painting or cooking, my silver hammering or writing, shopkeeping or nursing, or whatever wears for me the favoring aspect of Work.

But first to drop the label 'widow,' with all its injurious privileges and exemptions; and, if I can, the black insignia that designate me and support my state. My husband's death as an exculpation, as an excuse, is baneful to my future health. Although my friends would bestow their sympathy upon me to the last drop, much sympathy is indigestible food, not so sustaining as is currently thought. I have had

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losses; so indeed have many, have most. Robert Frost calls these 'the shocks and changes we need to keep us sane.' It is probably not all bad for me that shock should come to me at a time of life when all things require more effort than formerly. Effort is clearly medicinal. The last of life, as is so often pointed out, need not be barren of rewards. They will be merely different in kind from those I have known. What will be barren is existence in a retrospective coma where I feel forever the lack of my right hand. Examining my life's map, I can see many intersections — a wide choice of routes. Even should I take one that leads in an unfavorable direction, I can always return to the fork and try another. Even within bonds is much liberty of action.

What hobby did I love in my youth, and wish so much I had not given up? I will reconnect with its absorbing fascination. What special lack have I often regretted in my community? I can evolve from that an occupation. There are many things for middle-aged women to do, if we will do the things we are equipped for. We are equipped for enterprises that call for maturity rather than youth, for experience of life in place of quest for adventure, for the understanding of human nature in conflict with our times. Let the widow count up her assets and be emboldened. Let her not wait until she has 'got her bearings' — she may wait too long. Self-pity is insidious; it likes a permanent residence. If the bereft mind begins by being supine, supine it will remain. Here are the blocks the earthquake scattered. Let her assemble them thoughtfully and begin to build with them whatever shape they best suggest. There will eventually be, not a stately pleasure-dome very likely, admirable from far, but at least some homely hut or remodeled cottage of her own contriving, where, though there may be solitude, there will be at least a tiny hearth fire and a cup of tea.

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HUEY LONG

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

THE Kingfish was shot down at the most hopeful moment in his career.

Four months later he was to have stood for reëlection to the United States Senate, and would have been chosen, inevitably, by so vast a majority that no one, not even a Senatorial inquisition, could question the validity of his claim to leadership in Louisiana. His legislature had consolidated his authority by a series of acts the constitutionality of which, he believed, would stand any test in the Supreme Court. He was to have spent the summer in Arkansas and Mississippi annoying and destroying his Senatorial enemies. In his last speech in the Senate, his filibuster, he had prepared a campaign document which would be most useful in the South and in the Middle West, where he hoped to do President Roosevelt the keenest damage by effecting the defeat of his chief Senatorial lieutenants.

Then he was to devote himself to the 1936 presidential campaign. He had calculated, as have many others, that President Roosevelt could be defeated by a shift of five million votes correctly distributed. The Kingfish set out to deprive Mr. Roosevelt of those five million votes. He had supported Father Coughlin; he would support Upton Sinclair, Governor Talmadge of Georgia, Senator Borah, any of them or all of them, as long as he could shift five million votes away from Roosevelt.

Huey Long was lying flat on his stomach in his bedroom in the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans. I sat near the bed.

'Sokolsky,' he said, 'all this talk about my running for President is eyewash. I could n't carry the states with the big electoral votes. No Southerner could except in a year when it's a natural for the Democratic Party. But I'm after that ——.'

He was referring to the President of the United States.

'But mind you, if the Republicans nominate Hoover, I shall be forced to organize a third party.'

He had in this particular conversation referred to Hoover several times and I was singularly impressed by his emphasis. I asked him about it.

'Hoover is the logical nominee of the Republican Party after the Roosevelt raw deal. But it's bad logic. Everything that I believe to be crazy in the Roosevelt Administration was initiated by Herbert Hoover. The only difference between Roosevelt and Hoover is that Hoover was sincere and frightened. Roosevelt is a natural gambler: he'll take a chance on anything.'

I had not expected to see the Kingfish in New Orleans. But I did hope to secure from Seymour Weiss, the manager of the Roosevelt Hotel, a letter of introduction which might eventually lead to free conversation. Mr. Weiss was in his private office. Yes, he told me, the Kingfish had unexpectedly

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come to town and he hoped to see him sometime that evening.

At that moment there was a rattle of keys; a door opened and banged. In walked more energy and force than I had ever seen in my life except in that curiously complicated personality, T. V. Soong. Evidently some small justice somewhere in Louisiana had worked off a private grudge and Huey was in a rage. All the noise and excitement and fervor were so overwhelming that I could not quite follow the details. Mr. Weiss was apparently accustomed to such exhibitions. He sat listening coldly while the Kingfish announced what he would do to all the so-and-so's who double-crossed him. Finally Huey shouted: —

'Tell him to be here at nine tomorrow morning.'

I began to suspect that it was a show. The Kingfish had seen a stranger in Mr. Weiss's office. He dramatically covered his entrance. He turned on his 'press character,' the clowning rôle which the press advertised as the real man. He played up to that characterization.

When he subsided for a moment, I was presented to him. That was the cue for another act — an amazing vituperative performance, in the course of which, without my having said one word, he announced that I was a liar, a ——, a —— —— ——, and ——. He said that the press always lied about him, that when he fought for the very principles that the New York newspapers supported they attacked him, but that it all made no difference because he could go directly to the people, over the radio, in the movies, on the stump.

When he began to calm down I told him that I had read every statement he had made on the floor of the Senate as published in the *Congressional Record*, that my judgment of him as a public official was based upon that evidence, and that I hoped my opinion of him as a man would not be spoiled by this visit.

The change was unbelievably swift. His funny face settled into a pleasant, serious mien. His long arms were in repose. He sat down next to me on the deep leather divan.

'I work hard on my speeches in the Senate. I don't suppose there is another man in the Senate who works as hard as I do. I have to. If they could throw me out, they would. I have to be careful every minute because if the Roosevelt crowd ever catches me napping they'll get me.

'I'm the only Democrat left in the Senate in the sense that I'll fight dictatorship. Lots of other fellows would like to stand up the way I do, but they have n't fixed things up back home the way I have.

'Hell, if Jim Farley and Ickes spent as much money getting rid of Republicans as they've spent against me in my own State of Louisiana, there would not be a Republican left in the Senate.

'Money can't defeat me. Go out and talk to anybody in Louisiana. They'll tell you that the people of Louisiana will elect me to any office I want.'

It was no longer a show. Nor was it boasting. The alteration from one personality to another took a split second. The very swiftness of it, the unquestioned sincerity of the second personality, impressed upon me this psychological fact, that the explanation for Huey Long's success lay in his seriousness and sincerity, that his 'Kingfish personality,' developed when he was a salesman, was definitely a disguise which he could put on or take off at will.

II

Huey Long would not have advocated the sharing of wealth had wealth not become so scarce among vast voting masses in the United States. He could

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not have developed an important following during the Coolidge Boom, for transactions in the stock market were making kings of California merchants and retired Iowa farmers every day. He could not have replaced the Republican Party as the opposition in Congress if Republican Congressmen and Senators had not been frightened into inanity by the New Deal. He could not have become the bee in the elephant's ear if Franklin Delano Roosevelt had not played with dictatorial techniques. Huey Long could not have stolen the headlines of the American press had other members of the Senate not abnegated their constitutional rights and traditional prerogatives to maintain the equality between the legislature and the executive.

Impudent, intellectually gifted, daring, careless of the opinions of his colleagues, self-assertive, forgetting nothing and forgiving no one, he forged ahead to political leadership on the errors of his opponents. Those who sought to ignore Huey Long or to condemn him as a clown erred because neither his crassness nor his impertinences offended his own following.

New York may glory in the punch he got at Sands Point, but in Louisiana they believe that Morgan and Mellon's gangsters 'ganged up on the Kingfish when his guards were n't around.' Yet, after Sands Point, Huey was able to give up a lifelong habit of drinking heavily. A man who could gaze at himself in a mirror and, looking at his black eye, realize that what goes in Shreveport will not go in the rest of the United States, who could alter his ways of living by an act of will, who could hold his personal following in the face of what must be accepted as political bribery on the one hand and threats of imprisonment on the other, was no nincompoop.

Huey Long never could have been elected President of the United States, but he forced one President to adopt an absurd fiscal programme, and he succeeded in balancing the political scale so accurately that he was, after Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most significant political personality of his day.

It is impossible to understand Huey Long or Talmadge of Georgia or Bilbo in Mississippi or the radicalism of Senator Black of Alabama unless the recrudescence of feudalism in the South is taken into account. F. Raymond Daniell ably described the South in the *New York Times:* —

> Within it there exists a privileged class of noblemen and their retainers: the owners and managers of the great plantations which sprawl over the rich loamy soil of Mississippi and Arkansas, fling themselves across Alabama's Black Belt, and spread over the red earth of Georgia and Tennessee.
>
> Another and much larger class, whose loyalty receives but scant rewards . . . is composed of humble peasants — sharecroppers, tenant-farmers, and farm laborers — who replaced the slaves. . . .

It is from this class, the 'poor whites,' that Huey Long came. The impelling fact of his life was that his youth was spent in poverty, that he had no opportunities for education, that, although he raised himself by almost superhuman efforts to become a lawyer, he and his relatives and his childhood friends in Mississippi as well as Louisiana were reared in the ugliness of 'poor white' environments. His extravagance, as some believe, in connection with Louisiana's educational establishment is a psychological compensation for his own lack of opportunities for book learning.

I was told by a lawyer in New Orleans that one day a young man came to his office to see him, impudent, pug-nosed, and earnest. He said, 'I am Huey Long.'

He complained that he could not get at the first principles of the law. He wanted a reading list that would give

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him the philosophic background, the fundamentals, something more than he could learn from his teachers. The lawyer was so impressed that he prepared a list and Huey recalled the incident when I spoke to him about it. He read every book on that list.

Once, in a speech in the Senate, Huey said: —

> There is not a set of farm workers on the face of the earth who receive as meagre a pittance for their labor from sunup to sundown and after sundown and before sunup as the sugar farmers of the State of Louisiana. . . .
>
> If you have ever seen the work you know that it is the most laborious work done on the face of the living earth. Thousands and tens of thousands of poor devils have labored on the farms . . . drawing all the way from 30 to 50 cents a day, sometimes as high as 60 to 75 cents a day; but even in the good times, when there was prosperity among the Western farmers, the cane workers of the State of Louisiana have received wages not to be compared with the kind of wages that have been enjoyed in other agricultural enterprises of the country.

When Huey Long spoke of poverty, he did not deal abstractly with slums such as exist in New York City, with their settlements and their protective tenement-house laws. He spoke of the fearful poverty and ignorance of the South, rigidly fixed by social tradition, white poverty and black poverty, white ignorance and black ignorance, coolie labor and oppressive taxation. He spoke not of conditions social workers might describe, but of his own life experience. It is this fact that gave him power and strength in Louisiana and that made him a factor in Southern states, for he spoke the language that his relatives and friends speak quietly in the bayous of the Mississippi, in the canebrakes and the cotton fields.

To the Southern farmers who have never hoped for salvation he came as a savior. To Northerners he appeared to be a freak of nature, a loud-mouthed, restless, dictatorial nuisance, a noisy breach of decorum. Yet in his own state he was able to weld together and hold together a powerful following which abided his leadership in spite of the opposition of the decent elements in New Orleans and the richly financed political efforts of the Roosevelt Administration. Farley, Ickes, Hopkins, income-tax inspectors, G-men — all the forces of the Federal Government not only cracked down on him, but cracked down on his state as well. Yet he held until a bullet hurled him down. He held because he gave his people schools and roads and jobs and money; because he relieved the lower strata of the heaviest burdens of taxation; because he made it possible for the poor to vote. The sum total of Huey's administration was that it accomplished something constructive. I asked the Kingfish about graft.

'We got the roads in Louisiana, have n't we? In some states they only have the graft.'

No matter how the cost is measured, the Kingfish could point to a fine road system, an excellent university, schoolbooks for all school children, good hospitals, and relief from oppressive taxation for the poor whites and the Negroes.

A banker who was opposed to the Kingfish told me that if Huey had had formal education, if he had possessed poise and balance, if he could have been harnessed or could have harnessed himself so that he did not at times run wild, he would have been the most competent administrator that the South had ever known. These 'ifs' made a tremendous difference. The Kingfish was an inveterate cheer leader who always had to be the first to start the noise. In Washington he was encouraged by every agency of publicity to keep his show up. When he spoke, the galleries filled with applauding listeners

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who found his snappy repartee a relief from the rounded, pedestrian wordiness of most Senators. No Senator was his match in sure thinking on his feet.

Huey Long is dead, and many a heavy-witted Senator and impatient public official will secretly breathe a sigh of relief. Often on my travels I heard men say that nothing would stop the Kingfish but an assassin's bullet. He dug out the nastiest facts in an official's life; he read into colleagues' conduct every cowardly motive; he blazoned the secrets of the cloakroom. Now he is dead.

But what these relieved gentlemen seem to forget is that Huey Long was the product of economic and social conditions in the South. His raucous voice had to be tolerated because he spoke for a mass of citizens who were entitled to relief from the cumulative errors of many administrations. The conditions which made Huey Long so important a figure in the United States continue to exist. In some respects they are worse to-day than they have ever been. Huey Long's assassination does not solve that problem; it aggravates it. The share-cropper, the poor white, the Negro who found a ray of hope in the Kingfish, are now voiceless. But other men will take his place. There must be other men, because so large a mass cannot and will not long remain voiceless.

III

Huey Long's political creed is not at all clear. In Washington he was a Jeffersonian Democrat who denounced Roosevelt's dictatorship; in Louisiana he was a dictator who operated a state as he chose. In Washington he attacked Jim Farley as a corruptionist; in Louisiana his associates have been accused of corruption and some have been indicted and at least one has been found guilty of income-tax frauds. In Washington he attacked the rich and the corporations; in Louisiana, where he could do as he chose, he did not introduce any genuine share-the-wealth measures, and there is ample justification for the suspicion that his attacks on the corporations did them little harm.

His share-the-wealth programme for the nation has been summarized as follows: —

He proposed the levy of a graduated tax upon property itself, not, as at present, upon the income from property. This tax, known as a 'capital levy,' would make it impossible for any person to own more than about $4,000,000. If one had stocks, bonds, office buildings, factories, or any other wealth aggregating more than that amount, he would be forced to give it up. Thus Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller would be compelled to give up all of their holdings of any kind above a few million dollars.

Those persons now owning less than $4,000,000 worth of goods would not have the means to buy up properties sold. The government would take over this wealth. Huey Long thought it would yield about 175 billion dollars' worth of property, which would be taken from the great industries and the great industrial corporations.

Next, this wealth would be divided. If a family possessed more than $5000 worth of property free of debt, it would be left out of this part of the programme. If it possessed less than $5000, it would receive part of the wealth taken from the rich. Each one of the country's 27,000,000 families would be assured a home, an automobile, and a radio, all clear of debt. That would use up about 100 billion dollars.

Left over would be 75 billions. The first call on this would be for the youth of the land. Every child would be guaranteed at least a high-school edu-

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cation. Several billions would be needed at once to build schools to take care of these children. Then all worthy boys and girls would get a college education, and more billions would be needed to build colleges.

Huey Long sought to cut the work week to 30 hours or less and to guarantee at least one month's vacation every year to every worker. Then he promised a yearly income of $2000 to $2500 for each family. That would come to about 50 or 60 billions a year.

Obviously such a programme does not make much sense. In the first place, what percentage of the population actually has more than $4,000,000? With that amount as his ceiling, he definitely limited his attack to a small class. Secondly, by what process could the government divide up wealth in factories, bonds, mines, and so forth? His programme would really mean that the government would have to take over the management of industry and then divide the profits — if any — so that every family had $5000 a year. His objections to the NRA, the AAA, and to Secretary Ickes's activities in Louisiana, all argued on the basis of States' rights, negative the underlying theory of State Socialism, which this phase of his plan clearly is. But the Kingfish was not much of a political and economic theoretician.

He picked up the phrase 'share the wealth' from Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance speech. In a speech in the Senate Huey said: —

> Why were we making all this fight? Because Mr. Roosevelt came out with a statement over his signature in which he said that he was in favor of the distribution of wealth among the people of this country so that the starving could be fed in the land of plenty, and because he had advocated taking it from the top and supporting the government and distributing it to those at the bottom.
>
> We went out all over this country. I was one of those going. I did not go without proper authority; I did not go without reckoning with my host to begin with. We went out over this country, Mr. President, for a principle that was stated by the President of the United States. I will read what he said. I have it here. It is nothing that is going to be disputed. I will read you one thing he said. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, at Chestertown, Maryland, on October 21, 1933, said: —
>
> 'As I recall the words of a professor in my school, the wider a distribution of wealth there is in the proper way the more we can make it possible for the men and women of the land to have the necessities of life in such shape that they will not have to lie awake at night worrying where the food to-morrow will come from. Then, and only then, will we have the security necessary for the country.'

'Share the wealth' is not a principle; it is a slogan. It is a goad. It is a tease. It is a weapon against Mr. Roosevelt. It was designed to drive him to anxiety, to record against him broken promises, to turn on him invective and venom. It forced Mr. Roosevelt to propose an absurd and dangerous tax measure; it drove him to keep Congress in Washington during a dreadfully hot summer. It caused him to weaken his recovery programme by attacking wealth just at a moment when it appeared that capital was beginning to reënter the investment market. In a word, the Kingfish may have been utterly wild in his economics when he advocated sharing the wealth, but, in the give-and-take of personal politics that he enjoyed, the slogan and his use of it were utterly damaging to his opponents. He forced them to adopt measures which he advocated but in which it was very doubtful that he believed. He led them into a political morass. In his last filibuster speech he boasted of this power over the President.

His letter to the President of June 22

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was characteristic of Huey Long at his worst. He frankly took the credit for the President's proposals. He attacked by innuendo and supported by ridicule.

You can leave your spoils of war in the hands of those who undertook to prevent your successful campaign; you can continue to oppose me in the Louisiana political arena with all the weapons and sinews which your public treasury now affords to my enemies. [So wrote the Kingfish to the President of the United States.]

Now there are many who credit you with having taken over the share-the-wealth movement. Even some say that my use in the undertaking has become emasculated because of your stronger and more capable support, and are even moved to say that the wind was swept from my sails by your pronouncement. I hope that such is true. It sometimes helps the political fortunes of one to have it shown that he has spent efforts and thereby accomplished the wreck and ruin of persons and politicians who elected him to the offices which he has theretofore held.

I say that because I have heard some say that when you went to unusual courses in the work that spelled doom and exile to the Tammany politicians who made you Governor of New York you brought many independent people to your support.

My elimination from politics would be the immediate and sure result of your enactment of the share-our-wealth legislation. You would thereby have another complete case for the public's admiration, which, cited in contrast with my support of your cause and policies, might give you a measure of added prestige.

What could Mr. Roosevelt say? There was nothing to say when the Kingfish went on the rampage because he could always make what he wanted to say sound so much better. 'Every man a king' — that appealed to those who lost their money and read in the newspapers of the activities of Barbara Hutton and other New York socialites. 'Share the wealth' — how, why, by what process? What cared the Kingfish! That slogan was jeopardizing the Administration's programme. That was the maximum political policy of Huey Long.

IV

Why did the Kingfish hate Franklin Delano Roosevelt? (Long always referred to him in full.) He supported Roosevelt before and after the Chicago Convention. Why this hatred?

Some believe that Huey Long's opposition was due to personal ambition. I doubt if they understood him. As a matter of fact, when Huey supported Roosevelt at Chicago, he undoubtedly expected Roosevelt to hold office until 1940. Huey Long was a practical politician, and he knew that when Roosevelt took hold of the machinery of the government he would be able to manipulate his own reëlection. Furthermore, he realized that a split in the Democratic Party, of whatsoever character, would result in the election of a Republican. He believed that that Republican would be Herbert Hoover, whom he did not favor. Huey Long knew how to count electoral votes as well as any other man, and he did not believe that the electoral votes of the big states would come to him. He made no play for them.

His ambition was not the presidency. It was revenge. From his standpoint President Roosevelt and Jim Farley and Hurja and Ickes and Hopkins 'did him dirt,' and he would fight them as long as he could.

Here are his own words on the subject: —

Now let us take up the record since the convention as to how we stood by this administration. Mr. Roosevelt needed money. He had to get money. We went out in Louisiana to raise it. . . . I think we raised first and last for the Roosevelt cause around $69,000, with a quota of only $30,000. When I was up in New York City I was called in and asked to raise a little more money at one time, and I did. When I went up through the State of North Dakota I

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paid all the expenses we had in that state, and gave some money that we left behind. When I went through the State of South Dakota we paid all the expenses there and left some more money behind. When I went through the State of Kansas we paid the expenses there and left some more money behind that came out of the State of Louisiana that we had raised.

We got a great deal of thanks for it. The internal-revenue collector indicted one of the men the other day down there that was one of those contributors, without ever calling on him to pay a single dime and without saying he had underpaid, after one of his inspectors had reported that he could not find anything on him with which to charge him.

I quote this from the *Congressional Record*, but the Kingfish said the same thing to me in simpler language. He said: 'I gave Roosevelt money for his campaign and then he tried to throw me out of my own state.'

Can anyone imagine that Huey Long was a philanthropist who would raise $69,000 for a presidential candidate without exacting a *quid pro quo?* That was the issue between these men. The answer may be that no one promised Huey anything, but in American politics the implications are altogether clear; patronage is controlled by the Senators and Congressmen of the party in power. Huey Long had every reason to believe, whether a direct promise was made to him or not, that his support of Roosevelt before, at, and after the convention entitled him to the control of Louisiana patronage.

When he found that this Administration was not handing out patronage on the good old American principle that to the victor belong the spoils, he kicked over the traces.

Democrats who opposed Roosevelt before the convention, — Al Smith Democrats, — Progressive Republicans like the La Follettes, Norris, Johnson, all got patronage, but not Huey Long. What he got was 250 agents, as he liked to tell, sent into Louisiana to catch him on income-tax defalcations. Abe Shushan, Seymour Weiss, the Fishers, all his lieutenants were investigated and indicted. His most bitter enemies in Louisiana were appointed to office. What has been the political pabulum for so many politicians went to his enemies and social workers. Funds of the CWA, PWA, RFC, and countless others in his state were dispensed without consulting him and clearly with the objective of destroying his political power.

Had the Administration's plans succeeded, Huey Long would to-day be a gay memory of a rattling clown of a national Mardi Gras. His organization would have fallen to bits; supporters would have deserted him; he would have been thrown out of the Senate. The Kingfish acted with an audacity and speed that rarely succeed in American politics. He took over control of every source of patronage and revenue in his own state. He became a dictator, and saw to it that the state payroll was sufficient to take care of deserving followers. Then he thumbed his nose at Washington.

It was an amazing and disgusting spectacle. The use of patronage to destroy the Kingfish and his use of patronage to protect himself exposed the weakness of the entire American political structure. As long as Presidents appoint every official down to the veriest underling, and as long as the Senate has to spend days approving such appointments, there will be no decency in American politics. The need for a permanent civil service becomes extremely obvious in this particular row. It is criminal under the law to evade payment of the income tax; so is it indecent in political morals to employ the income-tax law for partisan purposes. If the Kingfish's followers failed to pay, they should go to jail. Certainly they are entitled to speedy

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trials immediately after indictment. But when the income-tax law is employed as a political weapon to break up a political organization, such as Tammany Hall or Huey Long's, then the purpose of the law is extended beyond decency.

And they did not catch Huey Long. Whether he was a grafter or not, I do not know. I suppose the inheritance-tax collectors will discover the truth as to that. He owned a big house in New Orleans; he had a suite of rooms in the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans; he lived comfortably. But that is not evidence of corruption. Some say he had a bank account in Canada, but that has not been proved yet. There can be little doubt that his adjutants are well off, but so are the adjutants of most politicians.

Huey Long does not seem to me to have been a grafter. The accumulation of money did not mean much to him. His motive was power, sometimes the vindictive use of power, revenge, the accumulation and use of force. He was Oriental in his individualism. He sought to be a master. He enjoyed telling his lieutenants to go to hell. He dismissed his bodyguards like Napoleon or Chiang Kai-shek. He was essentially an exhibitionist who strutted about a hotel lobby reading dispatches. He called his secretary on the long-distance telephone and gave trivial instructions in the presence of onlookers with the aplomb of an emperor.

But money — what did that mean? 'Any hotel will give me a floor of rooms for nothing for the front-page publicity they get out of it,' he told me. And I believed him. Who knows whether he paid his bills? He probably forgot about many items and gave a man a job that covered everything. His campaign funds were collected without keeping books, but the money went, for it costs money to win elections. In spite of investigations and inquisitions, Huey Long was not put in jail for income-tax defalcations. That, after all, is the evidence of the moment.

Huey Long's reply to the Administration's income-tax activities against him was to go directly after Farley. The Senate refused to investigate Farley, and Huey's so-called evidence against the Postmaster-General was thin. Had there been an investigation, the Kingfish probably would have had little to offer. Nevertheless the Administration played right into Huey's hands. Instead of treating his charges against Farley as they treated Dr. Wirt's charges against Professor Tugwell, they refused him an investigation.

In the sacrosanct halls of the Senate, he repeated and reiterated his charges, and they appeared in the press of the country. They made news. Many Americans who disliked the Kingfish said that he would not dare say these things if they were not true. They do not realize that a United States Senator in the Senate Chamber can say anything he pleases, true or untrue, indecent, malicious, anything, just as long as he does not say it about another Senator.

And when the Kingfish picked Farley as a target he picked wisely, for, after all, Farley's job is to keep the Democratic Party going, and that is perhaps not an altogether scrutable job. All national chairmen make deals and hold conversations which had better not see the light of day. For instance, suppose Huey's investigation brought out all the details at present unknown of the Hearst-McAdoo-Farley interchanges which resulted in switching Texas and California to the Roosevelt column at Chicago. And it is altogether within reason that the Kingfish knew not only that but something more. He told me that if he had the ordinary 'fishing rights' of a Senate investigating committee he would be

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able to spoil a lot of great men close to the Administration.

In the Senate, the Kingfish attacked by ridicule the principal Roosevelt supporters and he hit them hard where it hurt most — at home. Senator Pat Harrison was particularly in difficulties because his is an elephant's touch compared with Huey's rapier thrusts. Huey loved to tease Harrison. It was anticipated that Harrison's Bilbo would rise against the Kingfish, but perhaps after Gassaway's futilities the Administration thought better of giving Huey another opportunity to do to Bilbo as he did to Senators Harrison and Clark. They tried hard to trip him, but he took the laughs and the applause. He had the Senate laughing with him. Harrison and Clark used clubs, but Huey went into paroxysms of laughter. The Kingfish figured that back in the home districts the people laughed, too.

Huey Long might have ruined his political future by his tendency to overtalk every situation. Now that he is dead, will he become a symbol of protest against the un-Jeffersonian activities of the Administration? Thomas Jefferson lives in the South and the Middle West. Will Huey Long live as his modern apostle? Will he become the inspiration for a Jeffersonian revolt against centralized government? He liked the phrase: 'If we have to look to Washington as to when we shall sow and when we shall reap, some day we will be without bread.'

Huey Long had built himself a following even among Senators. Last year the cotton-silver Senators supported him. In the last days of the Seventy-Fourth Congress he developed a cotton-wheat coalition with stronger support in the House than in the Senate. Even during his last filibuster he did not stand absolutely alone, and attempts to force him to take his seat were futile.

V

Was Huey Long a Fascist? I asked him about that.

'Fine,' he said. 'I'm Mussolini and Hitler rolled in one. Mussolini gave them castor oil; I'll give them tabasco, and then they'll like Louisiana.' With that he roared his infectious laugh.

Huey Long supported States' rights; he was opposed to the extension of the authority of the Federal Government. Once, in reply to Senator Nye, he said: 'Mr. President, I understood the Senator to suggest that General Johnson would amend the Constitution in order to make his power more complete. The Senator might better suggest a less cumbersome system. The General does not need to go that route to amend the Constitution. That is no longer necessary. An executive order has a great deal more effect than an amendment to the Constitution, especially more effect than a mere act of Congress. I think the Senator from North Dakota is not doing General Johnson justice, because an executive decree from the pen of Mr. "Hooey" Johnson, under the seal of NRA, wipes out State laws and State statutes, and at least shelves the Constitution.'

Again, in his debate with Senator Clark, he said: —

'No doubt if Jefferson could have foreseen all the results of this day and time, if Jefferson had known that he was taking in territory from which the people were going to send men to the United States Senate who were going to advocate taking all the power out of the hands of Congress that was created to represent the people and placing it in the hands of some board, in the hands of various and sundry persons, to be exercised on the *ipse dixit* and under the control and subject to the fancy and whims of one man, I would guarantee that Jefferson would not have wanted them in the Union if he had

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known that among the other objections which were urged at the time.'

The point of the matter is that the Kingfish was not seeking a philosophic solution of the political, social, and economic problems of the United States. He wanted: —

1. To keep his organization intact in Louisiana so that he could dominate that state politically;

2. To be recognized throughout the South as the protector of the poor whites and even the Negroes, of the farmers and share-croppers and debtors, so that his influence would be extended throughout the South;

3. To build a bloc of farmer states which he would lead in the Senate, so that he could get the best political bargains with any administration;

4. Finally, but not least important, to do something for the class from which he originated.

Into this complex of selfishness and idealism entered his vindictive animosity toward Franklin D. Roosevelt and his associates. That definitely conditioned his conduct during the past two years. Had Huey Long been Mr. Roosevelt's floor leader, he would have supported administration measures as he opposed them, for he was essentially an organization man who was loyal to his gang. However, they threw him out, and he used his fine legal mind and his audacious tongue to castigate them.

It is as absurd to call the Kingfish a Fascist as it would be to call him a Communist or a member of the Kuomintang. He was an American local politician holding on to what he had and trying to get a little more.

Huey Long's methods were never more defined than during his last filibuster speech, when he held up the Senate until the moment of adjournment and succeeded in preventing the passage of the Deficiency Bill which would have given the Administration funds to implement the Social Security Bill, the Guffey Bill, and so forth. That speech will be used in every Senatorial campaign this year and in the 1936 campaign. His statement of the single issue — Is the legislative branch of the government to remain independent of the executive as provided by the Constitution? — remained unanswered. He proved that the Senate and the House had no valid excuse for adjourning at the moment, except that it was the President's will that they should adjourn.

Had Huey Long lived, he would have gone into several states to defeat Senators and Representatives on that issue. He would have asked the electorate: Did you send these men to Washington to represent you or to obey the President? He believed that he could defeat Senator Harrison and even Senator Robinson on that issue. That, and his hatred for President Roosevelt, furnished the motive for the filibuster.

The Kingfish did not rise to such formidable power because he was a smart talker and a fast thinker. He rose because he dramatized the strengthening protest in the South and in many Middle Western states against centralized government in Washington, agrarian experimentalism, and wasteful extravagance leading to the increased impoverishment of the farmer.

Superficially, the appraisal is possible that Huey Long, having been killed and buried, will soon be forgotten. It might be said that he had had his day and had served some purpose. But the conditions which made Huey Long such a national figure continue to exist — and as long as they continue to exist is it not possible that his sudden death, his apparent martyrdom, his funeral, his burial in the park of the state Capitol, will conjure up for a decade a new and different figure of Huey Long, a political ghost to plague those who have forgotten the essence of Jeffersonian Democracy?

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UNINHABITED ISLAND

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

THE yawl rounded the sand cay and headed for the passage, a fair wind over her quarter, her flying topsail set, a bone in her teeth. When abreast of the main islet her captain came on deck with his glasses. Soon he made us out huddled on the outer beach; then we could see him motion to the helmsman, who turned the wheel over to him and, moving aft, dipped the ensign. After a little the vessel rose to the seas beyond the passage, and shaped her course for the Northern Islands; but we stayed on, watching until her topsails were lost below the horizon. Then we rose and broke through the jungle to the lagoon beach. We were alone on Uninhabited Island.

There are six islets and innumerable sand cays on the reef of this atoll, the former from a hundred yards to a half mile long, green with coconuts and pandanus, the latter patches of sand and bush where thousands of sea birds nest, turtles crawl ashore to lay their eggs, fat land crabs scuttle about, gorging on eggs and fledglings. The reef itself encloses a lagoon that is deep, blue, and mysterious, as clear as the tropic sky, yet as changeable as the sea. Its submarine cañons are rich in mother-of-pearl and *bêche-de-mer;* but these treasures are watched over by as vicious sharks as one will find in the Pacific.

For years no one has lived on Uninhabited Island; but formerly labor gangs came here from the Northern Islands to make copra. This work soon was done. While waiting for the trading schooner's return the men would feast on birds' eggs, fledglings, coconut crabs, the fattest of the fish; and many tubs of coconut-husk beer would be brewed, and shouts of revelry would rise from the lonely groves. Here Captain William (Bully) Hayes had been marooned for a year, until an American sloop had picked him up; the island-famous Jack Buckland had died a violent death; gold is said to have been buried by the early Spaniards; valuable pearls have been found when divers would risk their limbs. But now the islets are heavy with a jungle of young coconuts, pandanus, and bush; the few houses are in decay; the sharks and conger eels have recaptured their lagoon, the coconut crabs and rats their islets, the birds and turtles their sand cays.

On the northeastern reef there is a deep bight where, imbedded in the coral, more than one anchor tells of old-time sailing ships that have been piled high and dry. And two miles from the passage islet, within the same bight, the boiler of a steamer stands high on the reef, a roosting place for long-beaked frigate birds.

We built a thatched hut above the lagoon beach, under a great Barringtonia tree. There the days passed quickly, with plenty of work to occupy

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our time. The yawl having left us no provisions, we were obliged to live as had the first savages who populated the Pacific Islands, gathering what food the sand islets produced and cooking it over coals, or in a Polynesian oven of hot stones with its covering of leaves. At dusk we would sip the warm and pleasantly acrid water from baked drinking nuts; then Nga would lie back on her frond mat, with her two children cuddled in her arms, instantly to fall asleep. I would light my pipe, throw a baited hook and line into the lagoon, and fish leisurely.

II

Across the islet the seas mutter on the outer reef; behind me is the sustained tintinnabulation of the wind in the palm fronds. A dove coos from the black jungle; there is the clicking of coral gravel as the hermit crabs promenade by the water's edge; the clap of little waves; the dissonant clamor of the birds on the sand cays. The new moon sinks behind a wall of clouds; the lagoon blackens; the contours of the great constellations emerge, brighten, and are perfected.

Here about me is a self-contained world of creeping and flying things.

The sun rises over colonies of wide-awakes and tropic birds, gawky man-o'-war hawks and graceful boobies; the wind blows, the rain falls, the moon waxes and wanes, the stars shine with the same soft light as on places populated by man. On Uninhabited Island the gifts of Nature are showered prodigally on the land. At first one feels that they are wasted, but later he realizes that the creeping and flying creatures are as important in the scheme of things as is man himself.

Inland, countless coconut crabs burrow among the fallen nuts and fronds. They are like gigantic hermit crabs that have outgrown their shells: lobsters inveigled ashore by the promise of security and high living. Their proboscidiform eyes glow redly at night; their great claws are powerful enough to husk and break a coconut, to tear a sea bird to shreds. And there are the fat little mice that the Mangaians love to grill over pandanus-nut coals. Their greedy eyes flash and their whiskers twitch as they nibble the oily meat left by the crabs. Gold-streaked lizards, sleek as eels, scurry over the islet, feeding on beetles and butterflies, for there are no mosquitoes or flies on Uninhabited Island. They lay their eggs in the forks of the trees; and, when one hatches, the little lizard bursts from his shell, leaps forward a few inches, glances this way and that, and darts off in search of a meal. This little creature requires no mother's training. The hermit crabs laboriously drag their shells along the sand, their eyes peeled for some legendary danger. Save for an occasional curlew, they have scarcely an enemy, yet at the least untoward trembling of a leaf they will clap into their shells and barricade their doors effectively with tightly folded claws. Perhaps their dim consciousness is still disturbed by an inherited memory of the days when they inhabited the reef, when octopuses and parrot fish crushed their shells and ate them.

Immaculate white ghost terns flutter in the pandanus thickets. Their ridiculous fuzzy fledglings perch on the angular limbs with mouths agape and eyes strangely savage for such gentle creatures. Wide-awakes circle low over the islet, screaming in a note that suggests mingled petulance and loneliness. At night they come from sea in their thousands, when the place becomes a bedlam of piercing voices until the last one has tucked his head under his wing. Higher in the air are the tropic birds, with long slim tail feathers scarlet-red against the sky, white breasts tinged with the blue reflection of the lagoon.

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And higher still, black flaws against the crystal sky, the frigate birds soar without a tremor of their wings, seemingly as immobile as the stars.

In the lagoon is incredible life. An old mama-turtle bobs up her head to breathe, stares phlegmatically at the lagoon beach, and decides, mayhap, on the best place in the shore bush to lay her eggs. Perhaps she feels some vague misgiving about the hut on the beach, remembering dimly a time, decades before, when there had been a similar house on a beach where she had laid her eggs, and when she had waddled into the lagoon scarcely in time to save her carapace shell. A yellow-fin shark cruises about, frightening the South Sea demoiselles into their sprays of antler coral. Great conger eels slither in and about the coral heads; and sometimes they come ashore, twenty feet up the beach, to stalk the sandpipers. Perhaps, some day ages hence, one will at last decide that shore life is more satisfactory than that of the sea, and with a valedictory flip of the tail he will squirm into the coconut thickets, there to remain. Tridacnæ and mother-of-pearl bivalves gape deep down in the lagoon, waiting, as they have been doing these millions of years, for inexperienced protozoa to drift into their mouths. Octopuses stare coldly and fixedly from their submarine caverns; countless grotesquely shaped fish fin through the clear blue water in a kaleidoscope of color.

Midway across the passage islet the tottering sheds and houses of the former labor gangs stand by virtue of the thick supporting jungle. A few breadfruit trees rise above the bush to spread their fluted leaves over the main house, and there are clumps of bananas whose pale yellow leaves reach vainly toward the light. At one time a hedged path led from the lagoon beach to the manager's house, but now its borders have grown solid across the way.

The manager's house is a two-roomed affair with wide verandahs, a hurricane cellar, store shelves, and barnlike sliding doors. Names, dates, and caricatures cover the walls, while on the front door someone has written in large block letters: —

I HAVE FOUND GOLD ON THE NORTHEAST POINT AND THIS THE 26TH DAY OF APRIL HAVE SAILED IN A NORTHWEST DIRECTION
GENTE DE RAZON

Perhaps he did find gold, for it is known that several Spanish coins have been picked from the sand of Uninhabited Island; and many traders and pearl divers have searched for an arrow, a cross, or a heap of stones that might mark the hiding place of brass-bound treasure chests.

A copra shed stands close to the main house. Above its door is a sign, reading: —

SUNLIGHT TRADING COMPANY OF AUCKLAND

The white-painted letters are embossed where the weather has eaten away the unpainted wood. Behind the shed, a lean-to protects a mouldering pearl-diving boat; and hidden elsewhere in the bush are the laborers' huts, a cook-house, a cement water tank, a brick oven, the grave of Jack Buckland.

III

The reef was dry when we started for Tou Islet, three miles away. I carried two-year-old Daughter on my shoulder while Nga carried four-month-old Son suspended in a net on her back. We each had a staff to frighten away the sharks, and in my pockets were matches and tobacco, a knife, fishline and hooks.

The first mile was delightful, for the sun was still low in the sky and only the largest waves washed over the reef to its inner edge where we walked. In the pools were scores of bright-red par-

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rot fish. They finned for cover at our approach, or, ostrich-like, thrust their heads into the holes and crevices, leaving the greater part of their bodies exposed. We could have caught them with our bare hands, but we left them undisturbed, for there would be plenty of sea food close to Tou.

After the first mile we came to a tiny coconut islet. It reminded me of the ones pictured in comic papers: a quarter acre of sand, a dozen coconut trees, and a fringe of bush. Only the castaway sailor, his wrecked raft, and his signal flag were missing. There we stopped to pull down drinking nuts with a split frond tied together at its outer extremity, and to drink them.

The next mile was over a series of sand cays broken by channels where the waves washed into the lagoon, a foot or two deep; and where inordinately inquisitive, or hungry, — I have never been sure which, — sharks rushed toward us, only to be frightened away by a great beating on the water with our staffs. At times even this did not suffice, and we must jump from the water when the brutes were only a few inches from our legs, often to land on their backs.

But on the sand cays we forgot the dangers of the reef, for the great colonies of birds were a sight to fill one with astonishment. Their eggs were so closely set that it was well-nigh impossible to avoid trampling them. Under the bush, the sand was black with nesting birds; above our heads was a cloud of screaming wide-awakes; and in every *ngangie* bush, their eyes staring like idols of evil gods, perched rows of gray boobies and gawky man-o'-war hawks. They eyed us coldly; it seemed that there was a sneer on each hook-beaked face. Not until we had approached to within a yard did they emit throaty squawks and rise clumsily to coast down-wind to the next bush.

On one of the sand cays six giant turtles dozed in the sun. They opened their eyes when we approached to stare at us as coldly as had the man-o'-war hawks. Perhaps they were aware of the faultiness of flippers as vehicles of propulsion on land, for none of them moved.

'There is a lot of good turtle steak going to waste,' Nga opined. 'Now, if they'd only come ashore on my island . . .'

On the farthest of the sand cays, in a copse of light green and greasy-leaved *taï'inu* trees, a colony of ghost terns had laid their eggs in the forks of the branches, and now the limbs were spotted with white fledglings. We could see on the top of each fuzzy head the black stripe they had inherited from their famous ancestor whom the god Maui had marked with his firebrand. The mother birds, returned from sea, fluttered like butterflies in the deep shadows.

Over the sand cays, in and out of the bush, crawled the coconut crabs, breaking the eggs to feed on embryonic chicks or yolk, tearing the fledglings to gorge on their raw flesh, attacking the nesting wide-awakes and even climbing the bush to grapple with full-grown frigate birds. Above each crab a flock of birds screamed and circled; but the latter seemed fully aware of the nature of a crab's claws, for they gave them a wide berth. At a safe estimate, the crabs destroy three quarters of the sea birds' eggs and fledglings on Uninhabited Island. For months they gorge themselves, till their bodies are a solid mass of hard, bright-red fat; and this fat, costing the lives of many birds, is a delicacy unsurpassed. We caught one of the largest crabs, killed it by tearing open its head horizontally from the mandibles backward, and took it with us to Tou.

There was a mile of open reef between the last sand cay and the islet, and now, with the tide coming in, it was

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waist-deep with flowing water. Apprehensively we started across, knowing that danger was remote, but aware that, should a shark set his heart on a human meal, there would be short shrift for the lot of us. Once blood was let, we should have every shark on the reef charging us, for the brutes have some occult means of scenting a good meal though it be miles away.

There were plenty of them about. When one circled or rushed for our legs, his black-tipped dorsal fin cutting through the water and trailing a white feather on either side, Daughter whooped with delight. It was great fun for her to watch Nga and Papa step down from their dignity to beat the water with sticks, yell, and dance like clowns. But we did not appreciate her sense of humor, nor did Son, who watched with 'withers unwrung' the struggle to keep the family intact.

The last of the walk was through a channel shoulder-deep. But the sharks kept at a healthy distance, as they generally do when one is in deep water. Perhaps seeing more of the man below the surface, they realize that he may turn out to be a dangerous enemy, while when only his legs are visible they see nothing to prevent their enjoying an unusual morsel. But we knew that a shark would mean business should he attack us here.

IV

We found Tou to be the richest and most beautiful of all the islets. There were forty acres or so, heavily wooded with Barringtonia and tamanu trees, coconuts aplenty, pandanus, a few breadfruits in bearing. The rest of the islet was overgrown with bush and copses of *tai'inu*. In the shore bush was a colony of tens of thousands of tropic birds. We had seen them from the sand cays, circling over their nests; and as we approached we could hear their sustained clamor.

They are white-breasted birds with plumage of silky texture, yellow beaks, and a stippling of gray on their backs. Both the male and female have two long tail feathers of scarlet-red, slim, delicate, and straight as an arrow. Their eyes, like those of most sea birds, have a malicious glint, bright-red and cold as those of an old she-snake. The tropic birds come here each year in November to nest and rear their young on the sand under the *ngangie* bushes. By March most of the fledglings have learned to fly, and the colony scatters to the uttermost regions of the tropic seas. In the lonely places of the sea they spend eight months, often, I believe, never sighting land, fishing by day and sleeping on the water at night.

On the ground the tropic birds are clumsy fellows; their little atrophied legs will no more than support them. In order to leave the ground they push themselves along feebly, at the same time flapping their wings like a barnyard duck; but after a few clumsy attempts they are away, soaring as gracefully as an albatross. Usually they make no attempt to leave the ground when surprised by the approach of men; they seem to sense the futility of attempting escape. We broke through the heart of the colony, the birds screaming about us, their fledglings scattering into the densest of the bush. Some of the young were no larger than a canary, covered with pure white down; others were nearly ready to fly, and of these I chose three of the fattest to be grilled for supper.

We built a wigwam of palm fronds on the edge of the colony; then Nga cleaned the birds and started to grill them and the big coconut crab, while I went in search of drinking nuts. And when I had returned with a half-dozen nuts the fledglings were done to a fine crisp brown, while the fat from the crab oozed on the coals, sputtering and filling the air with a savory odor.

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We feasted that night. Daughter ate a whole tropic bird; Son mouthed the bones and chortled; Nga and I ate enough red crab fat to make six civilized men violently ill. We were midway in the meal when Nga motioned to one side where three coconut crabs had crawled into the firelight. They were semaphoring to us with their great claws, while their little anterior prehensile legs worked back and forth toward their mouths, mimicking us perhaps, or beckoning for us to follow them into the black jungle to feast on raw flesh and coconut meat, or mayhap intimating that they too could do with a little cooked food. Gradually they approached us; and by the time we were gnawing the last wing bones they had adopted themselves into the family. We threw them scraps of their fellow coconut crab, which they devoured with the gratitude of cannibals. Before crawling into the wigwam for the night, Nga picked up the cheeky crabs and flung them into the bush, lest they try to share her bed as well as her meal, and eat her children as well as their cousin from the reef. She had no faith in the integrity of coconut crabs.

I lay on a bed of leaves outside the wigwam to smoke and gaze into the starlit sky. The chill of the night breeze was tempered by its passage over the lagoon, so that I needed no coverlet. Never had a place seemed more solitary, seemed farther removed from the haunts of mankind. It was a solitude within a solitude, for stretching away on all sides, horizon beyond horizon, lay the empty sea. This savage place had never been conquered: it had changed no more than the life of the tropic birds had changed; it was like a land on the far side of the moon. Involuntarily I turned my eyes to eastward, and, as though in response to my last thought, the waning moon appeared, hanging low over the *ngangie* bushes.

A sudden clamor of the birds broke in on my thoughts, rising in volume to die away in a sleepy twittering. There was something rhythmical in these outbursts as though a group impulse seized the birds. Suddenly it became quite plain to me: they were conversing about the months spent at sea, out of sight of land; of the problems of eating, sleeping, living; of the best methods of training their fledglings and strengthening their wings. Before long the colony must leave; then these youngsters must be able to brave the storms, to soar into the upper layers of air and rest motionless, riding the light breeze.

The old birds were certainly swapping stories about the enormous concourses of fish they had discovered in far oceans: great schools of squid that whitened the sea; enormous whales and their death battles with killers; stretches of ocean where thousands of flying fish skimmed the waves and the birds fattened for their long flight to the nesting islands. And mayhap they were grumbling about the trained cormorants that were loosed from the Chinese junks to attack them; the danger from sharks when sleeping on the water; the odious frigate birds that swooped down and forced them to disgorge their food.

V

We returned to the passage islet to spend February, the worst month of the hurricane season. This year the weather was particularly bad, the wind blowing for days from the northwest, a 'double-reefed topsail breeze' in sailor parlance, a full gale to a landsman. It was impossible to go to the sand cays for eggs and birds, and the lagoon was too rough for fishing, so we depended almost entirely on a diet of coconut crabs.

During the full of the moon the coconut crabs burrow deep in the piles of husks and fronds to lay their eggs

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and hibernate for a time; and because of this irrelevant habit we found the grave. For several hours Nga and I had been crab-hunting in a particularly dense stretch of jungle, cutting our way, a few inches at a time, into the all but solid green wall. Deeper and deeper we worked into the undergrowth. The air became foul with the miasma of rotting vegetation; land crabs, etiolated by generations in the dark jungle, were uncovered and scurried away; centipedes wound among the rotten husks; scores of lizards leaped over our bodies; hermit crabs, climbing among the fronds and the branches, clapped into their shells and dropped to the ground with a thumping noise. Still no coconut crabs were found, and we began to believe that they had migrated in a body to the sand cays for the rest of the wide-awake season. Nga reckoned that some might have burrowed into the sand, so, cutting a stick, she started prodding the ground in likely places. I worked deeper and deeper into the jungle, at times hacking a path through the young trees, then stopping to scatter away a heap of rubbish and curse mildly when I uncovered only rats and centipedes. A drizzling rain came down. Slashing my knife into a tree trunk, I sat on one of its roots to rest, and there Nga joined me. She had found one coconut crab, so, tying a strip of frond midrib bark about its body, she tethered it to her prodding stick. In the meantime I had rolled a cigarette, and this we enjoyed together.

The roar of the outer reef came dully through the thick wall of jungle; above us the clamor of the wide-awakes seemed both angry and forlorn. A gust of wind screamed through the trees; then a few moments' downpour of rain, and the squall had passed and shafts of sunlight were breaking through the dripping jungle. It was then that we saw, only a few yards before us, the wooden headpiece of the grave, shadowed by a dense clump of pandanus. It was in too complete harmony with the cheerless place to surprise us; even the name printed across it was far from discordant: —

JACK BUCKLAND
October 1, 1914

Almost immediately the name became associated in my mind with romantic places, deeds, people: Sydney, Midway Island, Butaritari, Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Wrecker*, the indefatigable Tommy Haddon, and G. E. L. Westbrook, the oldest of the Wallis Island pioneers. I will let Westbrook explain the grave in the jungle by quoting a letter he wrote to me some years ago: —

'I knew Jack Buckland (R. L. Stevenson's Tommy Haddon). He was a remittance man and had a peculiar history. Jack, I believe, was of very poor family. A doctor took a fancy to him as a boy, and had him educated and when he died left him his income. Jack was very eccentric and spent his income freely and then would go trading and do a freeze for a time till his money again accumulated. I believe his lawyer, who had charge of his money, played ducks and drakes with it. The time I saw most of Jack Buckland was when Stevenson was alive. He arrived from the Gilbert Islands, where he had been trading. He was apparently in funds at the time, and was spending his money rather freely. He appeared to be on intimate terms with the R. L. S. family, also with B. M. Haggard (a brother of Rider Haggard),who was the British Land Commissioner appointed by the three great powers who at the time controlled Samoa's destiny. The last I heard of Jack he was on Uninhabited Island, in charge of a few natives. When the vessel attending him eventually called at the island, there was no Buckland to receive it. The

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natives reported that he had sat on a keg of gunpowder and was blown to pieces.'

Nga and I talked about the grave for a little time. She said it was terrible to be buried in such a lonely place, so far from one's people; I could not agree with her. Presently we rose to follow our path back to the little hut on the beach. There was only one coconut crab for us that day.

VI

This is Uninhabited Island, — Jack Buckland's Island, — an atoll lonely, fragile, and perilous. There is none of the voluptuousness of the high islands here, where life is a constant struggle for the survival of the fittest, where the creeping creatures devour the flying creatures, which in turn devour the swimming creatures, which in turn devour one another. And always the sea and the wind are here, dominant things of immense potential power, touching the island lightly now, but ready at a trembling of the sea's bottom or a decrease in the air's pressure to destroy the place with one imperious sweep.

Life is precarious on Uninhabited Island, and yet there is a subtle charm such as one experiences on examining a piece of old china or on reading the works of such a master as Walter Pater. One realizes that here is a delicacy and fragility that has endured in spite of the sea's rough usage. One great storm might wash the island away, one seismic wave make a clean sweep of this insular world; yet one feels that the sea and the wind would recoil at such vandalism, as a rough hand would recoil at destroying a delicate artifact of ancient times.

We were fishing from a great boulder on the passage reef when the yawl returned. It was evening, the bad weather was a thing of the past, the trade blew fresh from the southeast, and the little fair-weather clouds were back again. I had asked Nga if she would remain with me on Uninhabited Island, and, with a glance at the children sleeping beside her, she had shaken her head.

'No,' she had said; 'if one of us died . . .'

Only a few moments later she pointed to sea, where a speck of white sail rose and fell above the serrated line of the Pacific swell.

The next day we sailed on, as we have been doing these past fifteen years, in a primitive South Seas that is yearly narrowing as the tourist steamers encroach on the trading-schooner routes. But I fancy that some day we shall return to Jack Buckland's island, with a few natives to keep us company, and settle there; and I fancy that it will be long before it is robbed of its lonely charm.

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BENITO AFRICANUS

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

I

WHEN the cannon of Fascist Italy open on the margin of the Ethiopian Plateau their fire will have a twofold significance. On the one hand, it will signal the departure of a new Rome on the pathways of empire of the old. On the other, it will salute a later Cæsar, renewing the challenge of the earlier to representative democracy. *Benito Africanus*, his legions will hail the Duce, if victory presently crowns his eagles, but in such a triumph the liberal world will justly identify a supreme disaster.

A decade ago, when the March on Rome was still recent and the newly arrived dictator as yet an unfamiliar figure in Europe, I asked Clemenceau if France, in her turn, would have a Mussolini. 'No, never,' he replied with swift and sure decision. 'You see, we French have had two Napoleons. The first, one must admit, had certain qualities, but he did us only harm because he infected us with Cæsarism. The second had no qualities whatsoever, but he did us a great service because he cured us of that disease.

'As for Mussolini,' the 'Tiger' continued, the famous sardonic gleam lighting up his eyes, 'he has arrived because to-day our Italian friends remember only their first Cæsar. But we French will not have a Mussolini because we shall never forget our last Bonaparte.' For Clemenceau, the Duce was merely another Boulanger, and he was scornful of the failure of the Italian democracy to deal with the post-war man on horseback as he had dealt with the pre-war pretender. Nor was he fearful of a renascent Bonapartism at home, because he believed the sun of Austerlitz had set forever at Sedan.

To-day, ten years later, it is no longer possible to share Clemenceau's confidence in French immunity to Cæsarism. Beyond French frontiers, Fascism has found a dozen reproductions, of which National Socialism is only the most familiar, and Mussolini himself has inspired many imitators, of whom Hitler is but the most formidable. Despite this multiplication of dictators, however, Benito Mussolini still remains the symbol of the post-war revolt against that democratic ideal which in the pre-war era commanded the allegiance of all liberal and enlightened minds.

Having at long last liquidated the final vestiges of the deliquescent domestic democracy of Giolitti, the Duce is now, in his Ethiopian enterprise, challenging that international system of democracy which Woodrow Wilson undertook to establish in the League. For the moment at least, the March on Geneva has promised to be as successful as the earlier March on Rome, the anniversary of which is for Fascist Italy what that of the storming of the Bastille is for Republican France.

With the launching of this African adventure, the surviving democracies,

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and particularly the British and American, have at last been driven to a reluctant recognition of the fact that what they are witnessing is not a phenomenon peculiar to Italy and Germany, and having its origin in the disappointments of victory or the despair of defeat, but something far more fundamental. In fact, they are beginning to perceive that an upheaval which they had dismissed as purely parochial may have world-wide implications almost too menacing to admit of calm appraisal.

In his famous history of the French Revolution and the First Empire, Sorel set down a novel and memorable interpretation of the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. For most of the world that career has seemed almost exclusively the result of unbridled ambition and unrestrained hunger for power. Sorel, by contrast, saw the great Emperor ceaselessly driven onward, from the Po to the Danube and from the Danube to the Beresina, by the same concern which had dominated the minds and dictated the policies of all who had ruled or defended France from the first Cæsar to the last Bourbon.

That overmastering concern was for the security of France; and an identical solicitude has disclosed itself once more in the post-war era, alike in the policy of Poincaré and in the calculations of Foch. As one looks beneath the surface of contemporary Italian life, moreover, it is not difficult to discover an anxiety as controlling as that which haunted the mind of the great Napoleon and harried him from Marengo to Austerlitz and from Wagram to Moscow, until the fate which he had so long feared overtook his empire and himself in the invasion of 1814.

It is not the fear of military invasion which constitutes the key to present Italian policy. Mussolini's dominating anxiety does not arise from the existence of an open frontier such as that which bares France to invasion across the plains extending from the Dusty Champagne to the chalk downs of Picardy, which opened the way to Attila and Hindenburg. On the contrary, from Ventimiglia to Fiume, now that the Italian frontier has been carried to the Brenner, the Alps constitute a rampart impregnable to attack.

Actually the peril to Fascist Italy comes from within and not from without the gates. Like France throughout her millennial history, modern Italy to-day seeks security, but that security is material and not military. Since the onset of the great depression, the realization of the extent and implications of the menace, not merely to national safety but to national existence as well, inherent in the exiguity of domestic resources in foodstuffs and raw materials, has grown and spread. For in these later years, in a period of nominal peace, Italy has been subjected to the experience hitherto the lot only of cities blockaded and besieged in war.

In a very real sense, therefore, this Ethiopian enterprise, which has set Europe and America by the ears, represents not so much the departure of an invading host as the sortie of a beleaguered garrison. Alongside of the ambition to win power and glory must be set the necessity to acquire food and raw materials. Behind the dream of foreign conquest lurks the fear of domestic upheaval precipitated by population pressure and by poverty in those essentials without which the masses cannot be fed and the machines supplied. Like Napoleon, as Sorel saw him, Mussolini the conqueror is in reality only Mussolini the captive.

II

To understand the contemporary Italian phenomenon — and that phenomenon has found frequent repetition

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outside of the Peninsula — it is essential to perceive that it results from the fusion of two explosive forces. There are present in it not merely the ambition of a dictator and the appetite of a people, long starved of the stuff upon which national pride and self-respect feed, for a place in the sun commensurate with its numbers and comparable with that of other nationalities. In addition, there is also patent the physical hunger due to the fact that within her own frontiers Italy lacks the food and raw materials requisite to ensure the existence and employment of her ever-growing population.

It is the second of these explosive forces which has, until recently, almost completely escaped the notice of the English-speaking world. The failure to reckon with it left public opinion in Great Britain and the United States bewildered and uncomprehending when Mussolini at length passed from words to deeds and sought to satisfy the double appetite of his fellow countrymen, the hunger for glory and for bread. And, because they saw only the pursuit of glory, the British and American peoples pronounced the African adventure monstrous and held the man responsible for it a menace to mankind.

Hitherto, both in America and in England, Fascism, like National Socialism, has been accepted as no more than a ground swell surviving from the great storm which was the World War. The very notion that these disturbances might represent the first waves driven on the shore by a new tempest had been dismissed as fantastic. Satisfied that mankind had found in democracy a complete and definitive solution for all the political problems of the present and of the future, Americans and Britons looked down upon Italian and German performances, serenely sure of their own security and contemptuous of the excesses and extravagances which accompanied these vagaries.

Identifying in Fascism a threefold challenge leveled at democracy, peace, and religion, the Anglo-Saxon world discovered in this detail alone sufficient warrant for the conclusion that it constituted no more than an attack of midsummer madness destined to collapse inwardly of the exhaustion consequent upon its own fury and folly. In the flaming words and exaggerated gestures of Mussolini it saw only the theatre, and appraised the Duce, like the *Reichsführer* who later imitated him, as an actor and not a doer. In the domestic applause which greeted the performances of both the Italian and the German dictator the Anglo-Saxons identified the proof of an immaturity which also explains the enthusiasm of children of all races for puppet shows.

When Mussolini flung back angrily at his foreign critics that for Italy democracy and peace together promised a future worthy only of a nation of organ-grinders living amid the ruins of Imperial Rome, his words were accepted as words and nothing more. When, month by month, as depression deepened and privation mounted in the Peninsula until the Dictator who had promised prosperity and glory had to advise his people to tighten their belts and hold out, the warning implicit in this admonition awakened no apprehensive echoes in Washington or London.

From a distance, the Anglo-Saxon nations beheld Fascism thrusting rifles into the hands of children and training civilian populations against the approaching arrival of hostile bombing squadrons. Again and again they heard Mussolini — and Hitler after him — preaching the duty of youth to fight and extolling the glory of the supreme sacrifice made upon the battlefield that the nation might live. But these military exercises and martial appeals were appraised as of no more lasting

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meaning than phrases spoken and gestures made before the footlights. Thus Fascism itself was considered as a concern not of responsible statesmen but of dramatic critics.

Dominating all else in the Anglo-Saxon mind, from the Armistice to the Abyssinian crisis, was the conviction that the World War had cured mankind of the disease of war. Every calculation for the future started from the assumption that for all peoples the latest struggle had demonstrated that international strife ensured universal and equal catastrophe. The problem of peace, therefore, seemed the question of providing the means to make effective a resolution which was definitive. Henceforth only accident and not design could precipitate international conflict, and solely against such accident was it necessary to guard.

Thus seated in their ivory towers in London and Washington, British and American statesmen sought to frame paper pacts and formulate moral sanctions, to devise the machinery appropriate for a world in which all peoples had with equal sincerity and finality renounced war. The conscience of mankind, the weight of world opinion, the will of peoples for peace, these were the forces which were to replace warships and soldiers, aircraft and guns, in the adjustment of international relations. The Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact, the several treaties of mutual guarantee, these were to constitute the charters and the constitution of a warless world.

In all this unimaginable industry in committing words to paper, only one thing was ignored. All that it was humanly possible to accomplish in exorcising the consequences of war was achieved. But, in respect of removing the causes of war, nothing, literally nothing, was done. The notion that in the modern world, at the stage which so-called civilization had now reached, and in the face of the progress already allowed in education and in science, the ancient primal impulse of hunger might precipitate another *Völkerwanderung* found no lodgment in any English or American mind. The idea that peoples and nations would take up arms to achieve economic equality, as they had in the past resorted to violence to acquire political liberty, was nowhere accepted.

As a consequence, the warning omens and portents of the later years went unheeded. Japan marched into Manchuria, Germany overthrew the Republic, from Italy the now familiar phrases became progressively more minatory. Yet, in the United States and England, faith in the religion of peace remained unshaken, and confidence in the eventual triumph of democracy everywhere endured undisturbed. To make war, deliberately, consciously, by design, continued to appear a sin against the Holy Ghost, a sacrilege so terrible as to be calculated to invite and to precipitate the thunderbolts of Heaven.

III

Nevertheless, in the world of 1935 two things were true. Some nations were fed and others were hungry. Nor was it less true that those peoples that were hungry had substituted dictators for democracy and no longer discovered in peace a blessing so satisfying that they were prepared to endure personal privation and national insignificance rather than compromise it. On the contrary, hungry nations everywhere were arming. Not only were they arming, but they were also consenting to new sacrifices and enduring fresh hardships in order that a larger part of their slender resources might be devoted to the multiplication of military divisions and aerial squadrons.

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As far back as 1931, one hungry nation had marched to war and conquest. Confronted by the insoluble problem of sustaining seventy-five millions of people on the food supplies of the narrow islands which, all told, were smaller in area than several American states and incapable of supplying the needs of a new and clamant industrial machine, the rulers of Japan had laid violent hands upon Manchuria and defied the world to dislodge them. And to halt this act of pure aggression the world, led by the American and British democracies, had mobilized all the resources of organized peace of the post-war era. The conscience of mankind had made itself felt. The public opinion of the world had made itself heard.

All in vain, however. In Japan those who ruled and those who constituted the working masses had taken their fate in their own hands. National survival, personal existence, these things had in the eyes of both been called into question. The home fields could no longer support the domestic population. The raw materials and minerals of the islands could no longer supply national factories and foundries. Foreign doors were barred against the Japanese immigrant. Japan herself lacked the cash and credits necessary to buy abroad that without which her people could not live decently at home. Instinctively the Japanese masses supported their government; inevitably that government plunged forward on the Manchurian adventure.

From afar, assured against that want which dictated Japanese aggression by the wealth of their own vast empires in foodstuffs and essential raw materials, the British and American publics denounced as morally indefensible an enterprise which was materially inescapable. Their denunciations, however, failed to surmount the topless towers of the Japanese censorship or to shake the grim resolution of a leadership which had already accepted war as the single means to ensure national survival and was now putting the British and American governments and peoples on notice that it was prepared to fight rather than retreat.

But the British and American peoples were not prepared to fight. For them the immediate danger was slight. Japanese imperialism was operating in fields which were foreign, and far away as well. Instinctively they felt the subliminal challenge to themselves, as rich and economically self-sufficient nations, implicit in this resort to violence and defiance of law. So, not impossibly, the Romans had heard the reports of the incursion of the Barbarians in Dacia or the Parthian Marches. But to what they could not prevent they had reconciled themselves, and the news of this submission swiftly spread in the forests beyond the Rhine and the Danube and set in motion other hungry tribes.

Precisely in the same fashion, Japanese success in Asia produced repercussions in Europe. The material necessities of Italy were identical with those of Japan, her military strength was not less formidable. The will of the single dictator was not weaker than the resolution of the soldiers, statesmen, and industrialists who together had shaped Japanese destinies. Manchuria thus constituted the preface to Ethiopia. In London, in Washington, in Geneva, the truth should now have been apparent. Once more the hungry tribes were on the march. But in these several cities the news from Manchuria, and the echoes which that news produced in Central Europe, although they awakened moral indignation, failed to arouse political wisdom. As the Austrian generals condemned Napoleon's tactics as they fled, so the Western democracies censured Araki's ethics as they surrendered.

Mussolini observed and waited. He

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had never believed in the efficacy of the Geneva institution. He had never been deceived by the empty pretense of the Kellogg Pact. From the very start he had dismissed peace as the last and particular blessing of the fed and sated nations and had accepted war as the inescapable necessity of countries like his own, which were at once hungry and strong. Now he reckoned that the Japanese performance had, in the language of the street, found the post-war peace machinery 'bunk' and left it 'junk.' Meantime, at home, the pressure of economic poverty increased steadily. His task of organizing the material resources and mobilizing the spiritual resources of his people for war was completed. Under the strain of diminishing well-being, his hold upon his people must henceforth decline and not increase.

Looking out upon contemporary Europe, the Duce saw the moment of opportunity at hand. France, the Soviet Union, the countries of the Little Entente, fearful of the growing menace of German rearmament and National Socialist purpose, were certain to value the assurance of Italian military support in Austria more highly than the promises of paper guarantees of the Covenant and Pact, now mutilated by the thrust of the Japanese bayonet. If, as Henri Quatre had affirmed, Paris was worth the saying of a Mass, Italy, for Laval, was worth the sacrifice of a pact. Neither at Geneva nor elsewhere would the Duce have to reckon with other than moral interference from countries for whom Fascist divisions were a vital detail in their system of national security.

There remained Great Britain, and, more remote and obscure, the United States. For all practical purposes, the latter could be ignored. But as to the former two things claimed attention. In the first place, the League of Nations had become the cornerstone of British policy in the post-war period. In the second, the Ethiopian undertaking involved an invasion of a region which was at the heart of the whole British system of imperial communications. To halt a French enterprise on the White Nile, Britain had risked war in the far-off Fashoda time; would London show itself less determined now, when Italian purpose could compromise not merely the Cape-to-Cairo road but also the lifeline of imperial communications passing through Suez and Aden to Bombay and Sydney?

IV

But England was asleep, and Mussolini, supreme realist that he is, was perfectly aware of the fact. The World War had created among the masses of the British population a war phobia which from 1918 onward had continued to paralyze British statesmanship even in those relatively rare moments when that statesmanship had become vaguely aware of the forces which were stirring in the post-war world. To the British popular mind, the age of imperialism was over, the era of conquest was finished — finished because for England the hour of satiety had come. The British Empire was completed and war could only compromise a wealth it could not increase.

To defend that empire which itself represented the fruits of three centuries of unending wars of conquest, the British people no longer looked either to the efficacy of foreign alliances or to the strength of domestic arms. A simple and all-sufficient prescription for peace was for them discoverable in the persuasion of other peoples to follow an English example in renouncing war, reducing armaments, subscribing to an eternally binding oath to respect the status quo — at least where British title was involved. By innumerable wars they had built their empire at the

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expense of other peoples; through the renunciation of war by other nations they now planned to perpetuate it.

All the secret of British policy and thought in the post-war period lies hidden in this single circumstance. Between themselves and the appetites of nations more lately arrived at unity and strength and still inspired by the old aspirations which had dominated and directed Englishmen from the days of Clive to those of Lawrence, the English people thought to establish the impassable barrier of a collective system. Against all tardy and threatening enterprises of later imperialisms they had not only sought, but also in their own minds actually attained, the support of a world which had accepted the moral restraints and adopted the legal restrictions implicit in the Covenant of the League and the Kellogg Pact.

When, by the Treaty of San Stefano, Imperial Russia had menaced the security of the British Empire at Constantinople, a British fleet had anchored off the Golden Horn and Indian troops had been summoned to Malta. When, by Marchand's march across the African Continent, Republican France had challenged the British prospectus of an imperial sovereignty extending without interruption from Alexandria to Cape Town, Kitchener had been dispatched from Khartum to Fashoda and the British fleet had been concentrated in the harbor of Valletta. But when, in the summer of the current year, Fascist Italy announced her purpose to conquer Ethiopia, it was not to British arms and ships but to League covenants and the Kellogg Pact that British statesmanship was forced to turn, although the menace inherent in Italian purpose was as great as that which had been implicit in the Russian or the French.

When, moreover, these engagements solemnly sworn to proved to be fresh scraps of paper and nothing else, when the United States and France rejected all suggestions that they should risk their blood and treasure or compromise their domestic peace or safety to make effective the intervention of a collective system in the interests of the security of the British Empire, then England found herself confronted by a new crisis like those of 1878 and 1898. But when, in this emergency, the faithful converts to the later gospel of Geneva urged that the British Government should, by closing the Suez Canal to Italian shipping, at one time ensure imperial safety and uphold League principles, there came from Rome the grim reminder that sanctions such as the closing of the Canal would mean war.

At that moment, too, the British Admiralty warned a hard-pressed Cabinet that the fleet was not adequate to keep open the lifeline of imperial communications which runs from Gibraltar to Suez, the General Staff reported that neither Egypt nor the Sudan could be defended against Italian forces already established in Libya and Eritrea, and finally the Air authorities announced that Malta was indefensible against an Italian air force actually greater than the British and capable of being concentrated against this vital naval base. Thus, simultaneously the moral safeguards and the military defenses of the Empire crumbled. To halt Mussolini it was necessary now to fight, but it was also patent that the opening stage of war would infallibly see the Mediterranean closed to British shipping and Egypt and the Sudan exposed to invasions beyond the strength of British garrisons to repel.

Rarely in British history has there been so grave a miscalculation of the forces actually in presence and of the strength of will behind a direct challenge as in this Ethiopian affair. Never, until too late, did those responsible for British security and British prestige

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face the two unwelcome but inescapable truths that only war could arrest Mussolini, and that Great Britain was hopelessly unready for war with Italy. And when the bandage did at last fall from English eyes the world witnessed the scurry of British ships hastening to reënforce the Mediterranean fleet and the scuffle of British regiments hurrying to strengthen the skeleton formations which garrisoned Malta and Egypt.

Like the Hoover Administration in the Manchurian affair, the Baldwin Government in the Ethiopian crisis had relied upon words to arrest an armed nation resolved to go forward with a campaign of conquest it had already undertaken. And, ironically enough, Sir Samuel Hoare and Anthony Eden now found themselves occupying the exposed and isolated situation which had belonged to Henry L. Stimson when the former American Secretary of State had rashly undertaken to arrest actual invasion by ethical incantation. As the United States had become the unique target of Japanese resentment in 1931, so Great Britain now became the objective upon which was concentrated the drumfire of Italian indignation.

Noteworthy beyond all else in this Fascist phenomenon was the double truth now at last unmistakable. On the one hand, it was patent that under the strain of material privation peoples would instinctively turn from democracy to dictators; on the other, it was no less evident that these dictators, under the pressure of the same impulsion, must turn from peace to war. The implications of these facts were no longer to be blinked. Manifestly mankind had passed into a new period in history in which the dreams and faiths of the post-war era could no longer stand the strain of contemporary reality, for these dreams and faiths had been based upon the twin pillars of democracy and peace.

V

Mussolini s'en va-t-en guerre, then. And, as Italian armies vanish in the rocky fastnesses of the Lion of Judah, a hush has fallen upon Europe recalling that pause which, so contemporary diarists record, followed the disappearance of the *Grande Armée* in the forests and marshes beyond the Niemen. But to-day, as a century and a quarter ago, it is patent that this is a pause of expectation and not of peace. Behind him in Germany, Mussolini, like Napoleon, has left a watchful and irreconcilable enemy. Defeat in battle or disaster due to weather must, therefore, produce repercussions not less explosive than those responsible for the national upheaval of 1814.

For the German people, like the Italian, under the lash of the same economic wants, have also turned from democracy to Cæsar, and the *Reichsführer*, like the Duce, is the captive of similar material necessities. At the end of the road, for Hitler as for Mussolini, lies the inescapable choice between domestic revolution and foreign conquest. In the words of the former one can identify the unmistakable echo of the phrases of the latter, and, in the military preparation and moral discipline of Germany, the faithful imitation of the Italian preface to the Ethiopian adventure.

Only on the assumption that Mussolini was a sham and Fascism merely a farrago of empty bombast was it ever possible to believe in the prescriptions of Wilson and the pretensions of Geneva once the March on Rome had taken place. To-day it is plain that Mussolini was not a sham, and that Fascism, beneath the delight in the theatrical, conceals the will to fight. Once the fact was disclosed that hungry peoples were so blind to the charm of liberty and to the blessing of peace that they were prepared to renounce

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the former and reject the latter rather than accept as definitive their material limitations, then all the post-war calculations of the English-speaking democracies were reduced to futility.

These calculations were based upon an accurate appraisal of what another war could mean to the Anglo-Saxon nations. But none of them even remotely reckoned with what peace must involve for peoples like the Japanese, the Germans, and the Italians, imprisoned between the walls constituted by their own economic poverty and the monopolistic policies of self-sufficient countries. Whatever judgment History may ultimately pass upon Benito Mussolini, it can hardly deny him recognition as the symbol of a new revolt against another inequality.

As Napoleon betrayed democracy only to find himself condemned to carry on the struggle of the French Revolution against dynastic Europe, so Mussolini, having similarly played the deserter to the socialistic cause, has found himself forced to challenge those capitalistic states which he anciently recognized as the enemies of his political faith. As Bonaparte allied himself by marriage to the Hapsburgs, so Mussolini has made his bargain with the later feudalism of finance and industry. In the end he has been no more successful than Napoleon in his attempt to escape from the destiny imposed upon him by the physical circumstances of his country.

Nor is it a mere coincidence that the Duce, like Bonaparte, should find Great Britain barring his pathway or that collision should have taken place in that region in which the future Emperor suffered his first defeat at British hands. For the Ethiopian enterprise of Fascist Italy, like the Egyptian venture of Revolutionary France, constitutes a direct and deadly threat to the security of the British Empire.

Hence the fact that, while the issues involved in the Manchurian and Ethiopian affairs were identical, the silence of Sir John Simon at Geneva in 1932 was replaced by the articulateness of Sir Samuel Hoare in 1935. As a consequence, of British concern, too, behind the Abyssinian detail lies the possibility of another Punic War. And if, like Scipio, Mussolini is to earn the title of Africanus, it may be that he will have first to triumph over a later Carthage.

So does history repeat itself in the region which Ancient Rome proudly described as *mare nostrum* and Fascist Italy now claims as its own.

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LONG DISTANCE CALLING

New Letters from the Stump Farm

BY HILDA ROSE

[In the Canadian Northwest, 'on the fringe of the great unknown,' is a frontier farm worked, as *Atlantic* readers know, by Hilda Rose, her aged husband, 'Daddy,' and their only son, Karl, who is now a boy of eighteen. The hardihood and resourcefulness required of every pioneer are brought home to us in the letters of the little housewife — letters which have been written to devoted friends in New York City. — The Editors]

Fort Vermilion, Alberta
January 6, 1935

When you wrote that help would come at Christmas I wondered what you meant, and things did look blue as winter came on. They have changed their blue cast, and I am sending out for a pair of rubber boots for Karl that he long has needed and the liniment for Daddy and his medicine besides. We will get the flour we need and that is a big load off my shoulders.

October was a bright sunny month, not cold, and Outside, where our river rises, it was very warm and the warm winds brought us summer weather when we always had before experienced wintry cold.

The minister of the English church in here did not put on his winter underwear and set out to walk a short distance to an evening meeting of the Literary. He took the wrong path in the dark and got lost and did n't know it for hours and then he kept on walking all night till a blizzard came up and it grew cold. He had no overcoat and had on silk socks and low shoes.

The Mounted Police had all the men and Indians out hunting for him and after two days he was found nearly dead from the cold. He is going to live, but the doctor took off his toes. He is still in bed. We are glad he will live, for he is a fine young man. It is so easy to get lost where the settlers are only a fringe on the great unknown.

Karl was wild because he could not go to hunt for him too, but Daddy is too old to do chores and get up wood and was having a sick spell, so he is just up now and sitting in his chair. The white men could n't go where the Indians could anyway and it was a couple of Indians who finally found the poor man. They made a huge fire at once, boiled coffee for him while one went for help. Every man who was on this hunt carried coffee and matches and a gun.

Wolves have been numerous this winter. We tied up our dogs and the wolves come up around the stable every night. Karl has caught two of them in traps, but there is no bounty on them any more. The bounty was left off with the coming of the depression. If he can catch the two big ones

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that howl at night I think the others will go away. They seem to be the ringleaders. These are gray wolves. They are large, but the black ones are larger.

Karl was best man at a wedding at New Year's. He wore his bright red and black checked sweater, red tie, and I ironed one of Daddy's old white shirts for him, so he looked very nice. He said the priest, Catholic, wore his brightest dress too. Dad and I chuckled over it, but on the frontier anything goes. It was quite a colorful wedding. He is to be best man at a church wedding next June. He is so big and good to look at I don't wonder they like him for best man.

Daddy reads the papers to me while I sit and mend. He is just as bright as he ever was. Such a dear companion. I am going to mend up Karl's overalls and have them ready for use when Karl wants to shed the heavy moosehide pants in the spring. The overall cloth was just what I had wished for so long. Moosehide is very heavy and unsuitable except when it is very cold.

P. S. 50 candles came by mail, so I have a light at night. I was sorry not to get the coal oil, but am getting along real well.

February 14, 1935

Your woolies came and are appreciated, for I have no time to knit. This going back to the early days makes me remember that they used to wear out two to four wives and how they lay in neat rows in the graveyard.

I would n't have come so far if it had n't been for the boy. An ideal place to raise a boy. I think the world will hear of him some day. He is a born story-teller, makes up yarns as easy as I talk.

The lake that now covers our farm except the hill we will leave to dry up with the years. I am starting all over again on a new homestead in the spring. It will be hard, but we can and *we will.* What a lot of power that *we will* gives one. Great obstacles seem like molehills now.

I thank you for your fine letter, but am afraid you overestimate what I do. I just live from day to day. I used to climb hills before I got there — pioneering takes that out of you.

February 15, 1935

I have time only for a short note and this letter will be taken by a freighter who is going out overland with a team to-morrow. I wish there were time to write to Miss —— and to tell her that all her sample packages and letter arrived safely and how glad we were to get them. The winter has been hard and I had given up hope of being able to do anything in the future when the Christmas mail came. It seemed to give us courage. We figured out right then that we would leave this homestead and start on another one. It means beginning all over again, making log cabins, stables, and breaking ground in the wilderness as before. Most of the work falls on Karl, but much on me. I am going to get screens and some windows; those I have in this cabin are wee things that give so little light it is really a twilight through the whole winter. I'll need nails too. Well, the money came and we look forward to life again with new hope and courage.

Your bundle came that you sent last also and the doctor's came wrapped in ticking, and was n't I glad! My ticking on my pillows is worn out.

Daddy loves your father's poem. He chuckles over it; somehow it is so true and to the point. I had a visitor one day when Daddy was ill and very low. The visitor said, 'Well, he is so old it is best that he goes; he has lived his life.' And I resented it fiercely, for I know how wonderful that brain is after so many years of this world's struggles and woe. When he is sitting

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up again my arm is round his neck and my hand in his, too satisfied for words.

The days are already longer. It has been hard, in a way. Some candles came, including yours; they all helped, but were inadequate, as the dark is so long. I sat in the dark when I possibly could do without a light and managed to get through fairly well.

Karl is out cutting logs for the new cabin; this old one has seen its day and can't be moved. I'll have dirt roofs, but they'll keep out the wintry winds and in time we'll have better roofs. I hope to be able to get lumber for the floors; rough lumber will wear smooth with the years. I hate dirt floors so. Karl has a dirt floor in his cabin and it's dusty. But having a cabin for himself takes much from my shoulders. It was so disagreeable to step over sleeping trappers in the early morning when getting breakfast. Now Karl takes them to his cabin, where he has an extra bunk for them, and I see them only at meals, which leaves it more peaceful and private. Eating, sleeping, and cooking, and entertaining three to four strange men who have managed to reach shelter in the blizzard, is not pleasant in a small one-room cabin. Karl is going to try to make three rooms for me beside his own cabin. I am afraid the boy is too ambitious, but he is growing up and real strong.

He is a genius if there ever was one, and will be a writer of stories and books. It will take work, but his head is full of them. Next winter we hope to get him started writing and sending out some. Now I must close and I am glad you are wintering through again, and so is Daddy.

May 19, 1935

I was surprised and not pleased to have my letter to you returned to me because I had mixed up your address with that of another. I seldom make mistakes, but have not been very well this winter, and when tired mistakes are apt to occur. Many of the settlers had a touch of scurvy this winter; Karl had it quite bad and I had it in a lighter form. Some thought they had cancers when slight bruises refused to heal and looked bad. I never had it before and I diagnose it as a bad case of indigestion to start with.

It kept growing worse until the snow was gone. I like soft water to drink and cook with; our water in here in wells is hard and a bit alkali, so we use river water. The boy found a pool of snow water in the grass in the woods and, though it was quite yellow from the grass, it tasted good. We grew better at once and when it was gone I made a tea of green grass to keep up the good work. Now we are all well.

I will be glad to leave this and hope to be on my new homestead before the snow flies. Where the water covers ploughed land it is soft and our only milk cow drowned in it last Sunday by getting stuck in the mud, which acts like quicksand. The new homestead is several miles away. It means a great deal of hard work for Karl to begin all over again.

He is breaking there now, but has some logs cut and will work at the cabin as soon as the breaking is in. He went to the Fort yesterday to see if there would be any seed grain for him. I asked the government to lend me thirty bushels as there is none in here. They seldom refuse to lend seed to settlers.

Several settlers are leaving on the boat this week, but they are city people who made a mistake in coming in here when they lost their jobs. We have had several of these settlers come in each year and as many leave.

Mr. Rose is now in his eighty-third year, but is through to grass again. He likes to keep busy in his little old shop where he fixes things that break. This week he put in five spokes in an old

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wagon wheel and half of the wooden rim. He is very proud of being able to help out yet; though his step is slow his eye is still accurate, and his hands, though they tremble a little, can do light work. He has a weak heart and for weeks at a time does not lie down, but sleeps in his old rocker tilted back.

We are glad to be through to spring; it was a late cold spring but is warmer to-day. I was out to see if my garden was coming up, but it is a bit too early yet. I grow anxious to see the green things.

June 16, 1935

This is a busy time and a happy time when our brief summer comes to cheer us. My garden is planted and most of it is up, and hardly a day that it does not shower with sunshine in between the showers, so it grows fast.

The sun is just below the horizon at midnight and you can see to work all night if you wish. Karl has been fencing and that is a hard job, for the rails are long and heavy because they are green and have the sap yet. After working all day he wanted to go to a dance at the Fort that the Ladies' Aid was giving. It seems that youth is never too tired to dance. So he went off on his pony last night and is n't back yet. Daddy and I are alone and it seems very lonesome indeed without the boy.

You spoke of hardships in your last letter, things that I bear with because nothing can help. It is very true, some things cannot be told. But we are very happy together. Karl has never come in contact with anything coarse, uses cultured English, and does n't smoke, so he has had a normal growth both mentally and bodily. That makes us happy and we still have our little cabin home. Think how many have lost their homes in this depression.

What causes the hardships is that in a new country much is lacking. This winter I started without any disinfectant and had need of it sadly. I have just received some Mercurochrome and Lysol in the last mail and I asked for it from a friend. It came to hand last week when Karl stepped on a rusty spike. With it I was able to cleanse the hole and it healed nicely. It is so hard to get by without some things of civilization. So it goes on. Karl has put in some grain, worked so hard to get the land ready, and we look forward to having some of it ground into flour. It will cost to take it to the mill, at the rate of $1.25 cents for a hundred pounds of flour, and furnish your grain and the sacks. Karl hopes to be able to work for it, and if he cannot — no flour.

Then there's the binding of the wheat. I have a binder, and I have horsepower; old-fashioned indeed, for you hitch the horses to sweeps and they travel round and round. I traded a cow for the oldest and first thresher ever made, a wee thing, but Daddy and Karl fixed it up so it threshes. One must be independent, so far from human help. Others tie their grain with a binder, but that would cost us ten dollars for twine, so we tie it by hand. This is back-breaking work, but I am glad we can thresh it out alone. Before that we threshed it out on a canvas with a flail and ground it ourselves in a little hand mill and it was just chick feed, but we ate it, for it was food. I could go on like this, but you can see what the depression has done to those who live on the land. I talked to a man last winter who is married to a titled English lady and they grind their wheat in the coffee mill. My floor is of rough boards, but their floor is of clay. This cabin has a tarred-paper roof that leaks some, but theirs is of sod. And she is the most exquisite little person and takes it on the chin. Her father disowned her, but she is happy.

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Speaking of sod roofs, Karl and I are planning to move as soon as he can get the log cabins up and our roofs will be sod also. Things like that do not matter. They do not affect our souls or our health very much. What I worry about is *you*, if something happens to the government, if it changes so you have no rents and no interest.

Things look better than last year, for we have not had the frosts we had then, though the spring was two weeks late. We have rhubarb and green winter onions to eat. They are perennials. Then I get all the wild spinach we want and that toned up and cleaned our blood from the scurvy caused by lack of vegetables last winter. Karl, like most kids, does not love spinach, but you should see him take several helpings now. So we are through to grass and so are the mosquitoes. I am just deaf enough so I do not hear their song unless there is a swarm of them about my ears. This prevents me from becoming nervous. Their song used to annoy me exceedingly. My deafness is so slight that it does not annoy me and so I am thankful that the mosquitoes' song is dulled.

I have mosquito bars over the beds and there is peace, heavenly peace there. I also bought fifty cents' worth of Citronella (a drug that flies abhor), and a drop on my forehead, neck, and wrists makes me immune for thirty minutes. So I can go outside and still not be eaten up alive by the swarms that fill the air night and day for ten weeks. But to make up for these pests we have showers and the world is green, so we call it the Emerald Isle. How dreadful drought would be and dust! Here the air is always cool and refreshing, like mountain air. Daddy will live to be a hundred years if we always have enough to eat, I believe. He is very happy here and his health is good, though he is frail and it is hard to winter him. If I had a better home it would be easier for him in the winter. We live so syncopated in a small one-room cabin. Karl, as you know, is trying his best to make a home for us and he has been cutting logs and planning the best he can, but with only his hands and no money it is slow. Still I know he will make it.

The candles came and will light the evenings in August, as it grows dark faster and faster as fall comes on. I like them in my candle lamp, as it has a shade and it takes only short candles.

I filled the pink pillowcase with duck feathers for my pillow. I had gone without a pillow all these years because Daddy had to have all of them. So now I say as I lay me down to sleep, 'I sleep on a wild duck pillow.' How many of Life's children can say that? The Indians have learned to make feather quilts of the wild duck feathers and they roll up in them, but never use a pillow.

The apron made me two more pillowcases and I trimmed them with some crocheted lace I made years ago. You see, in homesteaders' cabins pillows, cases, and sheets are minus. I have seen them made of dark blue calico that had been used as clothing before. I have seen them made of many things where the woman hated to do without them. I did too, and they served. I wash all old wool clothing when past its usefulness and make it into comforter covers. But I have never used overalls, as I read some do, though I have several times slept under these hefty covers in here. They are warm, but my heart is weak and I have trouble unless the covers are light on my chest. Wool is softer.

The sewing bag and material and everything in the package will be good to have this winter. It helps. Without it I'd sit and just think and wonder why there is so much made in the world and yet one must not have it to use. I guess many are studying on that

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problem these days. Now I must close with the happy thought that you are stronger this summer. I was so glad to hear this.

July 6, 1935

I write so easy on the typewriter and letters are longer on it and easier to read too. So I will write an answer to the last letter, which came yesterday when Karl came home from the Fort with it. He left for the mail on the first day of July and while he was there the river rose fifteen feet, overflowing and taking the ferry off its moorings, and submerged the cable, and with driftwood coming down thick and fast they do not know yet how much damage was done.

He had his pony and was marooned on the other side and needed to get back home, so he got a small barge or scow to take him and the pony across and paid a dollar and a half for it. It was risky with the floating timber shooting by so thick, but boys will risk their necks and think little of it. A high school sent him a pair of binoculars and the money for the customs enclosed, and so he had just enough to get home on, as there was no duty. We were glad to see him come, as Daddy was ill with his stomach; he has relaxed bowels on account of his age, and I have to be careful what I give him to eat; and he had eaten greens and, while they are good for him, he likes them too well.

The spyglass, as I call it, is just what Karl needs on his hunting; I warn him all the time to be sure he is n't potting an Indian lad who might be after deer also. The Indians live only six miles from us and there are two reservations and any number of them in the woods along the lakes and rivers. One Indian lad is living with us now and working with Karl, hoeing potatoes and helping him with the logs. I have never refused a hungry lad food and shelter yet, red or white. Once last winter in a week I had given away twenty-eight meals of what I had on hand. That's unusual, as most weeks none come. The Indians come long ways to trade at the Fort and get out of food, and the law says, 'Enter and eat your fill, but do not take any away.' They do not take advantage of it and always pay with moosehide or moccasins for the food. Besides, I love the poor dears of the wildwood. I kissed one young maiden just to feel her skin and it was like a brown rose petal.

The coal oil you tried to send us last winter is famous now. They telegraphed in to see if it could be sent in and it was too late. They asked everybody that was coming in here about it and it got around until we heard the tale as it was repeated. Such things grow like a snowball rolling downhill. We heard that there were ten gallons of coal oil at the end of rail for us, held up by the river being frozen early last fall. We thought someone else, name unknown, had sent it, as we had your letter telling about your attempt to get the oil in here. You are right — it is harder to get a letter in and out of here than halfway around the world. Few people realize this, or the terrible handling things get on the overland mail in the winter. A small radio was sent to Karl last winter and it was not usable at all, so shaken up and broken. There are about forty creeks and muskegs to cross; the soil erodes fast and the banks to the smallest creek are about 400 feet deep and steep, and things have to be unloaded, the sled let down with chains and pulleys many times. Sometimes the ice breaks and everything gets wet. It was so rough, this overland trail, that our beloved mailman, a strapping half-breed, strong and able and fine, was decorated by the king for his service. The freezing and hardships got him and this spring he died in the prime of his

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life, having carried the mail about eighteen years in the winter. He leaves a big family of little ones. Once his wife had twins. She lived Outside.

So there is no coal oil. Therefore the candles lighted us when the dark came and were blessed many times. It's the oddest thing that just when I have moulded the last stumps into a usable thing the mail brings some more from you and the little lady with the wings who dwells in the Prosperity Shop. She must give you a picture of herself; it's full of moonlight and makes you think of a silvery moth with folded wings ready to disappear if you open the window to the dark outside.

I walk alone here, for Daddy is slipping away and sleeps much of the day as well as the night. He may stay a year, maybe several, but the looks of him make us realize it may not be long. He is sweeter and gentler than ever now; he always was, but now it hurts us and we can only try to love him all we can. I sent out for his liniment with the dollar. There is no money in here at all, no way to get any, and I wait patiently when there is a need: surely someone will enclose something for postage, perhaps — and it always comes. One teacher keeps me in paper and pencils, another in typewriter ribbons, one old lady sends me a roll of adhesive tape, as she gets an extra roll for a penny at a sale. Trying to cure the sores caused by lack of vegetables this winter used up a bottle of Mercurochrome and the teacher who supplies it sent me another bottle, so I have some on hand.

Karl wrote to an old uncle in the spring and borrowed thirty dollars for seed grain after I had written to the government and they had none to send. So he put in grain and it looks fine and we will have bread if nothing happens to it. Potatoes look good and yellow turnips and carrots for the winter. There is also cabbage in the garden for the winter and we missed the frost by a narrow margin, as we do most years.

I had two old rugs still good and I traded them for a good cow that will milk all winter for us. Our last cow was drowned when she mired in the 'lake,' as we call the land that is under water. It is still under deep water and and we are going to try to move before winter. I cannot stay here, where the 'lake' is fast becoming a graveyard for animals that go there to drink. Ours was the fifth cow to lose her life and Karl's yearling colt went to his death there too last fall.

Karl picked the new homestead and I never saw it till this spring, and the beauty of it fairly took my breath away. It has a view of the river, but the building site is high above it and there is a spring from which runs a tiny creek or rill in the front yard a little to one side. It's a large spring and will keep my milk and butter cool through the summer and furnish water to drink and use. He works on it all his time, nearly, and drags up logs to build with, as they are very handy and not far away. There is a larger creek fed by springs that will run through his barnyard and furnish water to the animals. That's what comes of being first to settle a new land. You can find the ideal homestead. We have n't seen any like this or as good anywhere. Karl, combing the land on his pony, found it and went over the survey lines to see what it contained. It is much better than the one we are now living on, even if the water should vanish.

We do not expect much more than a roof and walls this first year. I will be happy to get that much to begin with. I have the roofing and we will need boards for the roof to lay it on, and we think we can charge it for a time. Also boards for a floor. They will be rough boards about a foot wide and Karl will smooth them off some with a

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jack plane. In time they will be only the foundation for a real floor of planed flooring.

Daddy says that Karl will gain most from this making a new home. It is an experience that has aged him and made a man of him. While only just eighteen years, he appears as old as twenty-six or twenty-seven to strangers. He is well built and broad-shouldered and quick to act, as all who have the wilderness to contend with. His real hardship is the terrible colds he gets from getting wet, and I have no raincoat big enough to fit him. He uses mine thrown over his shoulders if he is home. A man's raincoat, no matter how old-fashioned or shabby, would be a great gift to the boy.

We are planning to do some intensive studying this winter if we get fixed up and have the light. He likes to dig things out and the winters are long.

August 10, 1935

There have been excessive rains here in the north and the railroad is under water for about 200 miles at the end of rail, so no trains are running yet, but the government is at work. They are making a detour which they think will soon be ready. Supplies are running low in the north country, the paper states. The mail is brought to the river from Edmonton in planes until this is ready.

There has been no frost and my garden is doing fine. If it holds off two more weeks, all is well and the stuff will go into the little cellar, safe from the cold that arrives all too soon for me. I just begin to enjoy the out-of-doors when the frost takes the mosquitoes and poisonous black flies. But this fall I intend to be outside as long as I can to absorb all the sunshine possible before the winter closes down so intensely that a woman cannot set foot outside unless she is hardened, and I have never allowed my body to grow that cold, day after day, as some women do who have cows to milk and must. Karl has done the milking, with Daddy's aid, all these years. Now Daddy is too old and has to sit in the cabin, but he often helps me with the dishes and we have good times talking together.

I will write to the good doctor later. It is a very busy time for me, with two breeds helping Karl to hay. It is a wet season, rains and rains; between the rains they rush out and cut and rake and stack hay and there is hay where Karl cut last year. Then it was nearly all bushes, but with the bushes cut the hay came in this year in abundance. Karl helps the poor breeds who have no tools and they pay him back with work. Karl has almost grown up in the little blacksmith shop with its old-fashioned homemade leather bellows and is a good hand to fix broken iron things. He earned himself two pairs of coveralls and two dark work shirts mending some broken machinery a month ago. It was in trade; there is no money in this country.

You can see that I am glad the garden is good and the cow gives milk, for I have many to cook for and food is soon cleaned up that I set on the little forty-inch table. I could never do it if I had not learned to eliminate. I sit down to do the dishes. I have gradually learned, so it is automatic, that I must fill the teakettle with a dipper and the water pail also and never try to lift either. If Karl comes in I hand him the broom and he sweeps up without a word; he knows my heart must be spared. Also he carries in the wood. If I overdo it misses beats and I rest poorly. Otherwise I never think of it any more, as it has come on so gradually. I am not an object of pity, but have to leave much undone that I wish I could do. I never went to a doctor about it; never doctored for it by taking anything; have gradually used more under my head when I sleep and

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seldom remember it. And I do not weigh more than eighty-seven pounds and am as light as a feather on my feet and quick to move, being so light. Daddy says I will live to be real old; his mother was slight and much the same way, and she lived to be eighty and then she died from a bad cold she caught by getting her feet wet.

That reminds me of the rain cape. It will be very welcome in this rainy land and just the thing on horseback, I should say. A raincoat has its uses too, as it can be buttoned up tight and affords more protection when it is windy and stormy at the same time. Karl has chaps to protect his legs on his long rides, but always is so wet on his body and seldom comes home dry from the Fort. That's why I used to ask you so often for stuff for his throat and I still labor with it, for his throat is delicate, but I think he will grow out of it in time.

The candles came from the Lady of the Moonlight and she does not dwell all the time on this prosaic earth, I can see. That box of candles must have been searched a hundred times before it arrived in here. The little postmaster here said he had never seen a package come so torn up. About six candles had been lost out, too, in the mad scramble for the two dollars the card said were enclosed in the package. You and I are too worldly-wise to put money in a package and then tell all about it on the outside. I'd have tucked it into the toe of a stocking or in a slipper, as you did those charming scissors with the flowers on them and many other things — the darling thimble that many folks would certainly have scrambled for if you had said so on the card. I said, 'Oh dear, oh dear, the Lady of the Moonlight lives in a dream world, not in this one.'

The candles are just now all the light I have when dusk comes and much appreciated. You can never know how much. But this winter I will have oil and I am planning all kinds of things I can do when the dark comes again. Last winter I sat in the dark too much; it fretted me not to have light and the time seemed lost. Never again, I hope.

Now I must close and go to bed. It is late. I'm glad you are able to be around this summer and hope you will have a good summer.

Lovingly,

HILDA ROSE

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IF I SHOULD BE A QUEEN

BY EMILY DICKINSON

I'm saying every day
'If I should be a Queen to-morrow
I'd do this way,' —
And so I deck a little
If it be I wake a Bourbon
None on me bend supercilious
With 'This was she
Begged in the market place
Yesterday.'
Court is a stately place
I've heard men say,
So I loop my apron against the majesty
With bright pins of buttercup —
That not too plain
Rank overtake me —
And perch my tongue
On twigs of singing, rather high,
But this might be my brief term
To qualify, —
Put from my simple speech
All plain word,
Take other accents
As such I heard —
Though but for the cricket, just,
And but for the bee
Not in all the meadow
One accost me.
Better be ready
Than did next morn
Meet me in Arragon
My old gown on,
And the surprised air
Rustics wear
Summoned unexpectedly
To Exeter.

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THE DANGER OF MOUNTING DEFICITS

There Is One Way Out

BY LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

I

DICKENS'S famous character, Micawber, gave young David Copperfield a piece of financial advice that is universal in its application. He said, 'Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.'

Those who continually fail to live within their incomes — whether they be individuals or nations — sooner or later come to grief. History is replete with testimony to the soundness of Micawber's advice. But those who now ignore it feel that unusual circumstances justify their action. They fail to realize that the mere fact of excess expenditures does the damage. Motives and circumstances — however noble or unusual — play no part in the matter.

Yet we are told to-day in this country that the exigencies of the times and the 'social need' for large Government expenditures justify the accumulation of an enormous deficit by the Federal Government. This is the same old story. Circumstances are always unusual. Motives are always of the highest. It is one thing to rationalize a deficit. It is another thing to liquidate it.

In the fiscal year 1931, the Federal Government incurred a deficit of $902,000,000. In 1932, a further deficit of $3,148,000,000 was created. Another $3,063,000,000 was added in 1933. In 1934 the Federal Government ran $3,989,000,000 in the red. The 1935 deficit was $3,575,000,000, including amortization charges, and present budget estimates place the 1936 deficit at $4,529,000,000. This indicates a cumulative deficit of about $19,206,000,000, including sinking-fund requirements, in a period of six years.

Among all modern nations, the United States to-day has the largest deficit, both in total amount and in relation to income. The $11,000,000,000 deficit incurred in the four fiscal years from 1931 through 1934 was more than 100 per cent of the Government revenues for the same period. In the fiscal year 1935, the deficit was almost 100 per cent of revenues collected. And according to budget estimates the 1936 deficit will be more than 110 per cent of the revenues for 1936. In other words, the Government has been spending more than twice as much money as it has received.

A comparison of the position of other leading nations shows that from this standpoint Italy's record is next poorest. But Italy's accumulated deficit of $780,000,000[1] from 1931 through 1934

[1] This figure is borrowed from the New York Trust Company. — AUTHOR

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was only one fourteenth as large as that of the United States and represented only one fifth of her revenues for the period in which it was incurred.

Many other leading nations of the world have suffered deficits in recent years. But in nearly all cases they have been involuntary, whereas the deficits of the United States have been planned and deliberate. Other countries have made conscientious efforts to balance their budgets. The deficits that have resulted have been caused primarily by the failure of revenues to materialize in accordance with budget estimates. The United States, however, has made no such attempt to balance its budget. It has budgeted its deficits in advance and financed them by the issuance of enormous amounts of new Government bonds. As a consequence, the national debt has increased approximately 85 per cent since 1930. This figure does not take into account the enormous contingent liabilities incurred. These, although they cannot be exactly determined, apparently amount to an additional $6,000,000,000.

Much of the existing deficit of the United States is accounted for by so-called extraordinary expenditures incident to the Government's programme of spending as an aid to recovery. The futility of this spending effort has been discussed in previous articles. For a programme that has achieved imperceptible results in the matter of employment, we have incurred a deficit of more than fourteen and one-half billions, and expect to add another four and one-half billions to this figure in the next fiscal year.

Billions of dollars! There was a time not so long ago when even a million dollars seemed a rather stupendous figure. But now the word 'billion' is bandied about freely. The nonchalant, careless, jovial sloshing of a billion dollars here and a billion dollars there has become so commonplace a part of the daily news that there is danger that we may not appreciate the real significance of the word. Familiarity with it has bred contempt. Consequently, it is not amiss here to ask the question, 'How much is a billion?'

Upon reflection, it almost staggers the imagination. A man with a $5000 annual income would have to work 200,000 years to earn a billion dollars. At our present average rate of individual income, a city of 100,000 people would have to work more than fifteen years to earn a billion dollars. Only a billion minutes elapsed between the birth of Christ and the year 1902 A. D. A billion one-dollar bills laid end to end would girdle the earth four times.

A billion dollars should never be thought of as merely a sum of money. It should be thought of as representing many years of labor by many thousands of people. Only in such terms can the significance of our enormous national deficit be appreciated. Only then can we understand the extent to which we have mortgaged our future.

II

We have all witnessed the disaster that comes to the individual who continues to spend more than he makes. He finally goes bankrupt, and his creditors seize his remaining property, leaving him penniless. Everyone agrees that this is foolhardy procedure for an individual. What people do not realize is that excessive spending by a Government brings much the same sort of bankruptcy to all the people.

Governments never go bankrupt in the sense that an individual does. Like individuals, Governments have the power to appropriate and expend money. But they also have a further power which the individual does not have — namely, the power to manufacture money. When its credit becomes impaired, a Government does not file

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a petition in bankruptcy. Instead it avails itself of the power to issue additional money.

The continued issuance of such money by a government that is really insolvent leads to steady dilution of the value of its currency. Ultimately the currency becomes worthless. This cheapening of the value of money wipes out the accumulated savings of the people, until in the end an amount formerly regarded as a small fortune may no longer be sufficient to buy a loaf of bread. The great middle class, which is the backbone of any nation, is always the chief sufferer.

During the entire period in which this debasement of the currency is proceeding, there is intense suffering. This is because prices rise rapidly as the value of money is diluted. Moreover, wages and salaries in such a period cannot be adjusted upward rapidly enough to offset the tremendous increase in the cost of living. As a consequence, the standard of living declines rapidly, and the entire population suffers.

There is nothing new about the experiment of Government spending as an instrument of economic recovery. It has been tried at various times in the world's history by many Governments. The result has always been the same. It has invariably led to debasement of currency, the destruction of savings, the ruination of the middle classes, and the impoverishment of the entire people. Only very wealthy people or clever speculators manage to survive the catastrophe.

The deficits incurred by the Roman Empire resulted in the depreciation of its currency to one ninety-sixth of its former value. The deficits of the Crown in France forced the issuance of paper money which resulted in economic collapse. The deficits of France a century later under the Constitutional Assembly again destroyed the value of its currency. The deficits of the Russian Government in 1917 compelled the issuance of paper money that impoverished the people and made them more willing listeners to revolutionary propaganda.

The United States itself has already suffered a number of times from deficits that compelled the manufacture of fiat money, such as Colonial paper money, the Continental currency, and the infamous 'greenbacks.' Inflation and collapse have always followed.

In recent years, a new technique has been developed for the financing of Government deficits. Instead of issuing paper money, Governments sell their bonds to central banks, which in turn issue the money with which to pay for such bonds. The difference is only one of method. The results have been the same as in the cases of direct issuance of paper money. In the post-war period, the deficits incurred by Germany, France, Belgium, Austria, and Italy were financed by the sale of Government bonds to central banks. In all cases this policy resulted in the destruction, or partial destruction, of the value of their respective currencies.

Now it is important to remember that in all these cases the Governments in question had little or no choice in the matter *at the time the fiat currency was issued.* The deficits then existed. There was no other way to meet them. The choice must be made earlier, and Government spending stopped. In all ages and under all circumstances it has always been true that, if deficits are allowed to accumulate to an amount which makes it impossible for a Government to do further borrowing, there is then no alternative except debasement of the currency.

The United States to-day has an accumulated deficit of approximately $14,677,000,000. How has it been financed? How will the future deficits already budgeted be financed?

If deficits of a country are financed

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out of savings, it is an indication that the credit of the country — at least to that point — still exists. This is proved by the fact that individuals are willing to place their savings voluntarily in the bonds of the Government. Moreover, this method does not inflate the volume of money or credit outstanding.

But the deficit of the United States has not been financed in this way. It has been financed by the creation of fiat credit issued by the country's banks in exchange for huge amounts of Government bonds which have been virtually forced upon them by the Government. Except for certain technical differences, this method differs little from the thoroughly discredited method of selling Government bonds to central banks which create currency to pay for them. The effect of fiat credit is slow but insidious. Its full effect is usually not apparent until industrial production gets under way. It took France six years after the World War to feel the full effect of such credit inflation, and by that time Government deficits were actually being reduced.

Since 1930, our Federal debt has increased about 85 per cent. The dollar amount of this increase was $11,723,349,000. Of this total of newly issued debt, 85 per cent was accounted for by increases in the holdings of Government bonds by banks. The total of Government bonds in the hands of banks increased over 200 per cent in the same period.

When a bank purchases Government bonds, it rarely pays for them with cash money that someone has deposited in the bank. It merely creates on its books a credit against which the Government is entitled to draw. When the Government draws against this credit and puts it in circulation in its spending programme, the effect is the same as if the bonds had been sold to a central bank that issued paper currency in payment.

Moreover, the credit drawn by the Government from one bank finds its way into other banks in the form of deposits. In this connection it is interesting to note that between 1931 and 1934 the increase in bank deposits has corresponded almost exactly to the increase in the Government bond holdings of the banks during that same period.

In defense of this programme it has been argued that fiat credit is created by banks in the same fashion when they finance general business. This is true. But there are important differences. First, the bank can exercise complete discretion in the matter. Second, the uses to which the credit is put are productive. Third, if such credit is granted for sound purposes, it is short-term and self-liquidating. It ceases to exist when it has served its purpose of financing the production or distribution of goods. Whenever fiat bank credit has been created for other purposes, such as speculation, disastrous consequences have always followed. To use bank credit to finance Government deficits is to abuse credit, for it loads the banks with loans that do not produce the goods or services with which such loans can be repaid.

How has the Government been able to load the banking system with its bonds in this fashion? First, through its RFC activities, the Government is in a position to coerce banks into buying its bonds. Second, banks that have been anxious to show a strong investment position have been willing to buy large amounts of Government securities, on the theory that there could be no criticism of such assets. Third, the Government's policies have so frightened sound borrowers that there has been virtually no demand for bank credit from the business community. As a consequence there is little that a bank can do to meet its overhead except buy Government securities.

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There are also other elements of weakness in the situation. By artificial means the Government has been able to force interest rates down. And through the operation of a stabilization fund and through various Government corporations the Government has been able to purchase its own bonds in the open market whenever prices were weak. As a consequence, the prices of Government bonds are fictitious. The only true test of the credit of a Government — a test not yet applied — is what savings are willing to pay for its bonds.

We find, then, that our present deficit is being financed, not by the savings of the people, but by the creation of fiat credit, which differs only in minor respects from the issuance of paper money. We find that the Government spending programme, which accounts for this staggering deficit, has proved wholly ineffective as an instrument of reëmployment. It has, in fact, proved an actual detriment to employment. For the threat of currency depreciation, which is always present when Government deficits are mounting, has grievously impaired the general confidence that is necessary to foster the investment of funds that would bring about the reëmployment of idle workers.

III

Must the present reckless rate of spending continue? Or will millions of individuals, to protect the value of their own small savings, rise up and demand an end to a futile programme that all history shows bids fair to result in the final destruction of their savings through currency depreciation?

It is difficult for many people to appreciate the seriousness of the course we are following. Americans have a great faith in the ability of their country to weather economic storms. The average man or woman likes to believe that nothing really serious could happen to the United States because it is too wealthy. Yet as recently as 1862 the credit of this nation was definitely impaired, and the infamous greenbacks were issued. To be sure, much of the country's wealth was at that time undeveloped. But the national debt was less than $600,000,000, as compared with the present figure of $29,000,000,000. Bankruptcy is a matter of the relationship between assets and liabilities. The mere existence of enormous assets is no protection against it. We have all seen big corporations go bankrupt while smaller ones remained solvent.

America's great gold stock is regarded by many people as a steadying influence and an anchor against currency inflation. If such gold is not used, however, it affords no protection. Ours is not being put to use, because we are now on a completely irredeemable paper basis. And if we were to use our gold it would disappear from circulation into hoarding the moment currency inflation seemed imminent. Russia's 1,250,000,000 gold rubles in 1917 were no protection against the collapse of her currency.

Many people believe that if we achieve economic recovery the increased income of the Government will make possible a balancing of the national budget, despite the present rate of Government expenditures. There is no sound basis for this belief. The greatest income ever collected by the Federal Government was obtained in the Wilson Administration, which collected from taxpayers a maximum of $6,600,000,000 in a single year. This was possible only because the country was experiencing boom times. The present Administration, however, is planning the expenditure of something like $8,500,000,000 annually. This is about $2,000,000,000 more than the Federal Government has ever been able to collect from its taxpayers even in the days

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of great prosperity. So, even assuming complete economic recovery, how is this enormous gap to be bridged?

Others maintain that, if a Government is justified in spending to win a war, it is also justified in spending to overcome a depression. This line of argument fails to take into account one very important difference between the two situations. The need for war spending ends of its own accord. But, more often than not, spending as an instrument of recovery does not stop, because of the political difficulties involved in withdrawing Government bounties from the millions who have become accustomed to such special privileges. Moreover, Government spending *can* win a war. But there is no evidence that Government spending ever conquered a depression.

War spending is also bad. Our own deficits incurred during the war and financed by fiat credit inflation contributed to the post-war inflation which has now ended in severe deflation, widespread unemployment, and great suffering. The purpose for which the deficits are incurred has no bearing on the outcome. The fact is that any deficit financed by currency or fiat credit inflation is bad. Why should the process now be deliberately repeated?

Much has been made of the fact that the so-called 'ordinary budget,' providing for the routine expenses of Government, is in balance, and that all other expenses, which result in the deficit, have been segregated into what is termed the 'extraordinary budget.' This distinction is a mere trick of bookkeeping. Whether the Government keeps a record of it in one book or two is a matter of no moment. The fact remains that the money is being spent. Many other Governments in South America and Europe have at various times deluded the people with this device of the extraordinary budget. In all cases in which it has been resorted to, a collapse of the currency and the destruction of the people's savings have resulted. The reason is that it has always proved impossible to stop the extraordinary expenditures and the Government deficits they create, which in turn necessitate continued borrowing that leads to bankruptcy.

It is this problem that is now facing the United States. The present national debt, even though far greater than it should be, as a result of recent deficits, is not yet unbearable. But can further deficits, which may prove disastrous, now be avoided? Can Government spending now be stopped? The experience of other nations indicates that it will require more fortitude and determination than politicians usually have. There are few instances in which Government activities, once started, are relinquished. The whole tendency of Government is to grow bigger and cost more.

Government spending always creates vested interests which obtain great benefit from such spending. Will the millions of people now receiving Government largesse be willing to have the Government cease such spending? Will retail merchants whose business has been helped by the Government's distribution of enormous sums be willing to see a cessation of such spending? Will bureaucracy itself, created by Government spending, permit itself to be dismembered? How many municipalities will be willing to shoulder again the burdens that they have turned over to the Federal Government? Also to be considered are the continuing costs incident to increased fixed charges and to obligations incurred in connection with Public Works under contracts already made, which run many years into the future.

Moreover, no Administration that has openly espoused Government spending as an instrument of recovery can be expected to cease such spending.

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For, the minute it does, the illusion of recovery that has been created immediately fades. This reveals the basic fallacy of the entire programme, which is that the benefits of such spending last only as long as the spending continues.

These obstacles to a cessation of Government spending seem almost insurmountable. Yet they must be overcome, for the value of all our savings is at stake.

The impoverishment of the middle class as a result of currency depreciation caused by Government deficits lays the foundation for profound social changes. This is freely admitted by F. Preobrazhensky, friendly commentator on the Russian Revolution and author of *Paper Money during the Proletariat Dictatorship*, in the preface to which he says: —

> I would like to dedicate this imperfect work of mine to the one who, by the perfection of his own work and by its unbounded abundance, gave me the impulse to write these pages. I refer to the printing press of the People's Commissariat of Finance. . . . Glory to the printing press! To be sure its days are numbered now, but it has accomplished three quarters of its task. In the archives of the great proletarian revolution, alongside the modern guns, rifles, and machine guns which mowed down the enemy of the proletariat, an honorary place will be occupied by that machine gun of the People's Commissariat of Finance which attacked the bourgeois régime in its rear — its monetary system — by converting the bourgeois economic law of money circulation into a means of destruction of that same régime and into a source of financing the revolution.

Government deficits incurred in the hope that they will promote recovery defeat their own purpose. This is because such deficits, as they continue, cause a growing fear of currency destruction and radical social changes. This fear, which all history shows is fully justified, naturally discourages the use of savings in new productive investment. And without such use of savings the permanent reëmployment of idle workers cannot be achieved.

It is for this reason that we do not witness to-day the absorption of unemployed workers in productive private enterprise. Instead we have the employment of idle workers by the Government itself in unproductive tasks. But, despite this frantic effort of the Government to create artificial employment, the total number of unemployed people has actually increased. Meanwhile, the Government's futile efforts may create a temporary appearance of recovery. But it has no solid foundation, for it disappears when Government spending stops; and sooner or later Government spending *must* stop.

Since this article was written the President's budget statement of September 29 has been made public. In it the estimated deficit for 1936 is reduced to $3,281,982,860. This does not change the dangers of the Administration's fiscal policy. An analysis of the statement shows that expenditures for 1936 are much greater than for either 1934 or 1935. Consequently it contains no evidence of an effort to retrench, and the deficit, while smaller than estimated in January, still remains at the fabulous figure of $3,281,982,860.

The next article will discuss some of the steps which might be taken to bring the national budget into balance within a reasonable period.

[Interested readers will turn to page 9, front section]

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SALAR THE SALMON

III. Winter Star-Stream

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

NEARLY a hundred hours' continuous heavy rain had filled the underground lakes of the moor so that every spring was gushing. Sunken lanes — tracks worn deep by sleds of olden time — were noisy with cascades, their rugged surfaces washed away to reveal rock grooved and worn by iron and wood and horn.

As the flood withdrew from field and ditch and hollow, many fish were left in closed pits and shallows. There was a saying in the country of the Two Rivers that in a bygone age the agreements whereby boys were apprenticed to moorland farmers had a clause which stipulated the feeding of salmon to the boys on not more than three days a week during a year. This saying was often repeated in books of the familiar kind which are derived from other books; but no such agreement had ever been found to prove the truth of the saying, which was intended to show how in other ages Atlantic salmon were as numerous in the rivers as their Pacific cousins are at the present time in the river of the Coast.

In the Great Deluge by which Salar returned to the stream of Red Deer Moor, nearly all the pigs, dogs, cats, and hens of the valley farms which remained alive turned away, after three days of feeding, from the flesh of salmon. Some say the sudden immense volume of water running into the Atlantic was so charged with the salts of artificial fertilizers washed in the soil from fields that most of the fish coming to the Island Race were unable to find the sea currents of their native rivers, and so all followed up the one overwhelming waterway to the Two Rivers.

Below Pine Tree Weir the bed of the turning eddy was covered by salmon, which were covered by a second and a third layer of fish. The water of the eddy was a dark purple. Every moment the circular racing surface showed a brown tail fin, a dark rolling back, a lead-gray or copper-brown neb. Fish six and seven together were trying to get up the weir. At the side of the concrete apron, where Shiner stood, small trout and sea trout leapt and slithered on the watery slope so frequently that he could, he told himself, have filled a bucket any moment by simply holding it there.

But Shiner was not there to get fish. Now that he had regular work he was quite happy watching them. Indeed, he felt the secondary feeling of all conquerors towards a subjected race: an attitude of benevolence and protection. Shiner had no gaff in his pocket. He was there because most of his life thought with the way of salmon. All day he had stood there, watching them.

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He ate no food; his hunger was to see the fish.

Shiner's arrival at the weir had disturbed Old Nog the heron, who had been killing every fish he could strike and lift from the edge of the slide.

So many peal — small sea trout — were leaping and falling within a few inches of the grassy edge that soon the old man's trousers were wet to the knees with the splashing. A few salmon, the tired ones which had come into the river in early spring, tried to get up the weir at the side, leaping among the smaller sea trout whose water it was. Shiner saw fish with long heads and out-thrust kyps, brown as summer algæ, the gristle of underjaws worn by rubbing and ringed with fungus. They sprang from the edge of the white surge which slanted across the pool's circle: some fell on their sides, heavily on the concrete covered by water less deep than their bodies, and lay stunned a moment before being washed down; others jumped too high, falling on the curl-over of white water and being flung back before recovering poise and swimming down with easy stroke of tail fin. Other stale fish had green on gill covers, their jaws looked smoke-grimy, their scales rusty. They were all shapes and sizes. The pool was more fish than water, fish flushed with the cold fever of spawning, all trying to gain the redds in the higher reaches of the river: danger for themselves, but safety for the fry hatching in the shrunken waters of spring.

Every minute several fish leapt askew and fell on the grass beside the concrete. Shiner eased them back into the water, wetting his hands lest his touch scald the sensitive skin. Nearer the roaring centre of the weir, stronger fish were jumping. Most of them hit the water and lost impetus before they could grip and bore a way up the slope. Shiner saw roseate hog-backed fish, with heads a canary-yellow: these were males of a late run, full of zest for spawning. They had no appetite for food; excitement had released much uric acid in their systems, which gave their skins these colors.

But while he watched, and as the sun broke through clouds, Shiner saw a fish leap from the midst of the most broken turmoil — a curve of white and tarnished silver which fell and pierced the surge and moved up steadily, vibrating fast and surely, a fish that had learned a way through the varying pressures and water layers, beside the glassy spine raised from the gap in the sill above. It got nearly to the sill, where it seemed to hang still, moment after moment, then it was advancing, inch by inch, to where the spine was flattened just below the break in the hidden sill; and, as Shiner watched, it shot forward out of sight, to leap high from the calm deep water of the mill pool, and reveal, in the moment of rest at the top of the curve, a soldered mark on its side, as of a wound healed.

Such was the return of Salar — the Leaper.

II

As the heron flies, Steep Weir lay about six miles above Pine Tree Weir; but the journey was longer for fish. The river wound through the grazing meadows of its own past making — now running close to the feet of hills yellow and red and brown with the colors of leaves' failing life, now winding to the other hillside, to recoil upon itself, in wide pools of currents in confusion, rushing swollen and gleaming.

Steep Weir had been built in a past century, diagonally across the river, a barrier of slabs of rock.

The top layer of slabs overhung a vertical wall; water falling over fell clear of the wall's base. And it rebounded, because it fell direct on rock. There was no pool underneath, no deep

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water from which a fish could take off. It was the most harmful weir in the country of the Two Rivers, and, since it was usually unpassable, a favorite place of poachers when fish were running.

Where the sill of the weir stopped, a bank grown with alders continued to a half-rotten sluice. This consisted of a frame of three upright posts, bedded into masonry and morticed on cross-pieces. In the grooves of the upright posts the two doors or fenders had not been moved for more than thirty years. They were ruinous, and silted on the higher side.

Early one morning Shiner went to Steep Weir. He knew that some of the chaps from the town would be there, snatching fish. Since he had come to watch salmon for their own sakes, Shiner had appointed himself a sort of honorary elusive water bailiff. Herons and otters and snatchers he regarded as half enemies of his own life. Water bailiffs were enemies of the other half of himself, and when he saw one Shiner became elusive. He muttered to himself, feeling they would not believe that he was by the riverside for the sake of the fish. Not for the sake of the Conservancy Board, which was made up of men there to represent and serve their own interests: netsmen for the increase of nets and extension of time to net, rod-and-line men to increase the number of fish in the rivers, by keeping the number of nets as low as possible and limiting the season of estuary fishing. Shiner knew all about the Board; and he muttered when he saw a bailie, for old time's sake and also because he was a solitary.

Shiner had a special grudge against the water bailiffs. Recalling the number of fish he had snatched from below Steep Weir, he now thought of them jumping there hour after hour in vain, bruising and breaking themselves. 'Why had n't they bailies seen to it that the fender was rised? 'T was n't proper!' Very well, he, Shiner, would do it himself.

Soon after sunrise on the Monday morning, he climbed over the fence by the road bridge below the gristmill and walked along the river bank. He was tall and thin, looking like a humanized alder trunk. His coat was shredded and gray like lichen, his arms and legs long and loose. He had a small face with pointed goatee beard and high pointed ears sticking up beside the upright brim of a very ancient and discolored billycock hat. His eyes appeared to see nothing; he never turned round or glanced about him; yet he saw all he wanted to see. He was a gray heron of a man, owning only his clothes, a few gardening tools, and himself. In summer he often slept out, beside ricks or in tallats or lofts of cattle sheds. He knew white owls which nested in the tallats, and they knew him. He liked wandering about alone, in the open air. During winter he lived in a room over a disused stable, for which he paid rent of ten shillings a year. He insisted on paying rent. The landlord, an innkeeper, allowed him to boil and fry in the rusty grate of the small disused harness room, hung with cobwebs. Shiner's only mate was a cat, an aged beast, which he called Kitten. It was the great-great-grandkitten of the original cat he had owned. He neither begged nor borrowed, nor would he claim an old-age pension. His secret fear was that in extreme old age he would be destitute and put in the Union, when he would not be able to see the river or the fields.

He walked along by the river, slowly, with an ash plant nearly as tall as himself in his right hand, continually glancing at the water moving almost bank-high on his left. Forward, and across the river, stood a plantation of thin trees almost hiding the mill house.

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He heard the roaring of the weir as he walked on. A raised bank of stone and earth, on which ash and other trees grew, was between him and the Weir. Peering through a gap, he saw the figure of a man standing there, and recognized one of the gang which had stolen his trammel net in the police court. Then he saw the hat of another man moving behind some low-growing furze bushes. The river was over the bank beside the fender, running down the grass, and pouring over the edge of the sluice.

Moving on to another gap, Shiner stared at the weir. Fish were jumping into the white, to fall back again and be tossed and turned in the churn of water rebounding from the rock below. They were jumping all the time, and most of them were colored in shades of red and brown. 'They'm in full tartan, surenuff,' muttered Shiner — using a phrase he had heard years before from a visiting Scots fisherman.

In a bed of rushes fifty yards above the weir Shiner had found a rusty iron bar while poking about there a few months previously. This, he guessed, was the bar by which the fenders had been lifted up years before. But if he went to get the bar now, and started to open the fenders, he might be pitched into the water while he was doing it, and no one any the wiser. They chaps was n't worth two penn'oth of cold gin; they would pitch him in if they thought no one would know. And taking red fish, too! Why, the eggs of a ten-p'un sow-fish weighed two p'un! 'T was no sense in it, taking full ripe fish.

Shiner had taken many hundreds of red fish at Steep Weir, and had often stated his opinion that October fish tasted better than clean springers; but that was when he had been younger and 'lived for devilment,' as he said. But a full ripe fish! 'T was n't no sense to it.

After wondering for some time what he could do, Shiner clambered over the gap in the bank and walked, looser-legged than ever, towards the men. The man standing back from the water saw him casually, and paid no heed to him. His two mates had been informed, however, of the approach, and when they saw who it was they bent down and withdrew each a long ash pole which had been hurriedly thrust into the growth of bramble and alder.

The poles had been cut from a near-by copse. To the slighter end a noose of twisted strands of brass wire had been tied. These were for tailing the fish waiting below the fender.

Shiner went to the edge of the sluice which joined the water roar at the base of the fall a few paces distant. Fish of all lengths and shapes and colors were jumping vertically under the spread of the weir. None could get up. One great fish fell back on a hidden pinnacle of rock and was washed away belly upwards. Shiner cracked his fingers, and muttered to himself.

'You won't do nought with that li'l old rabbit snare,' said Shiner. 'I was working here with a gaff when Adam was a proper pup. Besides, you'm too late. There ban't enough water here to carry the fish over. Now if you could open the fenders a bit, to let some good water under, you'd attract the sojers upalong the gulley.' 'Soldiers' was the poaching term for ripe autumn fish. 'Aiy, midears, that's what us did in th' old days. And if I don't misremember, there be a bar lying about yurr somewhereabouts.'

He began to mooch around, peering under furze clumps and kicking tufts of grass with his boot. He returned to the others, mumbling half to himself, 'You med get a vish by fixing a gaff on t'other end, and cutting the stick in half; maybe you'd get a vish thaccy way, but you med be careful, midears, leaning over all that water. Tes a tur-

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rible master weight of water valling today. Aiy, it be, too true it be.' And, shaking his head, he ambled away, pretending to be looking for the bar. 'Th' old fool be wandering i' th' ead,' said one of the men, lighting a cigarette. Seeing this, Shiner came back, talking in a broader, old-fashioned way. 'I minds th' time when us took vower buttloads of vish from thissy place. But then us had th' bar vor open the trap, do 'ee zee?' And, shaking his head, he went away. 'Proper mazed fool,' said the young man, inhaling deeply of the fag.

Shiner was staring at the door of the fender, his billycock pushed over one ear, scratching his head. Jets of water were spirting through holes in the oaken planking, and gushing underneath, hissing white from the pressure of water above the fender.

As he watched, a small sea trout slithered up the white hiss of water, and, turning by the wood, slithered down again. 'You'll soon be upalong, midear,' said the old man. 'Shiner knoweth.'

He found the rusty bar in the nettles, and returned to the sluice. An oak plank stretched across behind the framework, and on this he stood, pushing the end of the bar into an iron notch. Each fender was the shape of a large square shovel, in the handle of which was a vertical row of notches. Levering against the crosspiece, he tried to raise the fender. It was wedged in the lower grooves of the posts, held tight by the weight of silt against its other side. By crashing the bar against the plate Shiner at last shifted the wood, and immediately the gush below changed to mud color.

He shifted the end of the bar to a lower hole, and raised it another notch. Thus slowly one fender was lifted; then he began to raise the other. While he was doing this one of the men came to him and asked him how much more he was going to 'rise' it. 'Hey?' said Shiner, pausing to put a hand to ear, and then bending down to lever again. The man shouted at him, soundlessly in the roar of water now passing under. 'Hey?' said Shiner, pausing a moment. The man came on the plank and bawled in his ear, 'If you open it to the top, you bliddy old vool, all the vish will rin through, won't'm?'

'Aiy, you'm right, midear,' replied Shiner. 'Bootiful water, bootiful rinning water!'

'I said to you, you old vool, I said, "You'm letting all the vish dro, ban't you?"'

'No, I ain't got no gaff,' replied Shiner, lifting the fender another notch. 'If I had, you should have it, midear.'

The man seized the end of the bar. 'Stop, wull 'ee?'

The second fender was almost as high as the first.

'Aiy, you'm right,' said Shiner. 'Only don't you go telling they old bailies that I was a hacsessry after the fack of this yurr raisement o' the fender,' as he inserted the end of the bar into the last hole.

The second man now stepped on the plank and gripped the bar. 'What's the flamin' bliddy idea?' he shouted. 'Here, you give the bar to me!' — and he raised an arm with clenched fist, while pulling with the other.

'Yurr, take it,' said Shiner, suddenly thrusting the bar at the other.

The man who had shouted had been braced for resistance; he lost his balance. He clutched at the other man, who in turn grabbed the third man. The trio leaned back, swaying and clutching. The weight of the bar pulled the first man askew, and all three fell into the water. Instantly they were swept down the sluice. One got hold on an alder bough in the eddy by the curve of the sluice; another held him; but the third man was carried down into the main rush of the river. He

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could swim, and so kept his head up. He was washed helplessly down-river until he found himself in a backwater. Shiner, who had been following downstream, helped him out.

When the three were together again he said, 'You 'm a proper double couple o' Adam's pups! Goin' givin' an old 'un like me a proper scare! And where be the bar you was so anxious to get hold to? Like as not in the flamin' sae by now. And I can't reggerlate no fenders just as I was preparin' to do when you boys thought you knowed best. I tell 'ee, midear, they be wedged tight by now, and nothin' will shift 'em. Hullo, hullo! Did 'ee zee that li'l booty? My Gor, 't was a bootiful sight!'

A salmon had leapt out of the white curl-over below the open fenders, had pierced the green glissade descending, and had swum through, a dark shadow vanishing. Above in the pool it leapt again — Salar.

III

Shiner walked up the valley, beside the river. He did not hurry. He stared and quizzed and wondered. The cottage garden where he worked was under four miles from Steep Weir, and there was little to do at the fall of the year; and Shiner was not the sort to make work. He was a free man. It took him all the forenoon and two hours after midday to arrive at Sawmills Weir. There a gamekeeper saw him. The gamekeeper was also a local preacher.

'Up to your old games, I see,' was his greeting to Shiner.

'Aw, you must have second sight, midear,' retorted Shiner, looking at the water. 'How be the fezzans this year? Got this yurr grouse disease from Scotland yet?'

'You 'm a smart one, Shiner, you be. Got a gaff in your pocket, by any chance?'

'You got any 'baccy in yours, midear?' countered Shiner.

'I ban't a smoker, you knows that.'

'Nor be I.'

'Then why do 'ee ask?'

'Aw, just another idle business question, midear. Hullo, did 'ee see that girt old black poll? Proper old berry-gatherer, I reckon.'

Garroo the cannibal trout, who had hidden with Salar and the others under the roots when the gang had worked the trammel in Denzil's Pool, had just jumped and fallen back. He was lean and thin; his head was the shape of a lobster's claw. He looked like his own effigy in a glass case; for his spots were large and very distinct, the red very red and the black very black, while he glistened as though newly painted in hues of blue and brown, and over all a high gleam of varnish. Garroo was too old for spawning, but that did not prevent him from doing what he had done for many years: joining in the general excitement of migration upstream, and gorging on salmon eggs — whence Shiner's description of berry-gatherer. The keeper, who knew almost nothing of fish, thought the old man was merely stupid and garrulous. His lordship did not fish, and his lordship's agent always let the fishing to tenants. Shiner knew this; he had no ill feeling against the keeper.

'Maybe a master girt wind after frost will blow away the leaves for 'ee soon,' he remarked, changing the subject to suit the keeper. 'I seed many young fezzan chicks as I was in the swamp tilling tetties for my chap this spring. Th' ould birds eat my cabbage plants, but us don't grudge them a bite or two, sir. Live and let live, my chap saith: all complaints at the Judgment Seat. He be proper mazed about salmon, — writing a book about 'm, he did tell me, — so I bin and opened the fender down to Steep. You'll see no more snatchin' there,

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like I used to do before my guts dried up.'

The keeper looked at Shiner with a new interest. Shiner, knowing this, began to speak about the fish which were trying to get up the Sawmills Weir. He pointed out how salmon made many attempts to feel the weights of the water; that they were not jumping every time they showed. They were feeling their way, time after time. Different parts of the weir suited different-sized fish. Directly below them salmon were showing, half leaping; but none would try and get up there, said Shiner. That was the small sea-trout place, where the school peal got 'up auver.'

The weir was built in a series of steps or ledges descending; the water fell from ledge to ledge, descending in white violence. A salmon appeared to push itself out of the lower white and to swim up in foaming water: actually it was slithering on mossy rocks which gave it a good grip. But the water there was too broken for its length, and it fell back, to lie in a trough in the rocky bed below, beside three other salmon which were touching, and over whom the bubbled water raced. The middle fish was Salar, who had arrived at Sawmills at the same time as Shiner.

Immediately on arrival Salar had moved into the leaping-off place, and sunk to rest. He let the water seethe over his head and tickle the underpart of his body pleasantly. Salar did not like breathing bubbled water any more than any other salmon; but he lay there easily because, although his body was enswirled and stroked by bubbles, his mouth was thrust into a crevice where water welled in the dark green moss as from a spring.

After enjoying the highly oxygenated water for a while, Salar moved back with the churning strakes and sank down to the bottom. There he balanced himself under the fog of bubbles. Above him the bubbles hissed; under him the rock rumbled. He lifted himself off the rock, felt the rhythm of power along his muscles passing into the water. He gaped faster at the water, while the flexions of his body rippled faster. He fixed his sight above the fog of bubbles and sprang, but checked at the last moment. Shiner saw him, a fish of new-cut lead and new-cut copper sliding up moving snow.

Salar had checked on a sudden doubt. The doubt was due to the change of his nature, which had been going on slowly all during the summer, delayed by return to the sea and renewal of feeding, and now was hastening upon him with the season of colored leaves and sap sinking in trees and plants. His nature was drawing into itself; he lived more an inward than an outward life. He had no interest in moving things, food, while he was swimming up the river; but when he rested his old nature returned upon him, and he was irritated and stirred by smaller fish and leaves and twigs and other movement. He took many pieces of black water moss in his mouth, holding a bit sometimes for a minute or more before expelling it. Then all interest in moving things, which might have been food, was gone; he would sink into himself, his power withdrawn to give color to his body, — skin and fins, — to lengthen his head and give strength to the hook of his lower jaw. His skin was thickening, a pattern as of green and brown and yellow marble scrolled thereon.

A confusion of personality had checked Salar's jump; but after another rest he gathered himself and swam up, and leapt, to be shocked by the warmth of air, and to fall beside the stone and swim up against the blank gush of water. He knew the way, and swam more strongly, reaching the straightness of the wall at the back of the weir, two feet from the

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top. The water gushed off his back, and then he was lying beside the wall, parallel to it, in a narrow trough no wider than himself, and well under the curve of water.

He slithered along, and then found he was lying behind the tail of another salmon. The tail was dark brown. This was one of the grilse which had followed Gralaks into the river.

In front of the small fish lay two other salmon, one a yellow-headed cock fish with a porpoise bite out of its tail fin; the other was Gralaks, who had been washed down the falls by the flood, and now was making her way up again.

Soon afterwards another salmon wriggled up and rested its chin behind Salar's tail. An almost continuous line of salmon, hidden by the curve of falling water, was now lying across Sawmills Weir.

When Gralaks, the leading fish, was ready to go over the lip of the weir, she slewed her tail round so that the falling water beat on it. She lay between two mossy slabs of rock. She curled her tail for a jump; she sprang, her flanks gripping the hard descending mixture of air and water with scale and caudal fin; she bored into it with nose and eye and gill and all the determined strength of life being urged forward. She slapped the water with the sideway sweeps of her body, and then she was gone, her passing over the last weir revealed by only a momentary bulge in the smooth bend of water.

IV

High over the valley the last swallow was hurled in the wind which streamed the leaves from the oaks and kept the tall spruce firs of the hillsides swaying in slow weariness of gray clouds of sky. By the river the bullock paths were pitted and sploshed yellow, under alders dispread black and bare. Over the viaduct a miniature train moved in silhouette, creeping across the sky, antiquated goods trucks on webbed wheels swept about by scattered steam.

From the top of the hill, reddish brown with larch and dark green with spruce plantations, came little reports flattened away by the wind, the first pheasant shoot of the year. Old Nog the heron was trying in vain to outfly the winds over the hill. Higher and higher they took him, turning and slanting and flapping without forward movement, scared by the reports of guns which he thought were all aimed at him. When a thousand feet high he gave up and swung round, and swept across the valley; but a report louder than the others, coming direct to him in a pocket of wind, made him tumble and turn and fly into the wind once more, determined to fish in future only in the wide safety of the estuary. Old Nog had been scared a hundred times before; he always forgot it.

Within the river many salmon and sea trout were moving. The fenders at Steep Weir were gone; posts, doors, framework, weighing more than a ton, had been jostled to the sea, no more to the river in spate than a few twigs and leaves. Already barnacles were laying their eggs on the wood, beside the jelly sacs of river snails' eggs killed by the salt.

Every tide brought in more salmon, which reached Sawmills with their lice still alive, four days from the sea. The gravel of the river bed was stirred and shifted by a myriad changing weights of water pouring around and eddying from fish on the move. And by mid-November, when the river level was steady with fast water running clear as glass, the gravel was being cut up by the tails of female fish — from above the Carrion Pit to the runners on the slopes of the moor, streamlets scarcely wider than the step of a boy.

Gralaks lay above the Fireplay Pool.

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The eggs which had been growing within her all the summer were now one fifth of the weight of her body. She was full ripe, ready to drop those eggs. Three male fish, knowing this, were near her, waiting to shed their milt on the eggs. One of them was Salar.

Behind the three cock fish lay Garroo the cannibal trout. Behind Garroo lay two smaller trout who had tasted salmon eggs before. And lying close beside Gralaks was Grai, a salmon parr weighing two ounces, who had fallen in love with Gralaks with all the volume of his milt, which weighed one tenth of an ounce. Gralaks was aware of Grai; indeed she was pleased by his nearness. Grai knew the other fish were there because of Gralaks, but his feeling for her, especially when she lay and hid him, was stronger than his fear. Grai was determined that no other cock fish should lie beside Gralaks.

No other cock fish had yet noticed Grai.

At nightfall Gralaks moved slowly forward on the level shallows above the throat of the pool. At once Salar and his two rivals moved behind her. She turned on her right side and sinuated in an arrested swimming motion, lifting by suction a few stones, which fell back with the stream. Watched by Salar and the other cock fish, Gralaks settled into the slight furrow and thrust herself into it, to widen it.

During a pause in the digging, Grai darted forward from beside Salar's left pectoral fin and took up his rightful place beside the mighty mistress of all sensation. The swift movement loosened a mistiness into the water behind the parr's tail.

The effect of this milt passing by the gills of the cock fish was one of action and turmoil. One turned and slipped over Salar, and with open mouth made as if to bite the salmon on the other side of Salar, who drove at him, also with open mouth. The three-sided chase rocked the water of the Fireplay.

All during the night, at intervals, Gralaks was digging the redd for spawning — sweeping the gravel sideways and scooping a pit in which she lay.

For nearly a week the water ran colder, slower, clearer. On the first evening of December, the wind went round to the west, the water became warmer, and fish became active. Gralaks was now ready to lay her eggs. Nearly five thousand were in the cavity beside her shrunken stomach. Spawning began towards the end of the night. During the darkness Salar had been roving round the pools, swimming from Fireplay down the run into Wheel, questing under the ledge of rock and hollows under the bank of alders. But always he had returned in haste, to move behind the trough where Gralaks lay, beside one or another of his waiting rivals. Both pools were astir with restless fish.

At last the tail of Gralaks began to work more quickly, and immediately one of the cock fish moved up beside her and shouldered her from the pit she had dug. Grai the parr pressed himself beside a large flat yellow stone which had been exposed by the digging. So tiny was Grai that the cock fish did not even know he was there. Thrust off the redd, Gralaks swam forward her own length, and lay still, while Salar moved in beside the cock fish. Immediately this fish turned with a sweep of its tail and came at Salar with open mouth. Salar swung round to avoid the lunge and also to grip his rival across the wrist. The swirl lifted Grai and scattered gravel. Grai recovered and darted to the trough again, to be behind the tail of Gralaks.

Heedless of the turmoil behind her, but newly excited, Gralaks had turned on her right side, to bend head and

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body backwards until her belly was curved palely like a water-sunk reflection of the young moon. She jerked and shook on her side, as though trying to touch the back of her neck with her tail. Eggs dribbled quickly from her, sinking with the current amidst gravel and silt and rolling into the trough.

The sight of the eggs and the taste of the water made Grai quiver; and as Gralaks moved backwards he moved forward, feeling as though he were being drawn from underneath by a lamprey of sweeter and sweeter sensation. His milt flowed from him in a mist, millions of invisible organisms wriggling in the water. Some of them found eggs, into the skins of which they bored, desperate for security. Those which were successful in finding the liquid within were lost in the creation of new life; the rest drifted away, to perish in water palely lighted by the star galaxy of night, whose mirrored fate was as their own.

Salar tried to move on to the redd, but his larger rival seized him by the tail and held him despite his violent lashings. Salar's head was downstream; the water was opening his gills; he could not breathe. The big fish swam upstream, to drown him. The water was beaten and the two bodies rolled over. The other fish which was attending Gralaks was a grilse of her own school, which she had led from the Island Race; and this fish, whose back was a marbled pattern of green and pink, followed the struggle and in his excitement bit the larger salmon across the tail. This made it lose its hold of Salar, and dash downstream, to swing up again below the redd and lie there. Salar returned more slowly and lay behind it, and to one side. The grilse also returned, and the three fish lay there, at rest for the moment. Grai lay beside Gralaks, by her right pectoral fin, which was wider than his own width.

A fortnight before Christmas the weather became cold again. The river was running low. Many of its feeders on the moor were fringed with ice. Fungus grew rapidly in cold water. Soon Salar's jaw was cream-colored. The edges and centre of his tail fin were corroded, too, and his skin, which had thickened and caused the scales to shrink since his return from the sea, was also patched with fungus where it had been bruised on weir and by fighting.

The shrunken water was riffled by the stones of the redd. Salar had to go past the stones and drift down to settle in the trough by the side of Gralaks. While he was coming back tail-first, the smaller grilse slithered over the heaped gravel and bit Salar across the wrist. Salar slashed the grilse away, and the movement scattered some of the eggs, which Garroo caught on the end of his kyp. Shiner, watching from the tree, heard a distinct snapping noise as each egg was sucked into the trout's mouth.

Another time, Shiner saw Salar chase Garroo round the pool, down the run into the Wheel Pool, and up again to the Fireplay, where the salmon caught the trout across the back and shook it, his head out of water. ''T was just like a terrier shaking an ould red rat,' said Shiner.

As the days went on, Salar became most weary. He and the large cock fish seldom fought now. Many small trout lay close to the redd, undisturbed. The male grilse went away. Garroo dropped downstream, to the deeper water of the Wheel Pool.

Gralaks was empty of eggs, and weary. When the last one was gone from her, hidden under the stones of the redd, she drifted down the river, and came to the remembered shelter of the alder roots above Humpy Bridge.

She lay there, day after day, night after night, waiting for the rain and

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the spate which would take her down to the sea. Near her lay a sea trout, also exhausted. They lay side by side, thin, discolored, empty of all feeling, patiently awaiting the rain.

V

The colder the water, the greater its density. In the frosty nights of the year's end fish sunk close to the rock and gravel of the pools, hardly moving. Those late-running salmon which had paired, and had not yet spawned, lay side by side in the fast water, which hid them although their back fins were above a broken and uneven surface. The fever smouldered in them, as they waited for the frost to go.

Ice began to dull the sight of the river where it was least alive — at the edges of pools and by the bays in the bank trodden by cattle. The frost had brought down the last leaves of water-side trees, and these had caught, one behind another, against outstanding stones of the shallows. The water flow pressed them together in the shape of fir cones, scores and even hundreds of leaves wadded together, and beginning to decompose on their undersides. This gave a little warmth, which was sought by snails and shrimps. Frost put its blind gray seal around the cones of leaves; frost bound together the roots of rushes; frost sealed the trickling places of the river, and thickened the icicles under the falls. Water found new trickling places; these too were sealed. Rocks and snags lipped by water were given brittle gray collars, which became wider until they broke off and floated into eddies and were welded into the local ice, strengthening it.

The slow solidification of eddies and still stretches by the shallows made the runs faster. New eddies were formed in reaction, new ice affirmed their stillness.

Up in the Fireplay Pool, Salar lay below the redd, as though guarding it. Clots of semi-opaque, jelly-like water passed him — a slush of ice. Rapidly within his body the germs of salmon pest were multiplying; and as they conquered the living tissue, weakened by the long strain of waiting without food, — nine months now, — so the vegetable fungus strengthened its hold on that tissue. Other forms of life were claiming that which Salar had assembled and used for a racial purpose of which he knew nothing. Salar was nearly emptied of self. He lay behind the redd, awaiting the rhythm of desire and all pleasure, seeing the stars flashing bright as he had seen them in the lustihood of Atlantic nights.

The ice began to thaw with the coming of the southwest wind. Its melting released oxygen into the water, and Salar was stimulated to leap from the pool, falling back in a formless splash. Shiner saw the leap; he saw the lean rusty-brown body, the prolonged misshapen head covered with creamy fungus, green slime on the gill covers, and the blackened jaw with its great white hook twisted and tipped with yellow. Edges of all the fins were yellow, too, while a rosette was fixed to the side, spreading out from the scar of the lamprey wound.

'Poor old chap,' said Shiner. 'What you needs now is a nice li'l fresh, to take you down to the sea, to clean yourself.'

The southwest was blowing, but it brought no rain. By the beginning of February the river was at low summer level again. The phantom of spent passion for which Salar had remained by the redd was gone from him; he lay now in the deeper Wheel Pool, under the shelf of rock beside Trutta. At night the two kelts moved up to the edge of the run where it broke over the shallow. Warmer water had delayed

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the growth of fungus, but the pest bacillus had spread through his body, heart, liver, kidneys. Strips of his skin, which fungus had covered, had broken away, and he had no strength for regrowth.

In the still deeps of the pool a dim white length lay, the rival of Salar. Two more dead cock fish lay on their backs in the Fireplay. They had died while waiting by redds in the shallows above, and the stream had brought them down. Every pool in the Two Rivers held dead or dying male fish. The wind was now from the northeast, a barren wind of drouth, a dry cutting wind which made lambs on the moor huddle into their ewes, and drove all birds into the lower valleys and the estuary.

When Shiner next saw Salar, the kelt was lying at the edge of the Fireplay, in still water, over a silt of mud and buried sticks. Salar did not move as Shiner knelt down and stared at him. He did not see the man above him. Even when Shiner put a hand out and curved it under the kelt's body, as though to support it, there was no movement. Only when he lifted it did Salar come back from his farawayness of self, and feel a shock, and move off slowly into deep water.

'You must n't bide by the bank, midear,' said Shiner. 'That ould crane ban't like Shiner, you know. He'll give 'ee a dap that won't do no one no good.' Old Nog, passing in the sky, uttered a screech. 'You bestways must wait where you be now, until the rain cometh, midear.' The pale mask in the water moved forward. 'That's right, midear. Shiner knoweth.' And, talking to himself, the old man ambled away along the river bank, peering into the water, seeing almost everything that happened.

Night after night was starless, and clouds passed over the valley from the west, driven by a high salt wind which ruffled the pools and scattered the packs of leaves on stones of the shallows. Plants of hornwort and celery began to spread on the gravel their first leaves of the year, and the crow's-foot was lengthening green near them. The dipper sang its soliloquy of stones-and-water; the kingfisher lanced its cry under the leafless alders. On the top of a spruce higher than the railway viaduct a missel thrush sang to the flaming purple sunset.

With the last of the winter's night, snow began to fall on the moor, moulding itself thinly on the windward side of writhen beeches and thorns, falling thin and pale and becoming beads of water, but always falling, until the black places where turf had been cut were white, and clumps of moor grass were cowled in white, with flakes falling thicker until all save water was white. In the morning it was a new world upon which the sun looked briefly before clouds hid it again in snow with which the wind whitely streamlined all things standing from the earth — pillars of the viaduct, trunks of trees, felled timber, ploughshare left in an unfinished furrow, abandoned motor cars, and sheep huddled under the hedges. Through the snow the otters romped, making a slide down the cattle break in the bank by the yew trees, whose portent dark loomed through night's glimmer.

When the moon rose in a clear sky the otters remained by their slide of trodden snow, sliding together and singly, violently and easily, into the water, whistling and talking and wrostling and splashing until sharp heads pointed up the pool, to the noise of a jumping fish. Salar had leapt, the second time in the New Year. A wild hope of a spate and the sea had stirred in him. Together the otters slipped into the water.

Trutta lay beside Salar. Wherever Salar had gone during the past month,

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Trutta had followed, following the phosphoric gleam of the kelt's head and flank and tail. When Salar saw the swimming shapes of otters above him, he went wildly away downstream; but Trutta, sure of the deep water, turned with open mouth and swam up hard and bumped the larger otter. Then Trutta, his mouth still open, swam down and swam up again to bump the other otter. He did this again and again, following them round the pool. Shiner was hidden behind the oak tree, and saw what happened. The big pug bumped the otters again and again, until they were growling with rage and one of them ran out on the bank, standing up on its hind legs and 'chittering.' Then it either saw or smelled Shiner, for that night he heard them no more.

But when Shiner returned the next day he saw, lying on the gravel edge above the Fireplay, lapped by rising colored water of the thaw, a great head with twisted kyp joined to a backbone from which the flesh had been stripped, and a large tail fin frayed convex at the edges. The otters had returned, and driven Trutta into thin water, where he was helpless; and when they had killed and left him, a fox, who while passing over the viaduct had heard the noises of splashing and growling, had crept down to the river with his vixen.

And a hundred yards below the Fireplay Shiner found a kelt with fungus on its head and tail and flank, lying on its side in water not deep enough to cover it. Salar had got so far with the last of his strength, and had died in the darkness.

The spate rose rapidly, and washed all away, to the sea which gives absolution alike to the living and the dead.

In the redd of the moorland stream the eggs were hatching, little fish breaking from confining skins to seek life, each one alone, save for the friend of all, the Spirit of the waters. And the star-stream of heaven flowed westward, to far beyond the ocean where salmon moving from deep waters to the shallows of the islands leapt — eager for immortality.

(*The End*)

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HOLIDAY FOOD

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

HOLIDAYS in my childhood, some fifty years ago in Southern Michigan, were celebrated mostly by a forgathering of relatives and the generous consumption of good food, interlarded with talk. There being no radio to listen to, no movies to go to, no 'dine-and-dance' shacks around every corner to hurry the young people from dinner, there was nothing to do but talk.

And so, on such holidays as fell in winter, the men tipped their chairs back against the wall of the front room and swapped local history, while the women swung between the parlor bedroom, where they had laid their wraps and sleeping children, and the kitchen, where they fell to and helped.

The kitchen was a large and, in my own home, an exceedingly friendly room. The floor was bare except for a braided rug before the stove and work-table with another at the sunniest window, where stood my mother's rocking chair and sewing basket. I do not remember much about the walls, except that there was a huge map of the world hanging behind the table where we ate, and across from where I sat — a map on which I learned my letters and across whose green waters and pastel lands I journeyed countless miles in silent dreams.

On another wall was the shelf upon which stood an eight-day steeple clock which my father religiously wound each Sunday morning before breakfast. On a nail underneath hung the almanacs, by which weather was foretold, seeds sown, crops reaped, and on the margin of whose leaves vital statistics were often recorded.

Our cooking was done on an 'Elevated Stove' — so called, I suppose, because the oven was above the stove surface, as in most oil and some gas ranges of to-day. But since the stove itself was lifted high from the floor on long curved legs, the name was well taken. I do not know the principle on which that 'elevated oven' was heated, since wood was our only fuel, but I can certify to the quality of its cooking, for the very walls of the kitchen were permeated with odors of roast meat, salt-rising bread, spice cake, gingerbread — a whole roster of fragrant memories. Cupboards held dishes and cooking utensils, and a generous-sized buttery contained ingredients for cooking, dry groceries, and the best dishes.

Into such a room as this, inconvenient, poorly equipped for the work to be done in it, arranged with absolutely no thought to saving steps or labor, freezing cold in winter until the morning fire was lighted, hot in summer until the stove was allowed to cool off in late afternoon, but homely in comfort and cheerful, the women relatives gathered to help with the dishes and to exchange recipes, quilt patterns, family news, and gossip.

Thanksgiving was the day of days

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for intimate family gathering and unstinted feasting. My mother had no relations within visiting distance, but my father had enough to make up for her lack. Moreover, he was the patriarchal type who loved to gather his relatives about him in hordes and then sit in their midst, beaming with hospitality and paternal dignity.

From my earliest remembrance my father seemed an old man, largely because of his bald head and fringe of white hair, after the manner of Horace Greeley. But if he seemed old in appearance to a small daughter (as a matter of fact, he was twenty years older than my mother), he was anything but old in spirit, manner, or mind. He was stout and virile, but a man not much given to sport or games. A mantle of pride had settled upon him in youth which he had never shed, and so he sat, on such occasions, benignantly smiling upon the frolicking youngsters and accepting the worshipful attention of their elders.

Two widowed sisters younger than himself, but capped and caped in middle life, with their numerous progeny and progeny's progeny, and a contemporary second cousin whom I was taught to call 'Uncle Frank,' were all within the possibilities of a day's visit; but it was only the sisters, Uncle Frank and Aunt Catherine, with their two daughters Amelia and Sariette, and one favorite niece, Abigail, with her family of husband and two children, that were invited to partake of the Thanksgiving dinner, making about a baker's dozen in all.

On Thanksgiving my mother welcomed numbers; only numbers could provide suitable scope for her prowess as a cook. A meagre family of three, even though augmented by a hired man, was no excuse for the array of cakes, cookies, pies, puddings, and bread in the orgy of preparing which was her delight.

Such preparations were sometimes in progress far ahead of the eventful date, as in one certain instance which I well remember.

II

A young sow once mistook, in the exuberance of her youth, the proper season for mating, and in early fall presented herself with a lively litter of thirteen husky pigs. All but the thirteenth. The thirteenth was one too many for the calculations of nature, and he, being shriveled and feeble, was rooted out of place by the others and repudiated by his mother. My father brought him into the house, scrawny, unable to stand on his little spindling legs, blear-eyed and pallid, and laid him on my mother's lap.

'Runt,' my father said succinctly. 'Thought maybe you'd like to put him in a box or something.'

My mother placed an old apron on a chair and laid Little Runt upon it. Then she warmed some milk, stuck a finger in it, and let the little creature suck it off. This he did repeatedly until, satisfied and warmed, he fell asleep.

In a few days a bottle was substituted for fingers, and in a week Little Runt not only had a chance but was well on the way to normal pig life. He was given a small box near the kitchen door, and all day his contented grunts, and more demanding squeals as mealtime drew near, were heard.

It became my duty to dump the box, give him fresh straw, and see that he had water.

'Fat him up,' said my father, eyeing Little Runt critically, 'and we'll have him for Thanksgiving dinner. I've always wanted roast pig for Thanksgiving.'

My mother reminded him that he had had roast pig once some years before at Uncle Frank's house and had not liked it. In fact he had pronounced the

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whole dinner an utter failure because he had not liked the pig.

'Sour milk,' retorted my father tersely. 'Flabby and tough. Frank's too tarnation stingy to feed a pig fit for roasting.'

My father held for this cousin of his a strange combination of affection and contempt. Uncle Frank was reputed to be 'close,' a quality by which he seemed to prosper, since he of all the family had the biggest farm, the finest stock, the largest house. He was good company, expansive and jovial, until his purse was touched, when he drew head, feet, and tail within his shell. My father liked him for his joviality but hated his penuriousness, being himself overgenerous, and despised him for a certain religious coating which slipped over him, oily and unctuous, upon occasion.

'Feed the critter up,' my father advised, 'on sweet milk and corn-meal mush, get him nice and fat, and we'll ask the old curmudgeon over here Thanksgiving and show him what a roast pig's like.'

So Little Runt was fed on sweet milk, fresh corn meal, and vegetables, and throve to a state of porcine beauty beyond all rightful expectation, considering his early state.

He was tolerated by Shep, who, after eyeing him for a few weeks with cold disfavor, finally accepted his presence around the yard with mild lenience, and even allowed him to sprawl full bellywise in the sun.

He tagged at my mother's skirts when she looked for eggs and when she fed the hens, always sniffing at everything in his path, continually expressing his affection, gratitude, and general satisfaction in life with cheerful little grunts or a high-pitched squeal.

He allowed me to wash and scrub him until his skin was pink and smooth and firm, and made no serious objection to the still pinker ribbon tied about his neck. With his little round quirking nose, his small bright watchful eyes, and his upcurled wiry tail, Little Runt was a pig to be proud of.

My father watched the process of his growth with evident approval. He was not as large as the other members of his immediate family, but he was well proportioned, and his contours were such as to stimulate the imagination of the gourmet.

'Going to look pretty good spread out on a dripping pan 'long about the twenty-ninth,' observed my father early in November, sitting on the back stoop and watching Little Runt nuzzle the cats away from their pan of milk.

My mother made no reply, and as for myself I looked at my father with positive distaste. How could he be so cruel, actually smacking his lips at thought of Little Runt spread out in a dripping pan! Poor Little Runt! I ran and grabbed him up and held him, kicking, squealing, protesting, on my lap, glowering at my father as at an ogre.

'Just how,' queried my father at another time, as Little Runt grew in stature and rotundity, 'do you make the stuffing for roast pig?'

For quite a few moments my mother did not reply. Her face reflected none of the gustatory fervor that lightened my father's, and she even turned her head away from where he was scratching Little Runt's back with a stick. The subject seemed to lack favor with her as it grew in Father's approval.

Surprised at her silence, he set his penetrating eyes upon her and said, 'Huh?'

'Stuffing?' she repeated with apparent reluctance. 'Oh, I make it 'bout the same as for turkey. Little more sage, maybe.'

'Umm-m!' My father made pleasant reminiscent sounds in his throat. 'Sage? You picked the sage yet?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'long ago. Savory, too, and all the herbs.'

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'Put any onion in it?'

'Yes,' said my mother, shortly, 'plenty of it.'

After an interval of silence, in which Little Runt kept up a running commentary on the salubrious effect of back scratching, he asked solicitously, 'You begun to save up dried bread yet?'

My mother lifted her hands impatiently. 'Good gracious!' she exclaimed irritably, 'what do you think that pig's goin' to be — an elephant?'

III

And then, all of a sudden, Little Runt took to following my father about, his nose close to the heel of the man whose favor he seemed to think it vital that he should gain. At first he was merely tolerated, with much berating and execrations bordering upon the profane.

'Get out the way, you dod-rotted, blame little fool,' my father would exclaim, accompanying the admonition with a thrust of the boot designed to caution rather than to harm. But within a short time, as Little Runt with porcine stupidity ignored his master's indifference and increased his noisy attentions, the companionship seemed to be encouraged.

'Come along then, you old cuss-fool,' Father would invite leniently, 'you get underfoot and you'll get your tarnation nose knocked off.'

But Little Runt, with the assured experience of all the dumb brethren of the farm in the futility of my father's pretentious bluster, trotted close to heel and thrust his pink nose curiously into the pit his master was digging for winter vegetables, or pried into whatever task he was about.

And into my father's voice crept an extra note of bravado when he referred to the succulent dish so soon to be served upon his plate.

'You goin' to have anything besides roast pig?' he asked of my mother in what was intended for a casual tone.

'Potatoes,' replied my mother, 'and squash, and boiled onions — '

'I mean any — any other — meat?' he explained in a manner strangely hesitating for one of his forthright spirit. 'I did n't know as just the — the — pig'd be enough.'

'Well,' said my mother judicially, 'I did n't know as 't would be, myself, seein' how your mouth's waterin' fer it. So I thought I'd roast a turkey. Old Tom's good and fat.'

My father's face lightened.

'Maybe's well,' he remarked carelessly. 'When you want him killed?'

'Not yet, anyway,' replied Mother, shortly. 'You can kill him when you butcher the pig.'

Abruptly my father rose and went outside, where we heard him being vociferously greeted by Little Runt, with his own response made in loud and threatening tones. My mother smiled with her eyes, but her lips were tightly shut as she went on about her work of clearing away supper.

After that my father talked loud and often of the Thanksgiving feast so rapidly approaching. He asked my mother if she was going to put a raw apple or a cooked one in Little Runt's mouth. He enlarged the daily rations of meal and milk and even gave him a few small ears of corn. He cut up pumpkins and fed him bit by bit. He stood by the pen (Little Runt now had a pen and shelter all his own, so he 'would n't run the fat off,' my father said) and scratched his back and talked to him, always loudly and truculently of his impending fate when anyone was within hearing.

With the imminent approach of the festal day, Father haunted the kitchen. He watched the filling of the cooky jars — gray stone for sugar cookies and a brown glazed one for molasses. He

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sampled each batch of doughnuts as it came from the kettle and said they were not quite up to my mother's usual standard. He took, at my mother's invitation, repeated tastes of the mincemeat under preparation, and with the air of a connoisseur suggested the addition of a *lee-tle* more boiled cider, just a *speck* more of allspice, and, finally, with a tentative glance at my mother's face, just a *touch* of brandy. Adding and mixing and stirring and tasting, together they brought the concoction to what both were satisfied was a state of perfection.

One Saturday about two weeks before Thanksgiving my father came into the kitchen, where my mother was making mince pies.

'You know this old receipt book,' he said genially, holding it up and tapping the cover lightly with his spectacles.

'Yes,' said my mother, eyeing him with suspicion, 'it was my mother's. What of it?'

'You use any of these receipts?' he queried in unctuous tones.

'Sometimes. What you want?' she replied bluntly.

'Why, I don't want anything, 'Miry — what makes you ask that?'

'Because,' Mother said witheringly, 'when you talk like that you're generally up to something.'

'I found a receipt,' pursued Father, sitting down in the rocking chair by the window and adjusting his spectacles, 'I thought maybe you'd like — unless you've seen it.'

'I guess I've seen pretty near everything in that book several times over,' she told him coldly. 'Which one is it?'

He cleared his throat and read: 'English Way of Roasting Pig.'

'Huh!' exclaimed my mother, pinching down the edges of her crust with a competent thumb. 'You don't need to read me anything about English ways of roasting pigs. American ways are good enough for me.'

'Still,' persisted her obstinate spouse, 'this is different. You listen.'

She listened.

'"Put some sage, a large piece of saltish bread, salt and pepper in the inside and sew it up. Observe to skewer the legs back [That's a queer way to put it, ain't it — 'observe to skewer the legs back'] or the under part will not crisp. Lay it to a brisk fire [Must have been one of these hearth fires] till thoroughly dry; then have ready some butter in a dry cloth and rub the pig with it in every part. Dredge as much flour over as will possibly lie, and do not touch it again till ready to serve, then scrape off the flour very carefully with a blunt knife, rub the pig well with buttered cloth, and take off the head while at the fire; take out the brains and mix them with the gravy that comes from the pig." Gosh, 'Miry! Sounds like some heathen performance!'

'It is,' interrupted my mother sharply, 'and nobody but a heathen'd set and gloat over it!' And, wiping her hands on a towel that lay near, she made an excuse to go to the buttery. My father waited with unwonted patience until she returned and then resumed: —

'"Then take it up and cut it down the back and breast, lay it into the dish and chop the sage and bread quickly as fine as you can [Seems as if they could have done that before], and mix them with a large quantity of fine melted butter that has very little flour. Put the sauce into the dish after the pig has been split down the back and garnished with the ears and the two jaws. Take off the upper part of the head down to the snout [I thought we'd cut off the head once]. In Devonshire it is served whole, if very small, the head only being cut off to garnish with as above."

'Well,' observed my father, closing the book and rising, 'if that's the way they roast a pig in England, I'm glad I'm a Yankee!'

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And all the time Little Runt was innocently wee-weeing as my father approached his pen with the tridaily rations, and sniffed and snuffed his fat content as he stuffed his little pink hide to his own destruction.

IV

Two days before Thanksgiving my father beheaded Old Tom, filled the big brass kettle with boiling water, scalded and plucked him. The wing tips were cut off whole for brushing the hearth, and the tail feathers were finally gathered up and tied together in the form of a duster. He was then handed over to my mother with the somewhat ostentatious remark, 'There you are. I'll fetch the pig in to-night. Stib Obart's goin' to butcher him for me.'

Stib Obart was the community butcher, a man of mighty brawn, a mild eye, falsetto voice, a stout stomach, and beautiful hands. In between his more legitimate duties he helped in harvesting, acted as amateur veterinarian, and played the fiddle. And when he came to table — as one of the family, of course — children studied his brown slender hands for some sinister evidence of his awesome craft.

Turning in the door as at an afterthought, Father continued, '*You* don't want his head cut off, do you, 'Miry? The way that book said the English do?'

I never saw my mother roused to a pitch of real anger in all her life. Her sense of humor was keen and her understanding of my father was deep, and as for *throwing* anything, she never, I believe, so much as tossed a ball. And yet for a moment I thought that, certain as the world, she was going to throw the bowl of suet she was crumbling full at his head. So did he, I think, for he made a quick exit through the nearest door.

The bowl came down heavily on the table and my mother lifted a corner of her apron to wipe her eyes. As for me, I was openly bawling. No miracle had happened, no ram in the bushes to save Little Runt. Stib Obart and his hideous knife stood, a menacing shadow, in the too near future.

As for my father, there was no understanding him. He had seemed, especially in the last few weeks, to love Little Runt. He had fondled him, scolded him, even called to him when not in sight. He had scratched his back, and now he talked callously about cutting off his head.

After supper that night he set off with Little Runt, squealing, kicking, protesting, in a box in the back of the pung, it having snowed during the day.

My mother and I sat close together by the evening lamp, she mending, I playing half-heartedly with paper dolls. Our ears were strained to catch — in imagination only, since the Obarts lived a mile or so away — the shrill harsh cry of fear and pain, our eyes seeing crimson splotches on the sweet new snow.

Along about nine o'clock my father returned. He put the horse in the barn and then came stomping up to the door — the back kitchen door, where a light had been left burning.

'Where you want him?' he called lustily.

'Put him down cellar,' my mother replied. 'On the bench.'

She did not rise, she made no inquiries. She took me off to bed and sat with me until I slept.

My mother always stuffed her meats at least twenty-four hours before roasting, so for one day Old Tom hung head down in an outer room to cool, while the little pig lay supinely upon a wooden bench in the cellar. I crept down once for a peep at him, but the sight of the now too-white form sticking stiff inglorious feet in the air was too much for me. I ran whimpering

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upstairs to the comfort of my mother's arms.

Early in the morning of the day before the feast, a big bowl of stuffing was prepared — sage, savory, marjoram, and thyme crumbled between the fingers into moistened bread; onion and celery chopped and added; salt and pepper, and lastly a generous half cup of melted butter, with frequent tastings as the rite proceeded. When it was finally enriched to my mother's satisfaction, the turkey's ample cavities were filled and sewed together. The wings were trussed, the neck bent back; and then, dipping her hand in the moist stuffing, my mother rubbed the entire exterior of the bird with the savory dressing. Over this, paper-thin slices of fat salt pork were laid, and the bird was again consigned to the cold room to await his final call to glory. Then the pig was stuffed and returned to the cellar.

On Thanksgiving morning the family were early astir. There was much to be done. The company would begin to arrive before eleven and my mother wanted to make progress before they came.

'Once your Aunt Catherine gets here and your Aunt Hanner, there'll be so much talk I shan't be able to think.'

The little pig's carcass was brought up as soon as breakfast was over, and at sight of it I burst into tears and fled the kitchen; but I could not remain long away, and neither could my father.

Immediately after the early breakfast and the completion of his morning's chores, he had shaved, scrubbed his bald pate until it shone, and brushed the fringe of silvery hair and short white beard to a state of bristling order. He put on a clean white shirt and over it a blue 'wamus,' a sort of short coat made of denim which, with him, took the place of a house coat. He was then ready for the festivities and began to watch the clock as well as the progress of affairs in the kitchen.

Particularly he was interested in the preparation of the pig for roasting.

'You *do* rub it with butter, don't you?' he demanded with eager interest.

'Who said I did n't?' countered my mother a shade tartly, as well she might with a small girl following her about, tiptoe with excitement, and a restless, curious man under her feet when she had a thousand things to do.

More irritable than I had ever seen her she seemed as she rubbed the tender flesh with the buttered cloth and sprinkled it with flour, and especially impatient she seemed with my father, who watched her every move with avid eyes. And when he asked her if she was going to 'observe to skewer the legs back' she lost patience with him entirely. 'I wish you'd get out of the kitchen, 'Lige Thompson,' she told him hotly, 'and go and *do* something. Fill up the woodbox and the water pail, and *stay* out.'

He went, and so did I, for I could bear neither the sight of Little Runt in his defenseless state of abrogation nor my mother's face as she bent over him.

The elevated oven, as I remember it, was a monstrous affair, but I cannot recall whether both the turkey and the pig were roasted at the same time or whether first one was baked and then the other, but I do most definitely know that the odors as my mother opened the door to baste the browning meats were such as neither the voluptuous nose of my father nor my own ever-susceptible palate could withstand, and soon we were both back sniffing greedily at the redolent air.

Time is no respecter of emotion, and as the hours wore on the tempo of activity was increased. Potatoes were pared and left in a kettle of cold water that they might not discolor. My father brought a huge Hubbard squash up from the sandpit in the cellar, and broke it into small pieces with the axe. He was not a handy man when

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it came to household procedures, but on this day he seemed unusually eager to make himself useful. Indeed, as I look back upon it now with mature judgment, I recall that his manner was, for a man of his independent and somewhat truculent disposition, singularly propitiatory.

After chopping the squash into parts, he scraped out the seeds and loose pulp, emptied the waste, and stacked the green and golden sections neatly on the kitchen table.

'Anything more I can do, 'Miry?' he inquired solicitously, only to meet with a suspicious glance from my mother.

'Yes,' she said shortly, 'you can peel the onions.' This was more than he had bargained for, but his quick, rather shocked look into her face brought him no quarter.

'They're in the buttery,' she said tersely, 'and you better peel 'em all.'

To my certain knowledge, my father had never up to this time peeled an onion or any other vegetable in his whole life. Nor had he ever washed a dish or in any other way shown an inclination toward self-preservation so far as the preparation of food was concerned. My mother often said that if he were left alone he would probably starve to death before he would cook himself a meal. And now there he was standing at the kitchen table peeling onions and surreptitiously wiping his weeping eyes, while my mother stepped briskly from room to room, her hands filled with one delectable-looking food after another, her lips grimly set, her eyes unsmiling and hard.

The onions peeled and standing in a pan of water, my father scrubbed his hands in the tin basin, wiped them on the roller towel hanging on the back of a door, and then, without a word or a glance in my mother's direction, put on his hat and escaped.

To a little girl accustomed to basking in the warmth, the approval, the impregnable security of a united family life, there was something oppressive and threatening in the atmosphere of this morning. Still, there was assurance in the wealth of delicacies stored against the day.

In the buttery were the pumpkin pies that had been baked earlier in the morning, the ruffled edges of their biscuit-brown crust encircling smooth plaques of yellow custard coated with a thin, almost transparent veil of dappled russet and bronze. Alongside these were the mince pies baked a week earlier, stored in cold, and now brought out to be warmed at the last moment on the oven top. Marked with an 'M' they were, and through the delicate tracery of the letter one caught tantalizing whiffs of meat preserved in heavenly juices, apple, currant, and raisin all blended into one sweetly tart aroma bathed in the bouquet of rich old brandy.

Here, too, arranged in glass sauce-dishes, were pickled peaches with the pointed ears of cloves dotting their amber sides; mustard pickles to neutralize the too rich content of the young pork; bowls of crimson cranberry sauce; globules of currant jelly for those who did not favor the fruit of the bog; long green sections of cucumber pickle standing upright in the crystal dish swinging censer-like in its silver frame with hanging fork beside.

V

And then company arrived. Uncle Frank and Aunt Catherine with the cousins, Sariette and Amelia, both older than I: Amelia, fat-faced and smug, the known possessor of a cigar box filled with candy hearts (the kind that said, 'Will you be my girl?') and Sariette, a delicate young lady in her teens who had been known to faint away upon being unduly chided

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— a talent openly cultivated, my father declared, and one that a good sound spanking would certainly have prevented.

Greetings exchanged, and the horses having been attended to, Uncle Frank and my father betook themselves to the sitting room, where heat from a round chunk stove sent vibrations quivering upon the air. Aunt Catherine unfolded a voluminous apron from her sewing bag, tied it around her ample waist, and laid capable hands to the setting of the table. By the time Aunt Hanner had arrived with the remainder of the guests, the table was dressed in its long white linen cloth, the tall silver castor and its five crystal bottles as a centrepiece, with the various relishes, jellies, and preserves clustered about it.

At two o'clock we were all seated around the board, the turkey, his crisp juicy skin bursting here and there in the plenitude of his stuffed insides, before my mother at one end of the table, and the rosy-brown, crackling-coated, well-rounded porcine frame before my father. The little pig's legs, now untied, squatted wantonly beneath his well-padded hams and shoulders, his golden belly crouched upon the plate.

Scorning the English method of what they were pleased to call garnishing, my mother had left the head intact, with upstanding ears and truculently extended snout. In his mouth was a beautiful red apple, polished (for I saw him do it) on the sleeve of my father's wamus, and inserted by him, at my mother's request, in the open mouth after the pig was placed on the table. Over his haunches a small crisp tail upcurled with a realism seldom equaled in culinary lore.

A beautiful creature he certainly was, smoking, steaming, reeking of succulent juices, and rich with fragrance of herbs sun-ripened in our own garden.

'How do I carve him?' inquired my father with suspicious alacrity, poising his carving instruments above the plate before him, and ignoring the expectant silence with which my mother always recognized the religious tendencies accorded to Uncle Frank. Dismissing the too-previous question as unheard, my mother turned in the direction of her guest and politely inquired if he would like to ask a blessing.

Uncle Frank, knowing my father's contempt for an attitude that he considered lacking in sincerity, waved dismissal of the courtesy.

'Best way to thank the Lord,' observed my father benignly, slipping the thin razor-edged knife well under the skin of the succulent pig and watching with round eyes the free rich juices run, 'is to fall to and eat. Pass up your plate, Cathy, for some of the best roast pig you ever tasted in your life. 'Miry 'll tend to the turkey.'

One by one he filled the huge plates — a slice of well-done pinkish-white young pork, a bit of crackling brown skin, a spoonful of mashed potatoes whipped with cream and butter to a very froth of delectable flavor, a spoonful of the stuffing. My mother, brooding eyes intent upon the work before her, was carving the turkey — a thin piece of white meat rimmed with chestnut-brown, a bit of the dark, laying the pieces on the side of the platter and transferring them to the plates as they reached her.

Finally all were taken care of except Mother, and Father, holding his knife above the riddled carcass, said with odd gusto, 'Now, 'Miry, I'm goin' to cut *you* a nice juicy slice.'

My mother, struggling to control herself, said, 'I don't care for any, thank you,' and burst into tears.

We all with one accord turned to look at her, the guests in astonishment, I with streaming eyes and sobbing breath, and my father in consternation and apparent anger.

'Well!' he said with what would

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seem to be a righteous indignation. 'I was *waitin'* to see if you was goin' to show some signs of feeling, 'Miry. Wait a minute.'

He threw down his napkin, shoved back his chair, dashed through the kitchen, snatched his hat from a nail as he went — all, it seemed, in one whirlwind of motion, his guests staring after him in rooted amazement.

My mother wiped her eyes, and in a shamed and shaken voice said, 'It was Little Runt. I fed him by hand — he t-tagged us around — I did n't see — h-how he *could* — I d-don't know what he's up to —'

But her tearful, broken apology was interrupted by a confusion of the strangest sounds — a mingling of sharp, staccato squeals, the wee-wee-wee of a struggling pig, snuffles and grunts, my father's voice raised in affectionate abuse, the back door opening.

'Hol' your tongue, you tarnation fool-cuss' — and there he was, white hair flying, hat awry, and in his arms, legs kicking, snout wrinkling, small pink body squirming, was — sure as you live — Little Runt!

'There!' said my father, wheezing a bit from exertion. '*Now* what you think?'

Every chair had been pushed back. Food was cooling on the plates. I had flown from my chair to greet Little Runt and pull him into my lap.

'Why!' cried my mother, gasping, 'what — where —'

'Well,' said my father, flinging off his hat and smoothing hair and beard, and beaming with satisfaction in his own exploit, 'when I see you [addressing my mother] was really *bent* on roast pig for dinner [my mother lifted her hands, opened her mouth, and remained silent], I thought I'd have to fix it some way to save Little Runt's hide. You see,' he now turned eagerly to the dumbfounded guests, 'this was a runt we raised by hand and he took to following me round, so when it came time I did n't have the heart to — so I took one of the others over to Stib Obart's instead.' Then, with a swift turn from the still silent table, he addressed the contented, adventuring pig.

'Come along now,' he said, and, executing a flank movement, caught Little Runt by his hind leg and hoisted him to his arms, admonishing him sonorously.

'Thanksgiving for *you*, all right, you fool runt, you, but hogs don't celebrate it in the house,' and in an uproar of squeals and protesting kicks Little Runt was borne away.

''Lige,' said Uncle Frank sententiously in his absence, 'always was a sentimental old fool.'

'Let me,' urged my mother politely, ignoring the remark, 'give you some of the turkey.'

Almost immediately my father was at his place washed and brushed, passing the squash, asking for the cranberries, urging second helpings where the first was hardly touched. He made complimentary and utterly absurd remarks about Aunt Catherine's fine looks, joshed Uncle Frank about a horse trade he had recently made, and otherwise disported himself as the benignant and genial host. To my mother he was especially considerate, but could not at the last deny himself the pleasure of a subtle thrust which would reflect upon his own clever scheming.

'Well, 'Miry,' he said handsomely as the guests, replete with food and hospitable content, drove away in the dusk of blue-white snow and creeping night, 'ain't you glad *now* that I done something about Little Runt?'

'You better go feed him,' said my mother dryly, which he did. And, so far as I can remember, Little Runt may have lived to a fat old age and died in his pen.

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UPSTATE

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

If the astrologer knew his business, he would n't have bothered with the stars. He would merely have said that July 15, 1903, was the day on which the last decent mess of trout was caught out of Edmonds Pond. I was the cause of it, and some people still hold it against me.

In those days (consult Mark Sullivan) young men were not insulted at being born at home. I was born in Boonville in the east bedroom. It was a terrible mistake.

My mother's doctor was a young and able man. He had just finished his hospital training and I was his first job. He accompanied the family for a modest fee, board and lodging, and a vacation in our pure air.

He spent two solid months fishing our pond. Luckily there was a strong northeast wind on the fifteenth, so he had to stay in the house all day. But the other sixty days were enough. The pond never recovered. They say I bit his hand, and I wish I had had teeth.

They came in due course, though my governess used to say they looked as if they had wandered in. But they were quite serviceable except for one almost tragic instance. That did n't involve a human hand, unluckily, but two complacent Holstein cows.

You should know that we ran a large farm with forty head of milking cattle. Mornings, these, to their accompaniment of bells, went up a hill called the sand hill to day pasture. Evenings they went up a hill called the clay hill to night pasture. (The two roads were twenty feet apart on the same hill, one going to the right, one to the left, and each had a clay stretch and a sand stretch. Who it was that first called the one hill two, or selected the names, is not recorded in the history of the farm. They were so called.) Anyway at night the cows went up the clay hill, a narrow dugway, and quite steep. At the age of nine, it was my job, together with the farmer's boy, to escort them to the pasture bars.

We rather enjoyed the task, walking slowly along the creek behind the trailing, easy-going cows. They gave even small boys a feeling of relief, of the day done, the dreamy feeling that comes before supper, when ideas expand and talk gets large, and grown-up people have their cocktails as a blind. We did not mind the hill, because there were two cows who unfailingly stayed at the rear of the herd and who had no objection, as soon as we were out of sight of the barn, to our climbing aboard their broad backs. We always sat on the hips, facing aft, which gave us an exhilarating view of the ground toilsomely dropping away behind.

One of these cows was the big producer of the herd. She was blue blood from her cud to her tail tip. She was registered, she was nearly all white, with beautiful black markings on each side of her face, uncut horns, and an

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udder that had all the dignity of the front elevation of a dowager duchess. Her name in the books was Lady Colantha Wayne Dexter Paladin DeKol, but she was known in the dairy as Grace. Her number on the milk sheet, which is the box score of a dairy, was 1. Her pal, Gladys, was a plain cow, mostly black, with a rusty tinge that brought a blush to the farmer's cheek. Her hips were high, her horns had been cut by a plumber, apparently, for one was still three inches long. She had a rolling eye and was given to fat in the places where a cow should be thin. Nobody knew why she stayed in the herd. Perhaps nobody would buy her. Her number was 39.

I'm sure I don't know why Grace picked out Gladys to pal with. But I guess it was the old story: Grace probably felt that she could afford to be seen in any company, and Gladys, I fear, must have been a social climber. As for ourselves, I expect they thought of us as just boys.

George was the farmer's boy. He was a year younger, but he was a good deal larger than I. And I admired all his accomplishments except the way he had of tying knots. Knot, I should say, for, no matter how he figured, it always ended up as a granny. At the time of the Occurrence he had fallen back on the old dodge of affecting that it made no difference what you tied. I was holding out for the square knot, which I had only mastered the day before. It could n't slip. You did n't have to be told, you had only to see it with the naked eye.

George was scornful. It was all very well to say so, but how did I know? He even doubted whether I could tie the thing. 'Give me a piece of string,' I said. 'I'll show you now.' He fished through his pocket, producing a broken-bladed knife, the rabbit-foot the Welshman had lost the year before, a puff-ball in the afternoon of its life, a tadpole with the legs half grown (it had died of natural causes), and a Bull Durham sack without the strings. 'I hain't got any,' he said, 'but if I had I bet you could n't tie it. I bet you could n't anyway, even if I had all the string in the universe.' 'I bet I could,' I replied. 'I bet your neck.'

I suppose it was fate that at that moment a fly stuck Gladys in some tender spot. She gave a flourishy switch to her tail, and the end of it landed across my knee. The inspiration of the devil, always at a small boy's left hand, prompted mine. I grabbed the tail. 'I'll show you,' I said. 'Pass me Grace's tail.'

After a little fishing, George got up Grace's tail and handed it across. His scorn was beyond words. 'Here,' he said. I laid them side by side, I twisted them properly. I made the knot and pulled it tight. 'There,' I said. 'See for yourself.'

'Aw,' said George, 'that don't prove nothing.'

'Why n't you pull it?' I said. 'Pull it as hard as you're mind to. She won't feel nothing.'

George pulled and I pulled against him. The knot was unbudging. With the triumph swelling my chest that a successful engineer must feel when the bridge members meet properly in the middle, I watched the dawn of recognition in his face. For once I was one up. He said, 'That's right.'

We examined the knot with interest. It was a beautiful thing, so simple, so square; even in the tail of a cow it worked.

'The best part about it,' I explained, 'is the easy way you can untie it.'

'Gee,' said George. Then he threw his head up. 'Gee,' he repeated. 'You better had.' From up at the top of the dugway came a spattering of bell notes as the cows flowed through the bars and separated over the grass. 'Shucks,' I said.

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But though a square knot will set in strands of hair, try and untie it! I still had things to learn. I worked as I have never worked to this day. My mind was nimble, my hands and fingers alert. I used my teeth. But human ingenuity cannot in a hurry master such a knot tied in hair. Beneath me I felt the hips of Gladys gathering momentum. She too was eager to be free in the pasture. There was something almost poetic in the eager way she rushed to meet the night. Grace, however, with her position to maintain, would not hurry for anyone. That difference gave us a forethought of what would happen. Grace's tail arose like a Florentine lion's, over her back, pushing George to the ground. The vulgar Gladys's streamed out behind her like a Valkyrie's hair. I stuck to my guns, I must say, waiting for a final feverish effort as Grace, at last impelled beyond her normal pace, came up abreast. I did succeed in loosening the side hairs. Then, all three, we passed through the bars.

I heard George's voice, faint and small: 'You'd better get off, I think.'

I abandoned ship. I joined George by the bars. I don't know why, but we lay down on our stomachs, and stared with terrified eyes at bovine character in conflict.

Grace walked out with the air of having forgotten a rude contretemps. She headed majestically for her favorite stand of clover. For a half-dozen steps, Gladys accompanied her. Then, with the effervescent lightsomeness that always distinguished her, she swung left for some redtop.

At the first rise of their united tails, Grace did not pause. The dignity of the DeKols would not allow her to notice such a vulgar trick of fate. She would not even bend to the pressure. Her eye may have steeled — I could not see it. Deliberately she stretched her nose to the clover.

But Gladys was surprised. She made no bones of showing her amazement. She stopped short. For the moment she was conscious of the stronger will, the years of breeding. An instinct made her step backward, as Grace enjoyed her first *soupçon*.

Gladys looked around. She studied the situation. She gave a few tentative pulls. The tails went up and down. She switched hers gently, and saw Grace's switch in unison. She stepped ahead again. At last she was annoyed. She gave a deliberate lurch.

It was enough to raise Grace's head from the grass. The two cows stood quite still, staring north and south. Their tails were stretched between them. There came a faint tense overtone from their bells that was echoed somewhere down below my vitals.

Then they looked at each other, or tried to, for each looked to right. But finally they worked it out and stared. There was no longer any question of friendship, or even tolerance. They looked away and toed the mark and tugged. George and I made simultaneous moans.

But the time for moaning was past. I had proved that the square knot will not slip under any circumstances. In their own way the cows must have realized something of the sort. They must have thought that they were doomed for life to a sort of Siamese twinship. And they had just discovered that they really had nothing in common! A slight vibration was visible in the tails.

Oddly, it was Grace who first cracked under the strain. She gave a short roar, — like a bellow, I suppose, — put down her head, and ran. Gladys, who had not considered such drastic action, refused to be dragged. Her pride came to her aid. She dug her feet in the grass and ran for herself. Neither made progress.

For a moment the old adage of the

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immovable object and the irresistible force was enacted in the flesh. Then it was over. Believe it or not, it was Grace's tuft that gave way.

George and I stole out. We spent as long as we dared trying to catch Gladys to remove the evidence, but she had had enough of boys. We had to creep home with the awful knowledge of what would happen in the morning. We did not mention knots for the rest of the summer. The blame fell on me — where I suppose it belonged — and it fell in those sharp stinging spanks which make one sit tenderly for a day after. Grace, I might add, never dropped off in her milking, even for a day.

II

'I don't know what the country's coming to,' said John. 'Here is a Republican concern putting in electricity for lower rates than the Democrats can afford (look at how they are fighting it in the courts) and then I go to a fan dancer that had her Blue Eagle put on her in the great days and now she can't get rid of it. All the rest of the country has got rid of it, but one poor fan dancer is condemned for life to be a Roosevelt remnant. It would be a lesson to the female vote, but the women was n't allowed to go in.'

'Where did you see her?' I asked.

'At the circus,' he replied. 'It cost me fifty cents. I always was a sucker.'

'How did they work it?' I inquired.

'Well, after you got on the grounds, they had the tent marked for "Men Only" set up back of the Exhibit Hall on the Fair grounds — you ought to know the place. And I thought I would go and see what it was to be a fan dancer, so I paid a quarter and went in and there we was with ten men, which they said was all they could handle, so I thought I would see something good.

'The spieler said we should stand still, and a gal came out on a platform with a blue pair of tights and a red fan and she sung a song and then she did a dance. It was n't a bad dance,' John said; 'the way she had it fixed she could make the eagle flap its wings.'

'Where was the eagle?' I wished to be informed.

'On her shoulder,' John answered, blushing.

'How did you lose the other quarter?'

'Then,' he informed me, 'the spieler said, "Now, gentlemen, if you want to see something really hot and snappy and right out of the World's Fair, you can drop another quarter in the hat and get around on the back side of that partition."

'Well, we all done it, and then they dropped the partition and there we all was in the same tent with the girl and she did the same dance on the same platform, only she went without the fan.'

'Was that all?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I could have shot a doe for 5 per cent of that money. Did I ever tell you,' he continued, 'how I shot a buck with a bicycle?'

'No,' I said, 'and I would rather not know. Is it another fan dance?'

'No, it is not,' he said, looking brighter all the time. 'I went up on the beech ridge above Birch Pond. It was a long time ago when I was working in the woods. I got up there with my old shotgun and I set down on the ridge and waited till a buck come out. I aimed at him right between the eyes, but he only sneezed at me and went away. I was puzzled some, so I looked at my cartridges and discovered I'd brought along the birdshot, number tens. Now was n't that an awful thing to have happen to a man?'

'Yes,' I said. 'It was. What did you do?'

'Do you know where Birch Pond is?' he asked me.

I did not.

'Well,' said John, 'I used to know where it was myself. It was nineteen

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miles north of Forestport. It used to be a great deer country. But nineteen miles is a long way to walk back to get a buckshot to get a deer with. And I was kind of meat-hungry, so I sat down on the ridge and remembered that there was a camp belonged to Millard Rumble down on Beech Pond. Did you ever hear of Beech Pond?'

I shook my head.

'Well, it was eight miles from Birch Pond. Beech Pond sets in about the nicest stand of yellow birch you ever saw. It was a good place for deer, too. I thought I'd go down to Millard's and see did he leave a buckshot cartridge behind him maybe.'

'Had he done that?' I asked with some interest.

'No, he never left nothing behind. But I found a bicycle in the woodshed,' said John. 'And that gave me an idea.'

'It was a long way from home to find one,' I observed.

'I'm apt to get them most anywhere,' said John, modestly. 'I was n't much of a mechanic, but I knew that a bicycle has balls in it somewhere, and pretty soon I figured out where they'd be, and I took the wheel apart and got the bearings out.'

'Yes.'

'Then,' said John, 'I found some paper, — I think it was the *Christian Visitant*, — and I stuck a number ten in the breech and put in the bearings, and put the paper on top of them, and then I went back to Birch Pond and up onto the ridge.'

'Was the buck still there?'

'Yes, he was. He was looking around for me. I put up the gun and I let him have that right barrel just about in the brisket. You could see them balls entering into that deer. He just wheeled around and went over. I did too. I never knew a gun to kick so. He lay one way and I lay the other, but he never come to.'

'Where was the gun?' I asked.

'Back of me somewheres. I looked at it. It had got grooved in the right barrel. I don't shoot it any more.'

'What do you kill deer with?'

'Buckshot,' said John, 'in the left barrel.'

'Did you get the deer out?'

'I got him down to Beech Pond by dragging him. It's mostly all downhill. But I could n't get him no further. I could n't hoist him on my back, my shoulder was that lame. So then I thought of the bicycle.'

'You mean to tell me you took him out on that? You could n't make the thing go without bearings.'

John looked hurt.

'Ain't I said I dragged the deer down there? It was quite an operation, though.'

'You never told me that story before,' I said.

'No,' he said. 'I had n't thought of it before. But it goes to show what life used to be like in this country. A man had to have ideas to get along. Take Capitola Nutt.'

III

'All right,' I said. I had begun to see that the manure would n't get onto the garden that day. 'I'll take her.'

'Him,' said John. 'He was a camp cook. One fall he hired out with a party of sportsmen from Brooklyn. He got the pay he asked for because he was the last cook left in Forestport that season when they got there. He said he was an A Number 1 cook.

'Well, they traveled in to a camp up above Honnedaga, and that's quite a ways, too. Soon as they got there those sports went right out after meat, leaving Cappy to get the supper. They wanted biscuits and maple syrup. He had told them he baked the best biscuits in the North Woods. But Capitola, he'd never been outside a lumber

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camp before and he could n't get those biscuits to rise. He was n't much of a hand at remembering recipes anyway. What he had to offer when they come back you might have swallowed but you could n't chew.

'Well, they was mad. But Capitola was a poor-looking old man and he begged them to give him another day to remember how to make biscuits raise themselves. So they agreed.

'Well, he did n't do much better next day, either. He got some of the edges a little lifted, but that was about all. That night they told him he was fired.

'"Well," says Capitola, "I am sorry. If I had my recipe book along it would be different."

'"Why did n't you bring it?" they asked him.

'"Because I had a heavy pack already," he says. "But," he says, "if you will give me the day off to-morrow I will go and see Rosmerel Clancy who cooks for Baker's camp. Maybe he will lend me his."

'"OK," they says. And the next morning Capitola starts off. They figured they would n't see him any more. He was n't home for lunch. But along by suppertime they come back and there was a smell of A Number 1 biscuits in the woods. They piled in and et. They'd been going pretty gant for two days. And they did n't say a word till the four pans was finished. They then see Capitola had fainted on the floor.'

'What did he faint for?' I demanded.

'From bringing the recipe book. He come to after a while and they asked him the same durned-fool question and he told them what I have just told you. They said, "How far off was it?" And he said it was only eighteen mile each way. But it was n't the distance, it was the heft of the damn thing. It weighed twice what his did, if he'd only been able to bring it.

'They asked, just the way you would, "What are you talking about?" "My recipe book," says Capitola. "That one over there is Rosmerel's. He always went in for big ones."

'They looked where he pointed and seen that the old eighty-year-old twerp had carried in a kitchen door, eighteen miles through timber. Those old camp cooks always wrote recipes on the doors.

'Times,' said John, 'have surely changed.'

IV

Times surely have.

Only five years ago I got married for the first time. It was a good thing she liked our country, for she has had to see a lot of it. She did n't know much about our variety of people, but she took to them, too.

There was just one thing I had on my mind, and that was Adam.

Adam was one of the curly-coated kind of cocker spaniels, with a topknot on his head, like the genuine breed. They have gone out of fashion, and I got him cheap, but he was a good dog with some fancy ancestry. He was coal black, and he learned to hunt birds in the henyard. Right from the start he took an interest in the lady goose.

That bird was a freethinker. Every morning she used to come out of the henhouse and look at the weather, brace her feet on the sloped runway, lean back on her tail, and make as nice a three-point landing as you ever saw. Then she would start on a tour of the premises. And sometime in the course of the morning, like any active lady goose, she would lay an egg. The point about her, though, was that she never troubled her head about it. If she was walking, she went on walking; if she was having a bath, she'd never stop washing. She would let the darned thing go no matter what she was doing. Adam discovered this interesting

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fact, and the minute she came out of the henhouse and slid down the runway he would start stalking her. You would see her, a big gray goose, slapping her flat feet all over the world with her head in the clouds, going one place or another. And just about forty feet behind would be Adam, on his six-inch wheelbase, with his nose to the spoor and his tail on a parallel. You could n't get that animal to do anything until the goose had performed. The days she missed a bet, he would be a pretty tired pup, but he would n't give up till she went into the henhouse again.

I don't think it ever occurred to him that it was immoral to get that egg, or that I might have some sort of vested interest in her. He just looked on her the way we are supposed to look on any public utility, and it did n't cost him a cent anyway.

Well, as Adam went on in life, he showed that he had probably the best nose of any dog that had ever been on the farm. But — perhaps it was from eating so many of the goose eggs — he turned into something of a free-thinker himself.

He and I would start out in the morning after pheasants, say, just about as coöperative as a dog and a man can ever get to be, digesting our breakfasts in unison and hoping for a good day. It was when we started said day's work that our differences began to show. Adam's idea was to make a broadcast through the field at his equivalent of eighty miles an hour, and try to catch every pheasant by the tail. It would take him less than two shakes to get every bird out of the alfalfa and into the next field, not one of them, of course, going up reasonably in gunshot. But he would n't stop there. He would mark down the cocks and beat me over the fence and have them out of the next field before I even got to it, and by the time I was shaking loose from the barbed wire he would have done a job in the third field.

Well, I generally managed to put that down to natural exuberance, and we would march handsomely on to new territory. In this our experience would be repeated; and then I would overtake him and lick him. He never stopped panting while I licked him, but when I was done he would get up and shake himself and go off on a new spree. He never had any hard feelings. With him it was his whole soul for the sport, as he saw it — viz., he to have all the fun.

It took me a whole season to get over trying to break him of these marvelous careerings, first by lengths of clothesline, then by a choke, and always by thrashings.

The second season I gave up. I let him start off on his first real flight and then I went in the other direction and hunted for myself. He was laughing all over when we came home simultaneously by separate ways. It was only when I produced a cock pheasant that he saw there was something to this coöperative idea after all. It got him so badly that for one whole day he kept in shooting distance and we dropped our limit.

They did n't look like much — because Adam had discovered a new way to amuse himself. He had been taught to retrieve anything, from a glove to a stick or a ball. He was fast and unerring. He once even brought in a crow at the age of eight months, by the ears. The crow, that is, had got his claws tangled in Adam's ears. Anyway, Adam brought him back. But when it came to pheasants, Adam would find them like lightning and I would have the next thing to heart failure, after the first experience, trying to get there before he had taken out the feathers and the breast. And as a pheasant is an expert at hiding himself, and as Adam was black, I found I had to keep him in

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view from the moment of firing until I had got the bird in my pocket.

It was the same way when we transferred our attention to grouse, only perhaps just a little worse. Our woods are thick with underbrush. If you are going to see the bird at all, you have to get plenty of time — put him up close; and even then you are lucky if you get a pot shot as he hits an opening.

Adam does n't lack brains. Like many clever people, he chooses to appear like a fool for his own purposes. But I did n't know that then. I would come home telling the family how Adam would sneak in the brush and come behind me and put a whole covey off to my right rear where I could n't possibly see them. I had caught him lying on the ground waiting for me to get by; I had n't said anything at the time, and sure enough the birds had gone off and Adam had emerged and looked at me as much as to say, 'Why did n't you let your gun go off, anyway?' and then he had shaken himself all over, shrugged, and turned off with the obvious thought, 'Well, I don't believe it would have made much difference if you had.'

My mother said, 'I don't think he means to act that way. He's just so effervescent he can't hold himself in,' and my brother, 'Adam's just a natural-born fool.' I was willing, by then, to agree. It was the only thing I could do gracefully.

But when I got married my wife brought with her a little white-and-orange cocker bitch, who, though she had never hunted before, turned out a paragon. I had lots of fun and fair luck, and as a result I started leaving Adam behind. But the way he took it made me feel sorry for him. You would have thought he had been betrayed, disillusioned, and knocked on the head, not to mention having been poisoned.

Then, one morning, my wife wanted me to take her along. Naturally I was pleased. We would take Kate. It would be a good day.

It was a lovely day, with a hard white frost, and a clear thin sunlight, and not a breath of wind. The one hitch was that Kate, the bitch, had come down with a bad case of rheumatism. It would have been cruel to take her out. So I said we would take no dog at all, but still-hunt.

But, passing the dog yard, our eyes fell on Adam, as he undoubtedly intended they should, for he was seated on the roof of his kennel and looking like death.

'Let's take Adam,' said my wife.

'We'll never see a bird,' I said.

'Never mind. I can't bear to leave him looking so miserable.'

Well, I relented. Adam bounced like a phœnix from the ashes. 'Heel!' I said sternly, expecting to see him make a cut for the woods. But Adam heeled. He not only heeled, he stayed with his nose so close to the shoe leather that I kept hitting it. Even when we got into the woods he behaved as wonderfully as any dog could. I began to have an uneasy feeling.

I put Adam into a stand of hemlock. We got no flushes there; but my wife said, 'I think he hunts very nicely, does n't he?' 'Yes,' I admitted, savagely. 'I don't understand him.' My wife said nothing. But I have never seen a dog cover a piece more honestly and conscientiously both to bird and to gun. It went on the same way at the next cover. Adam was perfection. He kept a poker face and a serious eye on me. He put up a bird with a clear shot, and I missed by a mile. It was to be expected. I realized that Adam was really making a monkey of me. But he went even further. Not a shrug, not a lift of one ear, no shaking where we could see him.

I missed five birds in a row, the best shots I had had in a year. My wife said sympathetically, 'I think you have

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been working too hard. Your eyes must be tired.'

'I do not think so,' I replied, trembling inside my shooting jacket. 'It is just plain lousy shooting.'

But I had no idea what was in store for me. In spite of misses, Adam went right on dishing them up like a patient chef. Finally we came to a little brook in a steep valley with cover on the far side and goldenrod on ours. I sent Adam over.

Down he went with a gay twitch of his rear, swam the brook, climbed the bank, began at the top of the valley, and worked down again toward us. The bird went out, a clear crossing shot, and even I could not miss him. He dropped below us right into the brook. I rushed out of habit to the rescue. I could see the dead bird slipping away down the brook. Before I could reach him he had floated under an overhanging bank, completely out of sight. The brook must have gone in for five or six feet and there was no way for me to reach after. Nor did the bird float out again.

'Oh, what bad luck,' my wife said loyally from the bank over my head. I admitted that she was right. Then came Adam! He had followed the drop of the bird clear down the valley and he came like a black bullet. 'Fetch,' I said in a despondent voice.

Without seeming to draw breath, Adam plunged himself into the icy current. He swam down with his nose out like an aquaplane, and expelling noble long breaths. He passed me without a glance and went right into the darkness under the bank. I heard his desperate splashing, then silence. And then I felt like cheering as he emerged a rod below me with the bird held out of the water, as a seal might balance a ball. 'Fetch,' I said. 'Good dog. *Good* dog. Good *dog!*'

Question: Did Adam look at you?

Answer: No.

Q: Did he retrieve the bird?

A: No.

Q: No?

A: Not to me.

Q: What did Adam do? Please tell me in your own words.

A: Adam climbed out laboriously on the far side of the brook. He with great difficulty, being wet, and having a large cock partridge in his mouth, hauled himself up the bank. He walked over to my wife. He sat down and lifted up the bird with not a feather mussed, except from riding in the brook.

Q: What did your wife do?

A: She did not know enough to accept the bird, so Adam lowered his head and placed it at her shoe tips. Then he backed away. And then he shook himself and then he looked at me; and then like a perfect dog he came to heel.

My wife said, 'I thought he did n't hunt well? Or should n't he have brought me the bird?'

I could make, naturally, only one reply: 'He did the proper thing.'

Adam met my eye, with his brown serious ones, so melting, so damnably foolish.

Foolish? I will never let myself believe that again. Next day I took him out by myself. I wanted to make myself believe that the miracle had occurred.

Q: Had it?

A: Oh, yes!

Q: How did you reach that conclusion?

A: I shot a bird in ten minutes out. He fell on the other side of a hemlock. Adam traced him down perfectly. 'Fetch,' said I. 'Good dog.' No dog, no sign, no noise. I took my time and then moseyed over to the tree. Adam had removed the tail. He had eaten the insides. He was just starting on the breast.

I cut a switch; we were back on the old footing.

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GIRL CHILD

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Like a flower, like a tulip,
So fresh, so hardy,
So slim, so hasting,
The nose tip-tilted,
The mouth her mother's,
The eyes brighter
Than rabbit's or squirrel's
Suddenly peering
From bough or burrow;
All this in motion,
Motion and swaying,
As if all life
Were a wave of ocean,
As if all life
Were the clean stalk springing
Brightly, greenly
From earth unworn,
To sway with sunlight,
To drink clear freshets,
Swiftly, oh swiftly
To swell its bubble,
The staunch red flower
Hardy and mortal,
The bright flag
On the new hill,
Mortal, gallant,
As a cockerel's cry.

To this child,
To all swift children,
My great thanks
For their clear honor,
The hound running,
The flying fire.

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MY GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD

BY JUANITA HARRISON

[As readers of the October *Atlantic* know, Miss Harrison's diary is entirely genuine, and condensed from her written experiences covering eight years of travel. This is the second and concluding installment. — THE EDITORS]

July 6, DIJON, FRANCE

I had a delightful trip from Naples on the beautiful steamer to Genor. I was laying down on a roll of ropes on the deck of the 3rd Classe and a Egyptian Gentleman from the 1st Classe came and spoke to me. He was very fine looking and dressed so well I think my nice suite caught his eye. and he said to himself She looks nice. He said wont you come over to our side and pulled out a nice steamer chair for me. He was traveling with a young Sudan Prince as tutor. the Prince wore a beautiful costume. He gave me his address in Egypt and ask me to come and see him. When we left the boat everybody got into buggies but I said to myself I'm not going to be spending my money to smooth it over by taking a carrage so I started right out and truged up the hill with my bag. I had half a day there and a plesant day at beautiful Turin and left with a Ticket to Geneva. A young Italian in my compartment wanted to talk and kept me awake so when I did go to sleep we got to the place I was to change I was so sleepy I couldnt pull myself out the seat was such a comfortable bed I did not wake up until an hour of Dijon. I had to pay the difference to the conducter and he cheated me changing my swiss money to French franc. I got off at Dijon and was well paid for it is so very Grand looking. they have 3 wonderful old Churches and fine stores. I went to a movie to see Mary Pickford in Sparrow. The girl said the Programs was one Franc. So I did not buy one and she said if that was too much for me I could read it then give it back to Her so I did. just in frount of me sat a French Lady that spoke English they bought candys and gave me some and the time passed very plesant. tomorrow I'll leave for Lausanne.

July 29, CHAMONIX, FRANCE

When we get to the bordor of Switzerland I thought they might make me pay more on my ticket but who should be at the Bordor but that same old Conducter who cheated me changing my money on the train, the moment he see me he looked away. You don't have to go chasing after people in this life, it may be I got more off of him than he did of me anyway neither of us was put to any trouble. I spent a day in Lausanne. It is a beautiful place a little dearer than France but not so dear as the U. S. I took the steamer to Genève it make you think of St. Augustine Fla. they have the buggies with the Fring Tops and Two rivers run through the City one are as swift as Naggra falls River. there are many white Swans. there was a Circuis in

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Town so I took a room in a nice little Hotel near the Tent and went it just pored and hailed every Body was out in their rubber boots. it was so very different from ours. I wish I could visit a Circuis in every Country that is a good way to study the People.
I have not seen in my suite case for a week I like it then you feel just like the birds. I have two pokets in my over coat Two in my coat suite and two on the enside of my bloomers and that is enough for all what I need I no longer wish that I was a man because I can travel with even less than they and look dressed up.
I found a place where the Lady said she could strech a cot in the sitting room and give me the same meals as the others but charge much less I gladly accepted. the Part I love best about being here. about six in the evening hundreds of hikers and Guides return in their ruff cloths and heavy shoes, with their pack on their backs and ropes. and the non Hikers are all dressed up to see the Town and everybody walks in the middle of the street.

BRNO, *September* 9, 1928

I have spent 3 days in Czechoslovakia and It have been the greatest of all the trips I have ever had I arrived at 1.30 A.M. and finished the night out in the station. with me were 25 or more woman who were traveling by foot to other Towns. at 5 the country people were coming in with their wares for the open market and it was the most strange sight I ever saw. the Y. have a beautiful new place at the top of a big building. The first day I spent seeing the wonderful Caves near Brno. Two brothers that went to Cambridge were in the party. so tell me everything in English. they have wonderful sausage in this country and on the way you give your order at the little stands where they broil them. so it will be ready when you come back. I orded 4 the brothers said Do you really want 4? I wished I had order 6 when I ate them. The Big Fair are on they formed the Parad under my window at the Y. thousands of people in their native cloths each Valley Town were different and all have their own musice the men were just as gayly dress as the women. on the way to the fair Growns they sang and danced But the Real Bohemian life began at the Fair Grown. the French cannot tuch them in having a good time. Of course I was not a tourist. I were just one of them.
Inside the Grown everybody were dancing on big wooden floors the girls in their wide wide skirts and they delighted to see how far out their skirts would whirl. A fellow saw me watching he spoke a little English and asked me why I was not dancing. they begain playing a walz and we just walzed and walzed but the big skirts nearly noked me down. its a great country for dill pikles all over there was little stands with pikles, broiled corn, sausage broiled on coals little broiled steaks. I ate too many dill pikles but the dancing got it down. then I had to leave to get my train but my dancing partner had no time to greeve over a lost sheep there was too many others around. I would like to be here another day but have spent what I had planed to here.

Saturday, September 15

I left Brno at 1 P.M. and at 2.30 the train Recked and 26 People were killed I came out with only a big knot over the right eye it is gone now I only have a black eye. I cannot write about the Reck yet as the thoughts are very sad.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY, *September* 17

I have just had a minauil Bath at the new and up to date Bath house the old one I was afraid to go down in to the place the water looked so dark.
I was to leave Brno Sunday night but when I went for my ticket the night

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express was 130 crowns I spent all the Slovakian crowns but 115 and He could not exchange dollars so I had to waite until the next Day at noon and left on the Express of 10 coches I was in the 6th at 2.30 when we were going by a little station a swich engin was standing wheather the enginnear was asleep or drunk or forgot but He ran into the other engin He and both Fireman and 26 People were killed and many died from inguries.

The first coches were 2nd and 3rd and those were the ones that lost their lives. I got into the coch next the dinner which were the last 3rd class I didnt go forward to the front the way I usualy do, I wanted to go up but my feet wouldnt take me. I was studing the book that means everything to me Bradshaws Continenal Guide all of the sudden I was throwd across the compartment and hit my head. all the others jumped up and begain talking fast I was very dizzy but I thought about nothing but this book and kept calling my book, my book I was stunted. I found it and then went out all the phesants came running across the fields. they looked as clean as pins with white handkerchiefs on their heads. they was all standing back they was not allowed to come near until the doctors and offices came. it was about 10 miles from a Town. it was a hot day and it happen in a turnip patch we used the turnip tops to put under the engured ones heads. I stayed with a German Girl that had been torned into thread from the waist down She lived a half hour in that half hour I just loved her she were not more than 21 and had beautiful great blue eyes. she were well dressed and had a beautiful engagement ring on I bekon to the phesant with buckets of water to come at last one took a chance when no one saw him and brought a bucket. She kept saying the same thing over and over But I couldnt understand. I called to a phesant woman for her to come and thought perhaps she could understand, the woman came but couldnt stand the sight and ran away. I had to hold her head up I was praying for her. The doctors came and said there was no use trying to do anything for her. I felt terrbly heartbroken to think they left her. finally she died on my arm. had I been killed it would have been absolutely nothing compared to that girl.

There were a man about 30 that was caught under the wheel in just a few feet of where I was with the Girl He had his senses for nearly an hour and keep his eyes right on me as He could not look any other way He called Wasser, Wasser and I went under the coch and poured the Water down his throat. I cannot forget Him and I must keep the light burning all night I think that will pass after a while.

I went around to the other side of the train after the Girl died where there was many more ingured and dead. I gave water, shaded their faces from the sun, rub their hands. I went back to see if I could do anything about the man and just then the train that was to take us left. it went off without many of us but my suite case was on it. and it were put off at the next station. I always carry my passport and money in my bloomers pocket with a hook and eye on it so that were safe. the poor man were dead.

Then another train came at 6.30 I had not the heart to get off at that station so near the reck to get my bag and coats. so went on to Bratislava and had to spend the night in the station. My eye was almost closed. I had on a little white crepe waist and it was very cold but the station had a beautiful First Class waiting room. The Next morning I had to go back to Breclan for my things and reached Budapest Tuesday night. one of the train men said to me you ought to get something you got

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that black eye. So in Budapest I had a doctor to write up my inguries. Glad I found one that has Jewish blood because they know what to say the doctor told me You are traveling in that country for plesure they have no right to give you such a black eye as this. they must pay you something. I had to have his writing translated in English and Czechoslovakia. I cannot make them give me anything but the doctors took my name at the reck so I thought I would encourage them.

September 18, BELGRADE

On my arrival I went to find a Resturant and passed a Bakery where pigs and Bread are Baked. A Girl came out with a sukling pig just as Brown as Molasses. and I said where ever you goth I'll flower it smelled so good I flowered Her 2 blocks down to a Resturant I went right behind Her into the Kitchen. and sat down and when the cook cut it up had a piece with Pikled Bell peppers. Oh, Mama, How good and at the Resturant was the Best String Orchesters of 5 Pretty Young woman 3 men they Played and sang I am listing to them now for I am writing on the table. the musice are a mixture of Oriental I think I'll love it Here.

I just got a shock a big Turkish looking man with a Turbon spoke to a Girl at another Table and said in English He had a head ache. He is looking at me side ways I think He want me to know He speak English. He may be sorry for showing off Tomorrow I'll look him up with a list of question as long as my arm This is a second class café where you find them so naturnal. What a place to forget a Reck.

BUCURESTI, ROUMANIA, *September* 22

In route to Bucharest I traveled half of the night with a German Lady and Gentleman He knew a little English it took Him from 7 until 10 P.M. before He could get it into His head I was traveling all alone buying my tickets and getting my visas all by myself. But once He understood He said I was the most interesting Peason He had ever meet. He told every one and they all wanted to talk with me. It was luck I sat with them because we had to change trains and He helped me on to my train other wise it would have taken a long time to find out the Train men know so little I always ask every one that look like they mite know their name.

The trip the next day through Roumania the train stoped only a few minutes at the largest Towns and we had just time to go to the deep wells with wooden Buckets and get a drink. A Phesant woman got on She sat in frount of me she gave me an apple I was very glad as I felt very hungry in my case I had a warm dress as I know I would not need it farther on she was just my size so I open the case and gave it to her and she took from her bag 8 lovely apples and 4 Pears. for me. I arrived here after 26 hours on the train missed the last street car and was afraid to take a Taxi so checked my suite case and started walking. I took the direction to 'The Little King's Palace.' It is a pretty neighborhood it was then about 2 A.M. on passing real plesant looking yards with High iron gates all locked I came to one that stood open the moon were shinning and I could see two comfortable looking Rocking Chairs under a pretty Grape-Harber in the side yard and feeling tird after such a long journey before I knew what I was during I went right in and sat in one of the arm chairs. It was not a chilly night I went in so quietly I didnt disturbe a big white and yellow Dog that laid just a few steps from me asleep when he saw me he gave a low groul he was as much surprised as I was. I think he was ashamed to think he was the watch dog and I had slipped in on him. he

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set back on his hind legs and groul and keep his eyes on me. many times when a dog are barking I speak to it in Spanish he very ofen will stop so I said to him in my softest Spanish a little dog very pretty and sat still. he got very sleepy but never take his eyes off me. the Family were sleeping upstairs just above I could see the windows open. about 3 A.M. two other dogs were in the street in frount of the Gate and my Friend were very anzious to go out the moment I fell to sleep I heard the Gate move and saw him slipping out. then I pulled the Gate tight so when he came back he could not get in. I could see him having a grand time with the other dogs then he tried very hard to open the gate he stood on his hin legs and pulled until he open it enough to stick his nose in and bark at me I knew I had to leave in a hurry but I was afraid he would bit me then I got up courage to go out the gate and run down the street I could see him standing there barking after I was a block away. I thought How kind he had been to me and when he run off I locked him out so his kindness must have turned to hate.

It was 4 A.M. and the people was going in one direction I flowered and right to the big market. I asked for coffee and milk in French in a Resturant the waiter did not like that and told me how to say it in Rumania the common class people are funny down Here. then when the Boss learned I was a stranger they was very kind to me.

I would like so much to see the Little Prince. Pork are the main meat for this part of the World in the Resturants at 7 in the morning you can see a man sitting down to a plate of Pork it is the little Pigs that they rost.

After a few days I thought I would look up my Friend the dog after being in and out of several streets I hear barking and walked passed the House there were the two chairs a pretty looking Lady at the window and a Vegetable man going into the yard the big fiery dog tied to a chain and barking and raning ever so hard to get to the Man Then I thought what danger I was in and placed myself with Danial and the Lions den.

I am going to leave for Sofia, Bulgaria Tuesday. I do not like Monday any more for traveling. I am looking forward to geting a Place to work at Cairo.

September 24, SOFIA

I meet an Australian traveling Gentleman He was an American Citizen. He helped me to buy my Ticket change my money. It was lucky I meet Him He bought Fruit for me and orded a seat in the Dinning Car I enjoyed the Supper. We arrived at night. He offord to take me to a Hotel which was kind of Him but I refused. then he shook hands and said good Bye. I like the Bulgarian people I went for a car ride and Visited the City Market. I am leaving at noon for Turkey.

IN ROUTE, SOFIA TO CONSTANTINOPLE

The First and second Class are the Same the World over but it is the 3rd class that are so interesting. A Couple in Frount of me she have on a red quilted dress, yarn stockings and Hair braded in two brads down her back she has a small black shawl tied on her head they are eating dark bread and boiled Chicken gizzards. most of the land are for grazing you can see many Shepards. a Family of Turks got on 4 men and the Grandpa. I wonder where are the Grandma. now there are 2 woman with their faces covered up to their eyes each have a baby and 4 little girls with Flower de percale dresses and many colored bead braclets. They have much of their Households goods with them. Well I'll hafter nod it through Tonight and give all the space to the Children. The women got off and are having a time Counting their children.

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I thought now I'll sleep but a nice Gentleman came in He speak French he bought 2 nice Honey due mellons for me. I never tasted better. He certainly is a Gentleman. He is streching out on His seat so I'll do the same on mine. How nice to be away from the Turks and their Thousan Children the women black cloths smelt rancy.

Its 6 A.M. I Had a real good rest. I have washed combed and changed my blous. My friend have also washed He has a nice Towel to dry his face and I have only a handkerchief. so I am the best Traveler. Its nice to travel along side the Water I wonder if this is part of the Golden Horn.

CONSTANTINOPLE, PERA
Rue Loli 19, *September* 30

I am in the Resturant and have just had a good feed of patatoes smothered lamb. string beans tomatoes and Orka cooked together I think its lamb, then luttuce cucumber tomatoes salad and Bread. all this less than 50 cents. this is a nice place for Buisness men I am the lone woman. I think they enjoy having me stop in.

October 2, IN ROUTE TO SYRIA

The minute you leave Constantinople the whole world is going to change. We traveled all night through the Desert the moon shine it was nice and cool. Four old Shepards are in my compartment and one Young He sings. they are so kind and gentle To me they look like the Shephards of the Bible times we streched out to sleep and were very close to one another they had their long wool Kimono like coats and staffs. At each little station the Phesant sell mellons Tomatoes red onions and boiled eggs with a little salt in a Paper and dark Bread. Here I get the First sight of Camels the Sun are getting low and they make a beautiful Picture across the Desart.

Now we are traveling through cenery like the great Rocky mountains of Colorado we are at a little Station High on the rim of a mountain with the level Plains away it is really Grand and the Conductor a Fine Young man have just spreaded his beautiful Red rug on the Grown and took off his shoes and are Praying with His Face toward the Setting Sun He is on his nees bowing His Face down to the rug It is beautiful to see and will live in memories I hope for ever.

The Turkish men are ever so Gentleman to the Women Passangers and take most of the Care of the Children, they are very soft speaking People. One ofen get without food. When I was without they gave me another time I had plenty and one had only bread so I gave Him. They had watermelon seeds that had been soaked in salt then roasted they were amused watching me try to eat them. A man riding 1st class had several Hundred dollars stolen But I have left change in my coat and went out and never have it been taken.

HOTEL ADANA

This is like a little Country Cuban Hotel. Just before the train got in a young man about 27 got on I cant believe that he was Turkish He ask another man if I was French and tryed to hold my hand I got angry and Hit Him in the Face and quick as litning He hit me in the Face another Young man grabed Him then he ask him to tell me if I would Please let him kiss my Hand and forgive him he had been drinking. He held his Hand to his heart I never saw such pleading I said I forgive him but to get out of my sight. I was glad I soon got off the train. that was my first fight. and the only ungentleman man I have meet in Turkey sorry it happen as I had been thinking all day if I had to give a prize to the most respectfuly men it would go to the Turks. The other men felt so sad.

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LE CAIRE, EGYPTE, *November* 2, 1928
12 Sharia El Zumenah, 3rd Apt.

On reaching Kantara East where the Ferry cross the Suez Canal to Kantara West for the Cairo Train the Doctor wanted to keep me for a few days in Quarantine because I had been in Syria. But I told them to give me back the money I spent for the Visas I would go back to Palestine as I did not care a thing about seeing Egypte. It was very amusine they said I could go but they would vaccainate me. after the Doctor had all the things ready I said I would not be vaccainated then He put the things away and I went out and had plenty of time to make my train. I got a nice room with a Greek Lady facing the beautiful El Ezoekiyeh Garden. It is good to be in the city again see beautiful trees and not so much dust like Syria and Palestine.
Yesterday I went to Heliopolis. After I had lunched I went to sit in the Park and an Arminin Nurse with a pretty little Girl call to me. She wanted to know if I would go to their house and do some washing and ironing I told her no but she thought I did not understand called to a young man and told him to ask me in French then she knew I understood Her at first. After she had gone I wished I had worked the half day just to see How much they paid and also for the experience Had I meet her before I had lunch I would have gone at once But you could not expect me after a good lunch with Icecream to top. to leave a nice shady Park. and go and do laundry work and it being my first trip to Heliopolis the City of the Sun.

PORT SAID, *March* 6, 1929
Hotel Acropole, Room 19

I spent most of the day trying to find the Steamship companys and the cheapest way to Colombo. I got tird at 7 P.M. and found a large room and a balcon open over a nice flower garden and just a block to the water frount it is very gay with the steamers coming all the time. last night I slept like sleeping beauty. the boy did not clean to suit me so I had a grand time Sunning the mathresses and blankets scrubing the floor and washing the mirrows and draws the boy did not know what to think. most of the People are Greek one Lady speak English and I let Her do that in the Hall or on the stairs as I dont want neither man women nor child in my room when I am in I am always buisy. I have great joy going to the market and have delicious food for less then 40 cents the whole day.
I got a passage on the Orient Line on a lovely boat and they say the 3rd Class are as good as the second on the other lines. I gave my likes and dislikes a Cabin without children and uper berth. and will be ready to fight to get what I want once on boad so no one need piety me.
Well I hate to give up my home the Greek man that have a room next to me say his prayers so lovely every night and morning then he sing. I met an Egyptian that have a lovely shop and gave me a little box of amber past — it is very expensive. He invited me to dinner and he said I will have my cook to cook a nice English chicken and rice and after we will go to a nice apartment of a friend of mine and have an auful good time. I went without eating food all day so to enjoy it. he had it served in his shop with all the little things that go with it, radishes, olives, my heels was just smiling, how I was going to get out of going to the apartment after. That day I went to the church and prayed I wanted protection. while we sit there he say, 'You are not the cold English type,' and I think to myself I'm going to make a grand fool out of you. When the time came to go I said, 'We'd better not go together, you are so well known here. I'll come behind' and he

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said, 'You're quite right. a wise little girl.' so he started ahead through the dark streets and when he came to the place he went up to the apartment and I disappeared I went down to the Y. and left the next day.

MADRAS, INDIA, *April* 29

I had a few hours at Trichinopoly and visited the Hindu Temple then left for Madras at 5 P.M. the Women were a better class most of them were to be on alnight everybody were trying to save a space many qualls took place but not without merriment I had a good snug place so sat back and enjoyed the fun. Once an Indian woman got in and wanted me to get out — she thought I was low cast — I have a red shawl and bare feet looking auful casty — about as low cast as a European can look — plenty of high class Indian women ride in the 3rd they dont want to mix with the Europeans or with classes — then they say to a low cast on a bench you get down there and lay down — when I didnt get down she sat and looked at me with a puzzled face. I dont mind being a high cast but I want to be a low cast too.

One of the most pleasant thing In India is that all but the smallest Stations in the 2nd and 1st Waiting rooms are large bath rooms and a nice loungering room it was great to go in and take a cool bath and change your cloths. the maid told me if I were going to spend only one night to go to the Surpentender of the Station and tell him I am a Stranger and could I stay in the waiting room it wouldn't cost me anything. I thought to wait until the last train arrive and they lock up then He couldnt refuse me I went to the wonderful beach on the Bay of Bengal and got back at 8 P.M. the maid was excited as I was so late the supt. had gone home but I told the assistant if He refused me I was going to the Beach and sleep in one of those large fishing boats and that frighten him so he said I may stay. I locked the door on the inside and washed my cloths they have nice cloths Horse. it was cool and quiet. the Maid had Her sister to Cook my meal and brought it to the Station and I had a real feast. you see very few horses and Bullocks doing the halling in Madras it is done by men great wagon loads drawn by five or six thin but strong coolies. many of the Public buildings look like castals.

The porter told me to wait for an 8.30 Passanger train in the morning it would be cheaper I had more time then Rupees also a cheaper train would be more interesting people. so I waited.

Watson's Annex Room 126
Apollo Bunder, BOMBAY, *June* 14

Yesterday so bright and early. the pleasant Postman with his bright red clothed covered Head knocked at my door at the same time the Broadcasting Station next building to me was sending out some good musice after opening the long envelope It would have put Madame Pavlova to shame with the graceful steps I made about the Room. Altho I asked for it I never expected to get the money from the R.R. co. for the black eye I got in the train reck and they took me at my word and sent just what I asked for. Well I am glad the first letter I written them came back as I forgot to put all the little ups and downs over the letters. in that one I asked for 150 dollars but when I wrote the second one I added another 50 dollars. never have I got something for nothing before and I don't feel I can use it for globetrotten.

I had a grand time intervewing the answers from my Advertisement besides finding the Places which took me in every Corner of the City I would look in the neighborhood to see the rooms for rent just to pass away the time. Think what a turist miss not to do such things. Then some would call

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to see me they would turn out to be a Widower with Children looking for a Housekeeper. but that kind of job I could never take. One Hindu Gentleman came to intervew me He brought an enterpter He had on a nice shirt and several yards of white draped about his loins a black silk coat that came to the knees a black turban nice black low shoes and no stockings when He sat in the Chair in frount of me I was afraid the folds would fall apart but he Keep them in place. that call was worth the price of the add. I sent an Indian Girl to see Him. Some of them have the nerve to ask you to send a Snapshot with the promise of returning it. I was sorry I did not answer one such and send a picture with an Egyptian water jug on my head just for the fun of it. Its always the Husband that write and ask you to call.

June 28, 1929

I had a nurse job with an old Lady that was a little quare. but I gave it up I got tird of getting up at 2 A.M. to write out dying remarks. The husband of the old Lady I was taking care of was so extremly a gentleman. He dressed in white duck suites he would never sit in the company of his wife and myself without his coat. His parents was Scotch but he had never been out of India. She was English and came to India to teach school. She'd say at first, 'the Lord Has sent her to us — Now husband you pray' she say, then we close our eyes and fold our hands and pray. After I guess she thought the devil sent me. She was terrbly gelious thats how we fell out. She would call out from the bed 'Oh, Frank you are not there talking to that young woman I wont stand anything like that' — and she would throw pillers. then I threw pillers and she would say 'Come here, Frank, I'm afraid of her She has a temper,' and he would say, 'Well so have you a temper.' She was very particular had lots of old lace and must have been a very pretty and briliant woman. I have soft print and blue dresses I always keep them fresh. I wear them with a big black belt and she would say 'You keep all pumped up and so nice and I am ill.'

July 21, In route to Calcutta

A Burma Lady said to me at Darjeeling you are just betwixt and between. one minute you have a fine time with the lowest cast next minute with the highest Hindoo. one minute you wear a blue suit next minute a dress of 2 cent a yard crape then a little velvet dress with diamond ear rings how can we tell. one minute you stay in a hotel at $5.00 a day then go to a resturant and have a 5 cent meal.
I expect to go to Rangoon Burma so to see that end of India then I will be in Burma until the next French Steamer leave for Marseilles France.

Madras, *August* 21

My Steamer is due Aug. 23 and Sail the same day. the Messageries Maritime French Mail Steamer Chantilly. I hate to travel the same way over again but the world are not so big. I shall be pleased to be in Port Said and hope to get another bottle of perfum from my Friend that own a shop and gave me such a delcious dinner.

Port Said, *September* 14

I went ashore and in just a few minutes while walking up the main street meet my friend one of the Son of the Amber paste King of Egypte. He gave me such a look. I said quickly 'What happened to you?' But it was a sore question. he wouldnt speak of it. He would not give me another box of amber paste but made me a present to take on the steamer a fine cake of soap and a box of amber cigaretts I was glad of the soap as I had to buy some

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for my face and laundry soap so had only to buy the laundry kind the cigaretts I give to or three sometimes in place of a money tip. We sail about 1 A.M. for Marseilles. I did not want to finish up my around the world trip from India as I wanted to be in Europe for the Passion Play next summer.

BARCELONA, SPAIN, *September* 30

I had a pleasant trip from Marseilles. The living are cheaper here than in France. I expect to take the day trip to Monserrat and when it get cold go to Seville for the Winter, but after looking over this nice little city I felt I would like to stay a while. So I looked up the news Paper Offices and this afternoon will have an add put in.

BARCELONA, SPAIN, *October* 13, 1929
The Instituto

I went to the employment Office and was offered a place in a Home for Feelable minded children. It sounded interesting and new. so I took it. My reference of the Lady I worked for in Cuba sure did come in handy. When the Lady had talked with me at the Instituto I knew the job was mine for as long as I cared to keep it.

It is on a high mountain overlooking the City and far out to sea. At night the City lights and Exposition are wonderful. It is in a Privat Home for about 15 Wealthy Foolish mined children it is runed and own by Young and lovely Dr. Cordoba His young wife they have a baby boy laugh whenever he see me. The pretty Blond sister are the Housekeeper. They have plenty of help for the children.

It is just like a big family and every body are kind to each other. I take care of the sitting hall Chappel and waite on table. they like me because my name are Familer to them. 3 boys and one little Girl are quite ensane and eat in a private dinning room.

The Doctor get home about 10 and they sit down to dinner one very rich boy wait to eat with the Family. first they will have a dish of patatoes and a vegetable like spinnish then fish egg ormelit chicken bread cheese apples and grapes then bouls of sower milk with sugar and then will send word to the cook to make another ormelit. after seeing them eat like they do at 12 at night I have sized them all up to be crazy. why will the Dr. let the rich little boy sit up and go to bed with a stomakfull of all that food. Yet he is the Picture of health.

I dont know what the cook get yet but it is not more than 15 dollars the rest about 10 dollars a month. They ask me why I did not take a place in a wealthy Family I could not tell them I am here just for the interest. I can teach a Spanish maid more in a minute than she can teach me in a week as far as the work goes but she can teach me manners if I would learn it. One of my favorite little boys about 7 He hate to drink out of a cup and He always say give me a drink of water and whisper in your ear, in a glass. he is the pet of the whole bunch and can do the Spanish dance well Sunday they go with their caretakers down to a church.

October 18

I have caused some changes the Family eat early and quicker and I did not like the pot the soup was served out of so a nice new one came today. they are amused at me I get through with my work so quick and it is done so well and sometimes I am in the garden gathern flowers or in the sowing room mending or visiting in the class rooms. They have many old ways of during things the Spaniards are like the Indians their coustoms are to old The laundress get 12 cents an hour and wash sheets in cold water. and all cloths with a brush the piece laid on the seament side of the tub.

When the Children does something

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wrong they are sent up to the dinning room of the 4 ensane children to have a meal. its not the children they mine but eating on a table with out a cloth in white granit plates and drinking from tin cups.
The Doctor is like a Father to each child, that is the beauty of the Doctor. He sits with the craziest child and seem like he would say all of these are my beautiful children.

October 26

One of the boys about 15 a Fatty He felt I was afraid of him and I was He would walk up to me so quick I always felt he would bit me. today when I passed him on the stairs He jumped at me, now I am not afraid any more. the ensane have a lot of sense. I was also afraid of the only Lady in the Instituto she is a Blond and about 40 nice looking she talks to herself very loud. Yesterday she came into the dinning room and saw the Fresh Flowers I was putting in the Vases. I was so afraid I smiled and she came to me and ask where I was from and I said the U.S.A. and she said it over and over in Spanish put her arms around me and Kissed me many times. Now I am not afraid of her any more.

October 30

The first week I could not eat a thing they cook everything even to frying eggs in olive oil it taste so strong now I use more oil than any one else. and the Girls notice the change how full my face is getting I am losseing most of my Egypt and Indian brown I was a dark chocolate when I arrived back in Europe. I have to hide my soap and clean cloths from the Cook the only safe place was in my room under the mattrews. The Doctor is the pick of the whole lot. He always bring in something good to eat and the only words He can say in English is And this is for you. They always give me some.

November 4

I went down yesterday to the employment office and a Lady in there was looking for a girl she said she would like to have me and ask me how many days before my month was up. I told her it was up the next day. I thought it was better to do what Shakspear say never put off for tomorrow what you can do today. I went back and told them I was leaving the next night. everybody were surprised and very much upset. They said I was the best waitress and all the rest could leave but they wanted me to never leave. because I was always smiling. one of the Teachers wanted to come to see me and I told her I never have Lady Friends because I dont like any one in my room. The men friends I entertain on the street or theatre but not in my room. You can work one month and it seem like a 100 years. but when you loafing one year seem like one week.

April 19, 1935
S.S. PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Well Wed April 24 will end my Plannes of 10 years ago and They have been far more beautiful and plesanter than I had any thought of. How well we can carry out our plannes if its just yourself.

May 9, 1935

I just awoke from a nap here on Waikiki Beach its very delightful to watch the rows of surf and the numbous of riders I had a wonderful time the first 5 days I went to a real Hawaiian Picnice before noon we had Hulu dancing by the best singers and dancers then a Hawaiian feed Barbecure pigs steamed sweet potatoes cup cakes and punch. afternoon Baseball then a great time with singing contest we laughed so hard had to stretch out on the grass. I found the room rent and food very high and par bon so went out to get a job although against my will. When I

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went to the American Y.W.C.A. the Lady in charge of the Employment said why did you come here. I advise you to go back as the white People here want only Japanese help Well when I got through talking to her She thought very different as if any nation can keep me from getting a job and the Kind and Place and price. I found a place just beyound Dimond Head as much like Cap d' Antibes if it had been made to order it was the one thing I was more anxious to get so that I wouldn't feel lonely for the beautiful soroundings that I had left in France. I am with an American Lieut. and his wife He is on a Submarine and left yesterday for 3 weeks of war just as though they were out after enimes.

The Lieut. wife are more than glad to have me and many of Her Friends enver Her. This is a perfect job for me as They do not have company more than twice a month and I have an understanding with the Lady when they have more than 4 in She would have some one to do the cooking and she said the important part is that I take care of Them so beautiful and the House.

July 9

This house are one of the 3 that are the highest upon the frount of Dimond Head and for that reason have 5 different Terraces on 3 sides all with a delightful View. I enjoy all the Terraces both by day and night often I sleep part of the night on which ever one that suite my fancy. I have one of the large navy gray blankets in my room and roll up in it with a white pillow under my head. As the tempture changes every minute or 2 cool warm and cold I must through off or pull up the blanket but it is so clean in this country and nothing to crall over you only a little water bug if you are near water.

My bed room are very neatly furnished with a most refreshing view of bright flowers trees of bright flowers and a pipia fruit tree banna tree and another fruit tree that have a fruit that are much liked in Cuba as a drink The Mr. and Mrs. didnt know what it was and let it rot until I came, now they cannot get enough.

I painted the floor a dark green and sometime when I come in from the lawn I forget to remove my Japanese shoes. Every A.M. I go out and gather Hibiscus of several shades for the beautiful house before the Sun get over the creator. the Sun rises over Cocoanut Head mts. and shines right in my window.

Fridays I go to one of the high class Hula Schools to see the studient dance its free and just beyound a large open air pavillion for dancing and that is the only thing I miss from old Antibes for here its only the couples dancing instead of a Family gatheren of Grandma and all dancing. And going from one café to the other meeting friends having a little glass of wine but more to be with friends and have fun dancing. But I have many other thing to take its place the Change of going to Chinese gatherns, Japanese, then Hawaiians and when I feel Spanish There are the Potegeise all ways on Saint Days They have some kind of Fête. This is the most wonderful part of the World and now that I have about finnish my travellers I feel very happy to have choosed this lovely place. I can swim and have the sand and large brown rocks and the long stretch of cocoanuts trees. as I write this my mind travelle to Zeurich Switzerlan Zufolo Iseral Philistine Sweden and Madras, Ceylon and Smiling faces stands out before me.

I say good morning and eat a nice Pineapple the sweetest that grows The Birds are awaken I'll soon have to dress.

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AUTUMN

BY JOE LEE

I

I THINK autumn lived a long time ago. It is homesick for some life that it lived before. The tides fall so low, as though the very soul had fallen out of them; and the water drops over the dam in the creek as though it had ever so far to fall — about three o'clock in the afternoon, which has become a very stale hour. Suds form where the water splashes down, and drift on the surface out of the harbor. They go out to sea, God smooth them. In the late autumn, in the late summer afternoon.

They go drifting out to sea, and get out of notice, and out of record. There the light breeze from the red rocks meets them; fellow sufferers, though one is younger in little quick ripples. Theirs are the red rocks around them, and the trees where they show past, some of them green and some reddish and some with fewer leaves. It is a great release to them, this low falling of the tide in the bay. The bottom is nearer the top, and rocks that have not showed for a long time are out of water. The tide sucks very quietly by them going out. Buoys droop.

Outside, I know not. Whether deep water receives this order of stuff that is coming out, like an adventurer to shore returned, or a son home again, or a private back on the rounds of commonplace duty, I do not know. The sea is blue unless an outside fog gray it. It is blue unless three o'clock or four begin to cover it up.

Autumn was a chieftain. He built a cache up in an old pond, which lets a dribble go out under a footbridge through a cleft in dry sand out onto wet sand and down onto the sea. He had a cache there in the old days. The open harbor around the point was for those who walk in the spring; the bay was for summer. Autumn chose the place up in the backed-up pond, where mortals would not walk because it was too clammy and horrid, and there was a bend of trees, leaving no beach or footing.

Autumn had ships that moved over the sea from far places. They came in from outside. Sometimes gently they took their leave. The ships were waves: they knew their equations.

Now a wave is too much favored to routine. It has never varied its ritual. It has different sizes, various fashions, and many compromises. But it is not receptive to a new idea. Its own is good. Motion out of stillness. There is its creed. There it sticks. Beware.

Waves only forget themselves when crossed by lesser things, the worse the more unexpected. Rocks that come up under them. Beaches that get under their feet and stay there. No wave can stand a beach. It is like a cautious man to an uncautious, and an uncautious man in the nostrils of a

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cautious. They go all to pieces, rolling over and over, clutching their adversary.

II

Autumn sat in its den and watched its waves coming in, laughing a little at them. Waves are so ponderous in mid-ocean, and they are crestfallen so completely at a bit of sloping sand. And here let me say this about waves. Given a tempest, and they are not round things as some landsmen may think to believe. They are Gothic. High, straight sides are niched and recessed, with battlement and pinnacle, and flying buttresses, and spires pointed. So has the wind carved them.

They are stuck all over with smaller waves and fractures and apertures and parapets spindle-shaped. A tempest at sea is a war of castles, an Armageddon of architecture. The schools of the East, with the bulbous Orient, clash off-guard upon the wakeful shafts and cornices of Europe. Such internecine warfare strikes the ocean. It is a riot of walls and towers, and a clinching of schools and tastes of design. Thus gloriously does the wave moving employ bits of water left unmoved, only raised to some glimpse of instant gargoyle and dropped again. Warfare among waves is warfare that is. Waves' facilities see to that.

Now autumn sat in its cove, where the water of the marsh dribbles out, and let the red and brown leaves which were become a bit stiff and prickly scratch its back. It sat in worry and concern for its wave-ships out on the sea. When the wind blew offshore it sent its ships out, thin and light laden. When the wind blew onshore it let them come in big. Would all our receivings were as large, our payments as small.

And — come to think of it — why does not the sea with necessity overcrowd the land? You never see a big wave pick up and leave the beach. You see many from afar come and thump on the beach. Autumn, old rascal, you should have got rich.

Spring and summer do not have much trade because they work inland. Autumn is the merchant among the seasons, tearing leaves off his ledger book, which is bound by trees, as each wave comes and dumps its rich cargo on the beach. The leaf flutters down from the binding very slowly, keeping the count. Ching Lee, trader in old days, and odds and ends — such is autumn.

Sometimes the waves — which I have said are autumn's hulls and argosies — met in mid-seas. A squadron of them assembled where some cyclone held a disarmament conference, commencing in the orthodox manner of increasing everyone's ordnance as a starter. But they got nowhere in their aspirations. For as soon as they were prorogued for northern latitudes and had dispersed a little, he that blew onshore was most turbulent, while the others swore peace among nations; but as soon as the others swung around and became onshore they were just as bad as the first. But they were masters of the ocean, holding only rival waves fit antagonists.

In this manner the elements disposed themselves, and time went its rounds without noticing anything new in ever so long.

Autumn encroached on winter and summer a little; but not much — for he saw no more honor in being anything but himself than man sees in being an angle or a height or the boundary of California or fish for eight or any other interesting quantity or relation. It did not appeal. Had you suggested, he would have laughed. He was content to sit in watch, while his wave-ships at sea tumbled and rumpled one another, just as man is willing to spend his life

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fighting man and confounding his own efforts.

Autumn saw nothing funny in it, and sat there just as though one always sat in a wet pool and scraped his feet on thorns.

He even dispatched cross-winds to meet the incoming waves and 'give them employment,' by way of being both efficient and philanthropic at the same time. He sent stray night airs working in navy yards building what nobody wanted so that all would be rich.

But what a fool autumn was. The waves thought that they would all be sure to have work if they limited their hours of labor and items of production. There were great long calms, where the sun rose way up half into the heavens and saw not a body lifted. Overwork was saved, and undernourishment produced. Life was stale, no end.

And when autumn saw that there was almost nothing living, he got up in anger, and blew his nose: so that early-morning birds were startled, and branches of trees rubbed and creaked together. Even far out in mid-sea no turrets were seen in high-battled pageant. Accordingly, winds were dispatched from the African shore and the shore of Argentine, tooting waves out and bugling and enrolling. Armadas gathered again from the four shores. Moving cities quaked in mid-ocean under artisan-waves wizardry. Action took hold again, spitting and dispensing rain. Armies of seas gunned at each other across storm centres, ejecting wads of clouds. At home the grasses trembled and the drain gurgled audibly coursing through the sand and over backs of shells down to the sea-weedy shore. High clouds hastened in from out-to-sea without telling their business, and others hastened back toward the sea, solid masses sometimes summoned at once and working inseparably. It was a tense moment halfway between earth and sky. Few noticed the sky whiter, even on days called blue.

The equinox gathered and flipped its farthest tail. Upon that, the seas themselves gathered and mounted and bulked and marched swelling toward the shore, in battle array, spears at the sky. They massed, and got bearings, and came carrying the flag before them, with commerce ready soon after to follow. Light winds in their rear ran to and fro carrying messages from wing to wing, and doughnuts — which the sun from a commissary high above the lines fed out in concentric circles. They came as blazoned frigates to conquer idleness. It was a grand array of formality and wave-cities, reared to shade Babel, marching on the land. But what is this? What has happened, before even the outer reefs and the Eastern Heresies are reached? Who has betrayed them?

Note and behold the thermometer has been falling. Where there should be the frothy anger of spray are gems of crystal. The heart of the wave is freezing. The constitution of wave-motion is endangered. Burst, you turreted cities, upon the mainland. You are there. All right. But you are ice. The minaret gleams solid. The flagstaff is a rod of clinking ice. The parapets encase. The sea's seas touch at the ice field's breastworks; but stop, and slink under, creeping a way under the heavy floes, subdued. The blue is white. Wave motion stuck to its ritual and formula, and that formula is transfixed. Its talent it thought to bury; and now that talent is locked fast under lock and key. Winter, never known in the world before, is come.

III

Autumn left. It visits now by courtesy only in season. There are great

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gaps when on no part of the terrestrial globe may autumn be found.

So it is that autumn, when it comes, is homesick for its golden age. It is a season of dear remembrances. Inland it is often abrupt. The leaves go from green to brown, with hardly a stop. The prairie grass transforms. But in its old haunts, in a cove backed off from the sea behind a shoal of sand, it has its own color; green and red and crimson-tint. It has its old sighs, great wind reviving in flushed memory out of north of west. It has its stars; but they cannot be mentioned with no tear shed. It has itself — for just a little time each harvest season.

The last flower pays the tribute of its life to a once master. The leaves dropping one by one count the waves that drop their cargo on the beach, owed in sentiment's debt. Feeling for the low-drawn water, the drain runs out under the foot-plank down the bared beach to the sea. In the important creek beyond the point, the water drops the long descent to the fallen tide, as though its heart had gone. It drops there; and, dropping, churns the water between its feet that forms suds, which drift out the still harbor to the sea, between rows of silent sand beaches and trees. There the scum meets the red rocks and the low ledges, usually submerged, which have not looked up and said 'hello' to one another since the last low prayer meeting a year ago. Beyond that, they move past to the sea, and are lost count of.

Indoors, men noticing the dried leaves scooped against the corners of their dwelling, and hearing the wave's foot on the far shore, sniff the unmistakable memory in the air, and, glancing only casually at the bare branch bowing outside the window against the night sky, swig great gulps of cider, for an old time's sake.

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THE NEW DEAL AND A NEW CONSTITUTION

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

I

THREE years ago the country was promised a new deal. What it seems to be getting is a redistribution of the chips. Most of the administration's solicitude, during the past thirty months, has been bestowed upon plans for taking part of their winnings from those who have won, and sharing them with the losers. Howsoever different they may be in their immediate purpose, nearly all the alphabetical agencies have had the same ultimate end in view, which is to use the power of the Federal Government to dominate the economic life of the nation and thereby compel a redistribution of what its people have accumulated by their thrift and industry. They have been tumbling over one another in their perfervid endeavors to do this. But it cannot be done without changing the rules of the game. The new deal needs a new deck.

Any brain trust worthy of the name ought to have realized at the outset that a nation's social order cannot be radically transformed while leaving its frame and methods of government untouched. America cannot become an economic dictatorship while remaining a political democracy. The experience of Europe has proved that axiom, right up to the hilt, during the past dozen years, for not a single country of the Old Continent has succeeded in revamping its economic system without a general overhauling of its constitutional provisions. Alike in Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland, and Spain, the economic reconstruction has necessitated an overthrow of the established political institutions and the creation of a new governmental mechanism.

In every instance, moreover, it has been found essential to endow the government with prætorian powers in order to gain the end. This is exactly what might have been expected, for economics and politics have everywhere become so closely interwoven that there can be no thoroughgoing reconstruction in one field without alterations of a far-reaching and fundamental character in the other. That is a law of political science, if anything is, and one which even a new commandment from Sinai on the Potomac cannot avail to set aside. A government that expects to reorganize society must begin by reorganizing itself.

Constitutional reform, accordingly, should have had the first, not the last, place on the new-deal agenda. Two years ago it was just as self-evident as it is to-day that the existing constitutional powers of the national government are inadequate to the tasks which it is attempting to perform. That situation should have been frankly faced at the outset. The new deal would be further along if it had not

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started with an attempt to give the Constitution a raw deal.

Nor is it a sufficient answer to say that the emergency would not permit delay until the Constitution could be amended. In March 1933, when the country's morale was at its lowest and Congressional enthusiasm for the new deal at its highest, a proposal to extend the powers of the national government over the entire domain of commerce and industry would almost certainly have received the necessary two-thirds vote in both Houses. Submitted at once to the states, as an essential part of the national recovery programme, it probably would have received the required ratifications within a few months. The amendment that repealed national prohibition went through in considerably less than a single year. No time would have been lost, moreover, for while the power-granting amendment was on its way Congress could have gone ahead with its grist of recovery and reform legislation.

To-day the chances of securing the adoption of any such constitutional amendment have become greatly lessened. The country has had its experience with NRA compliance boards, blue eagles, code authorities, and crack-down functionaries. It has learned that a centralized industrial paternalism does not function with the smoothness or efficiency of an airplane motor. Promise and performance are bound to be miles apart in the administration of an industrialized feudalism, and this is particularly true in the United States, where we have built up no corps of bureaucrats trained for the job. In the hysterical attempt to improvise such a body we have besprinkled the land with a horde of low-voltage busybodies, most of them progeny of the spoils system, whose ineptitude has very largely destroyed the reputation for superior administrative efficiency which the national government formerly possessed in the public imagination.

In the early stages of the new-deal programme, when the Sir Galahads surrounding the throne were denouncing the abuses which had everywhere grown up under state regulation, or the lack of it, they found millions of willing listeners. Portraying intolerable shortcomings in the banking system, the organization of industry, the public utilities, the stock exchanges, and the existing provisions for social security, they said nothing about the even more intolerable weaknesses in the mechanism of government wherewith a reform of all these things was to be undertaken. Yet it is government, first among all activities either private or public, that stands most urgently in need of a thoroughgoing reform. A governmental system which complacently tolerates a long chain of abuses, including pork-barrel appropriations, patronage appointments, filibusters, gag rules, riders, and printing of undelivered speeches, rubber-stamp legislation, and innumerable other abominations of the lawmaking process, is hardly the one to expect from the forty-eight states a vast endowment of additional authority.

It is a fair hazard, therefore, that the people of the United States will not transfer unlimited power over agriculture, industry, labor relations, and the whole domain of economic activity to any national government which is so badly constituted for the exercise of that vast power as our present one is.

II

But a fundamental problem exists and it has not been solved by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Schechter Case. To say that there are certain things which the national gov-

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ernment cannot do constitutionally does not mean that these same things can be done by the various states effectively. As a matter of fact, many of them cannot be done by independent state action in ways in which the national well-being requires them to be done.

One serious defect in the American scheme of government is that it rests upon an assumption which is no longer tenable — namely, that all problems are either state problems or national problems. This was doubtless true in the days when the Constitution was adopted, although under present conditions it is clearly at variance with the facts. Consequently the fathers of the republic provided us with only two alternatives — we can convey a power to the nation by constitutional amendment, or we can leave it to the states under their reserved authority. Both courses of action, in some cases, seem to be equally undesirable.

The first must mean, in the long run, an excessive degree of centralization, with an ultimate accumulation of powers which all history has shown to be dangerous in the extreme. As a long-range proposition it would result in apoplexy at the centre and paralysis at the extremities.

The second alternative implies that forty-eight assorted commonwealths can safely be permitted to go their own way in the uncoördinated handling of economic and social problems which transcend state boundaries in their implications, whatever may be said of them as a matter of geography. The states, for example, have a right to charter and regulate banks within their own areas, but who will deny that a collapse of the state banks in any one commonwealth is likely to have repercussions on the banking systems of neighboring states? The banking debacle of 1933 started with the state banks, and the helplessness of the individual states in meeting a nation-wide crisis was never more conspicuously shown than on that occasion.

Likewise, in dealing with the problem of unemployment relief the impotence of the state governments has been pitiful. And as for a programme of social insurance, they have been, one and all of them, patiently awaiting the national government's leadership. Not only this, but every state in the Union has been coming to Washington as a mendicant during the past two or three years, begging alms from the Federal Treasury and agreeing to all sorts of onerous conditions in return. It is difficult to believe, therefore, that an economic order shorn of its admitted abuses can be established and maintained in the United States by the simple device of letting each state use or misuse its reserved constitutional powers as it may see fit.

People will not starve, or suffer continued injustice, or forever tolerate economic inequities in the name of States' rights. If there is no other alternative they may be driven to accept an enlargement of federal jurisdiction, with all the dangerous concentration of power that it may involve. Of two evils they are likely to choose it as the less.

III

But may there not be a third alternative? It has been suggested that uniform action on matters affecting a number of states might be secured by compacts among them, thus attaining the desired ends without any surrender of state authority. The difficulties in the way of this arrangement, however, are great and obvious, owing to the number of authorities who have to be brought into agreement. Although the Constitution has always permitted interstate compacts, with the consent of Congress, very few of them have

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ever been negotiated, and these have invariably been between two or more states in the same region. In the light of this experience it seems rather futile to hope that uniform action among the states or even among groups of neighboring states can ever be obtained by such a method except in rare instances.

What appears to be needed, therefore, is a group of new political entities standing midway between the nation and the states — in other words, a series of regional governments. One sometimes hears it said that we have too much governmental mechanism in the United States. The real trouble, however, does not arise from the amount of it, but from its bad distribution, or rather from the fact that it has never been redistributed to carry new governmental burdens. A century and a half ago we started out with a national government and thirteen state governments which were adequate for the needs of the day. But during the interval the number of states has nearly quadrupled, the population has increased thirtyfold, the economic activities of the nation have increased in complexity a thousand times over, and the burden of public administration has been enlarged in almost unmeasurable degree. The result has been a spread between the states and the nation far wider than the fathers of the republic could ever have anticipated.

This does not mean, however, that the time has come to consider the advisability of abolishing the existing state governments and replacing them by a series of larger areas. Such a plan has been suggested from several academic sources, but it is wholly outside the realm of possibilities. Traditions count for much in practical politics, and the boundaries of our states have become traditional. To eliminate them would require a more thoroughgoing revolution than there is any likelihood of happening in the United States. Nor would the abolition of the existing state divisions be a wise move even if it were possible. The state governments should be continued, no matter what changes are made in the general distribution of powers, because there will always be work for them to do — for example, the supervision of local government, the maintenance of public education (including the state universities), the conduct of elections, and a variety of other functions for which they are well adapted.

Regional governments should not replace the state governments, therefore, but (if established at all) should be interposed between the states and the nation. New England might well form one of these regions, New York and New Jersey a second, while Pennsylvania, Delaware, and West Virginia would appropriately constitute a third. Other regions might be organized from the South Atlantic States, the Tennessee Valley area, the Middle West, the Northwest, the Southwest, and the Pacific Coast. An effective grouping, from the standpoint of economic integration and cultural unity, would require a good deal of study, and doubtless some compromises would have to be made; but the general idea could be worked into a definite plan if the country really appreciated the need for it.

Certainly it would be easier to group the present forty-eight states into nine or ten regional commonwealths than it was to combine thirteen of them into a single federation one hundred and fifty years ago. The public mind has become somewhat familiarized with the idea of regional divisions through the establishment of Federal Reserve districts and army corps areas.

But the regional commonwealths that are here suggested ought to be a great deal more than areas for the ad-

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ministration of federal authority. Established by an amendment to the national Constitution, they would be given a definite endowment of autonomous power and equipped with both executive and legislative organs of government. The opportunity thus afforded to try out the 'responsible executive' system in a modified form might well be utilized by having the regional executive chosen by the legislature and dependent on it for continuance in office. This legislature should consist of a single small chamber, not exceeding thirty members. These might well be chosen at large from each of the states composing the region, the apportionment being made on a basis of population. Their terms of office should be reasonably long, say six or eight years, with one third or one fourth of the membership renewed biennially. With such a plan of partial renewal at frequent intervals there would be no need to give the executive the power of dissolution such as is possessed (but very rarely exercised) under the orthodox type of parliamentary government.

What powers and functions should these new regional governments be given? Their authority should come from two sources: certain powers now exercised by the national government might be handed down to them and certain powers now possessed by the states handed up. Congress, for example, should be restricted to the control of foreign and interregional commerce, while the states should surrender to the new regional governments jurisdiction over all other commerce, the regulation of industry and labor relations, the supervision of public utilities, and the making of provisions for social security. In the apportionment of authority it might be found that various other Congressional powers could be advantageously devolved — for example, the management of national parks and forests, the construction of regional public works such as the Boulder Dam and the Tennessee Valley project, the reclamation service, and most of the work now performed by the Federal Department of Agriculture. Consider how much simpler the administration of the new social security programme would be if the national government could deal with nine or ten regional governments instead of forty-eight state legislatures.

Objection will be made, of course, that the foregoing paragraphs suggest a plan which would encounter a great many practical difficulties. That is undoubtedly true. Its realization would require a much greater sacrifice of ambition on the part of both national and state governments than either of them has been accustomed to display. No government ever contemplates with equanimity the surrender of even a small portion of its powers.

Nevertheless the issue of practical difficulties is always a relative one. It depends upon the character of the alternatives. And in this instance the alternatives appear to have no advantage on the score of practicality. It may be taken for granted, on the one hand, that the national government will not cease its endeavor to extend federal control over the industrial life of the entire country, and with the steadily growing complexity of the economic mechanism its progress toward this end will inevitably be facilitated. If the Washington authorities cannot secure an overt grant of power by constitutional amendment, they may be driven to pervert the whole scheme of federal taxation into an agency for the adjustment of social relations. On the other hand, if the states stand adamant against any changes whatever in the present allocation of powers, they are likely to lose — slowly, perhaps, but inexorably. That is what they have been doing for a generation or more.

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The vital question, therefore, is whether a third alternative can be suggested, one which will join groups of states together, thus permitting uniform action in regions which have problems of a common character and at the same time providing a buffer of protection against the march of federal centralization.

IV

In connection with the establishment of regional governments, such as is here suggested, an opportunity would be afforded for correcting one of the seriously weak features of the national system — namely, the equal representation of the states in the Senate. The unfairness of this equal representation becomes more conspicuous year by year.

Pennsylvania has more inhabitants than the whole of New England; yet the Keystone State has two Senators, while New England has twelve. The six most populous states in the Union contain nearly 40 per cent of the population; the six least populous states have only 2 per cent; yet each group has the same equal representation. A majority of the Senators come from states which contain less than one fifth of the national population. This is not representative government, and there is every indication that the disparity will become greater, not less.

On the other hand, it seems altogether undesirable to place the Senate on the same basis as the House. To do this would be merely duplicating the representation which the latter already affords. In a country so large and so diversified as the United States, moreover, the national legislature should represent both people and geographical areas, but these areas ought to be large enough to embody unified sectional interests. And to a considerable extent the Senators do, in fact, represent these regional interests, even though they are chosen by individual states. Anyone who follows the votes in the Senate, year in and year out, will have noted the frequency with which members from the same region vote *en bloc* without reference to their party affiliations. At any rate the present suggestion is that the equal representation of the states be replaced by the equal representation of regions, with nine or ten Senators elected at large from each, thus giving a reasonable approach to the population basis without increasing the Senate in size. The wider area of selection would also have its advantages.

It will be suggested, no doubt, that such a change would be impossible because of the constitutional provision to the effect that no state, without its own consent, shall ever be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate. The legal issue here involved is one on which nobody can venture an authoritative opinion because it has never arisen in justiciable form; but students of political science have generally held that an unamendable constitution is a contradiction in terms. In any event, even if the composition of the Senate is irrevocably protected, its powers certainly are not. If the country ever desires to gain the end in a roundabout way it need only put through a constitutional amendment providing that whenever the Senate and House disagree on any measure a joint session shall be held and the deadlock resolved by majority vote. That would bring Congress a good deal closer to a population basis.

V

In the administration of the new deal during the past two years the greatest confusion has resulted from the vast employment of untrained administrators in subordinate positions.

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A huge staff, numbering tens of thousands, has been improvised to take over, in the various alphabetical agencies, duties of a character which require intelligence, sound judgment, and administrative skill. While there have been many professions of nonpartisanship in the selection of these emergency officials, it is plain to the naked eye that large numbers of the appointments, probably most of them, have been dictated by political considerations. The spoils system, in fact, has had a greater renaissance during the past couple of years than at any previous time since the days of Andrew Jackson.

So long as the work of government is concerned with administration of a routine or nontechnical character it is practicable to have this work performed, although with rather indifferent results, by untrained officials who have been short-circuited upon the public payroll by political influence, without much reference to their individual merits. But when a government undertakes to replan, regulate, and control the highly complicated economic mechanism which the American people have built up during the past five decades, it is self-evident that success can only be had by employing personnel of high competence. A planned economy, administered by politicians and their needy friends, is merely another name for administrative chaos saddled upon the economic life of the nation.

If the Federal Government hopes to continue its expansion of authority it must concern itself, promptly and seriously, with the improvement of its administrative service. 'Governments are like clocks,' said William Penn. 'They go from the motion that men give them.' It is a commonplace that laws are no better than the men who administer them, yet no commonplace of statesmanship is more flagrantly disregarded in the United States than this one.

England during the past ten years has been able to enlarge the sphere of government control even more widely than we have done it in this country, but without turmoil or economic confusion, because the British civil service is by general recognition the most competent in the world. A large measure of regimentation over industry has been accomplished in England without any serious upsetting of legitimate business practices, because British administrators have depended for their success upon quiet efficiency rather than upon press agents, ballyhoo, and crack-down interdicts. Administrative incompetence customarily resorts to blatant methods because it has had experience with no other. At a serious crisis in our national life we have found ourselves without the means whereby even the best of emergency laws could be smoothly put into operation.

The most immediate need of the American Federal Government is *not* for additional powers but for a more competent and better-trained administrative personnel, especially in the subordinate ranks of its service. This improvement can only be secured by making the public service a career of such attractiveness and security of tenure that it will draw young men of ability into it and keep them there. It is futile to talk of effective, long-range planning while maintaining in full vigor a spoils system which is the very negation of all that planning implies. It is idle to expect that the economic life of the nation can be guided into proper channels by men whose chief claim to a place in the public service is the fact that they have failed to make headway in private vocations.

No new deal in this or any other country will prove an enduring success until the thousands of subordinate

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public officials to whom its routine work of administration is entrusted are chosen on a merit basis, accorded a reasonable degree of security, and properly trained in the work which they are expected to do.

VI

There is no intent to gloss the immense practical difficulties in the way of constitutional changes along the lines here vaguely outlined. Not in a day or in a generation shall we see the revamping of our political framework or the upbuilding of a professionalized administrative personnel. The national traditions are all set against anything of the sort. That, however, is no reason why the various possibilities should fail to be explored by those who appreciate Macaulay's truism that nations move ahead of their governments. Left to itself, the gap between the two keeps widening until something akin to a revolution is needed to bring the government into line with the national aspirations.

Progress in the application of science to industry will continue to create new problems of socialization even more complicated than those of to-day. If it advances during the next fifty years as it has done during the last, can we reasonably expect that our existing frame and methods of government will be sufficient to the tasks which statesmanship is asked to perform?

Too often, in the past, there has been a disinclination to face such questions until the urgency has become acute. Then emotion usurps the place of reason in framing the decision. Those who envisage a new social order should at least be willing to discuss the adequacy of the tools with which such an order is to be established and maintained.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Reviews

Mr. Simms's heart beat frightfully as he read the reviews. 'A new planet,' said the *Thursday Review*, 'has swum into our ken. Arthur Simms in his recently published book of poems, *Strange Opiates*, has shown himself to be of the stuff that lasts. Not only is there a strangely penetrating quality in his little poems that will wake his readers with a start, for they are indeed strange opiates, but they show also the strength of structure that bespeaks the product of a keen mind. This careful building is concealed under an exterior so delicate that it may pass at first for a spontaneous fabric of the fancy.' Mr. Simms reread some of his poems. They had taken on a new importance. There was, he thought, something eerie and penetrating about them, as the reviews said. He looked back to see whether they had used the word 'eerie' and found they had not.

Mr. Simms had come a long way. But it had not been a hard way, for he had never known he was on it until he arrived. And even now he felt himself tottering in his position as poet, as if it had not been by his own strength that he had attained it. Yet who else wrote the poems? he asked himself. And he answered, No one. It had always been his weakness that he could not feel worthy of praise. But neither could he feel that his betters who praised him could be entirely astray.

It was when he was twelve that Mr. Simms had written his first poem. He had dashed it off without much effort one hot afternoon and brought the result to his mother on a piece of yellow paper. The poor woman read it, astonished.

> Could I but sleep on the springtide hills
> To wake on their sunny slopes,
> Could I but quaff from the fount that fills
> The heart with youthful hopes . . .

The mother put down the paper. 'Did you write that?' she said. 'Yes.' 'Show it to your father,' she said quietly. The father said very little in the boy's presence, but let several of his own friends see the poem. It was smooth in sound, they said, and showed a depth of feeling that, in a child of twelve years, was nothing short of startling. He would go far. The women who saw the poem exclaimed much more than the men and said much less. 'It just came over me,' the boy told them, and, seeing that they liked the idea, he added, 'It hardly seemed as if I wrote it myself. It was a funny feeling; it just came over me.' The women seemed gratified. They had heard of people being possessed.

But, during the long poetic silence that followed, Arthur Simms had every reason to doubt that he had ever been possessed by the muse. Except for two poems which he wrote to commemorate Easter and Epiphany, the silence was absolute. Neither did the first of his college years bring forth anything. He did not care very much. He found versification difficult. Wild horses, he said, could not drag a respectable sonnet out of him, and as for the sestet, the triolet, and the Spenserian, they were to him like the labors of Hercules. But Simms would sometimes scribble on the backs of envelopes during chapel service, and one day did eight lines on God. After the service was over, he showed them idly to his roommate. The young man read them hurriedly, then reread them.

> I went out and out beyond the utmost world and the utmost star,
> Farther than any universe, farther than any sun,
> Out where no unit is, and time is light moving in space;
> And there I became widely aware of God, without personality, without consciousness,
> God that is not life-giving, not motion-giving,
> But is motion, soundless and inconceivable.
> Then, coming back, I heard 'Worship in prayer,'
> And I said, 'God is a parabola, God is a parabola.'

'*Jehu!*' he said. 'Show it to Binney.'

Professor Binney read the poem slowly

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aloud to the two young men, and did not speak again for some time. Then he suddenly passed the paper back to Simms. 'You have done in poetry,' he said, 'what Einstein has done in mathematics.'

'Oh, fish!' said Simms. Then, to give himself time to think, he added, 'The form is poor, I mean; I shall have to work over it.'

When he was alone he read the poem again. It did perhaps infer what Einstein had demonstrated, then drew a conclusion which was not for the scientist to draw. The idea seemed hazy to Simms, but he thought it might be that the poet knew by a peculiar insight what the scientist labored long to prove. This poem, for it now seemed to be a poem, said much which even he himself did not fully understand, but Simms found that he could, nevertheless, have defended every word of it, if he had been put to it. Suddenly he slipped the poem into his notebook. 'I don't know,' he said.

His poem was the beginning of another spurt of activity. He continued to spend the chapel hour writing verses on whatever came into his head, and all of them were printed in the college literary paper. For Simms had found the form in which he could write: the trick was to let the thought determine the form as it went. His instructors, as well as his classmates, held him to be, without question, the outstanding writer of the college. In his careless way, they said, he went nearer the core of things than their like ever could. They did not always understand him fully, but his lines gave them a feeling that under them lay a world of thought which their minds were too blunt-edged to perceive. So most of Simms's classmates, with beautiful unselfishness, admitted they were too slow for him. Simms generously claimed that he himself did not understand more than half he wrote, but no one believed him. 'He's a humble chap,' they said.

Not until Mr. Simms was in his thirtieth year had he collected enough poems to make even a slender book, and, much to his surprise, Smith and Parsons had taken them. His book was reviewed far and wide. It was nothing new to Mr. Simms to be so acclaimed, for college had made much of him. But a college paper, Mr. Simms reflected, was, after all, a ground for easy victories. Now the papers with a national circulation were reviewing his work. 'Mr. Simms will probably not,' said the *New Haven Daily*, 'become comparable to our major poets. His scope is limited, and he is notoriously lazy. But his startling insight and his power of suggestion, that gives the reader at times an excruciating glimpse into the meaning of life, have already placed him among our best minor poets. And for sheer penetration he has perhaps never been surpassed.'

Mr. Simms passed to the *Olliphant Review*. 'I shall quote,' it said, 'a very short poem from Mr. Simms's collection. It is called "In the Boston Athenæum": —

'I sit before a painting by John Singleton Copley;
Out there lie the Granary's dead;
Behind me stand in a row, four green-shaded lamps;
At my right is a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning on a red plush pedestal;
I wish I were dead.

'Here,' the review went on, 'is expressed all the hopelessness of a living mind trying to draw nourishment from a dead past, and failing. It is the spirit seeking for life, but turning inevitably to death. For Mr. Simms does not stop with seeing the human being in relation to his present fellows; he sees him as part of the great nitrogen cycle that is somewhere echoed by a cycle of spirit.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Simms to himself after some time, 'echoed by a cycle of the spirit. Man sees himself in the Granary, and he thinks that, since death is coming to him anyhow, he may as well die and get it over. He will die in flesh. He has already died in spirit. Then the cycle of the spirit precedes that of the flesh. The review said the other way round.' Well, he would not split hairs. Mr. Simms was tired and went to bed.

Now the poet, in the very height of his fame, had begun to distrust himself. He read the encomium in the reviews and was torn between exhilaration and sadness. For when he wrote a poem it never seemed to him that it was coming from the depths of him, nor that he had even for a moment communed with the universe, but when the reviews said that 'In the Boston Athenæum' plunged carelessly into the secret of God, Mr. Simms kindled to the idea. The reviewers were wiser men than he, and who

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was he, anyhow, to have so much to say? But he lay in bed that night, and the more tired he became the more alert he became, and the more alert he became the brighter shone the figure of Truth before him. Yet he at last dozed. And when he was lying between waking and sleep, long, well-constructed sentences began to say themselves over in his mind. This had happened many times before, and he had ignored them and gone to sleep, but he now leapt out of bed and, putting on a light, wrote down the only one he remembered: —

'From side to side Uncle Henry ran among the chocolates with a persevering attachment.' Mr. Simms laughed as though he were nervous. This sentence seemed to him to be as utterly devoid of sense as anything he had ever heard. He was now too excited to go to sleep, and sat up expanding his sentence to a poem that could be included in the second edition of his book. It went like this: —

From side to side Uncle Henry ran among the chocolates with a persevering attachment.
From side to side he ran;
From side to side.

He went on and made quite a point of the phrase 'from side to side,' letting that be the theme, and echoing it constantly with 'a persevering attachment.'

Mr. Simms went about in a constant state of excitement until his second edition, containing several new poems, was off the press. He was going to get to rock bottom, and know whether men were a bunch of fools or not; and he was terrified. As soon as the book was out, he bought the *Thursday Review of Literature*, and turned to the comment on his own book. 'The second edition of Mr. Simms's book, *Strange Opiates*,' it said, 'contains several new poems. The most remarkable of them is the poem entitled "Uncle Henry." Mr. Simms is at the point in his development where he utterly abandons beautiful form and concentrates upon idea stripped of all decoration. I quote the first line from "Uncle Henry": —

'From side to side Uncle Henry ran among the chocolates with a persevering attachment.

'This at first baffles the intelligence, but Mr. Simms makes himself clear to the thoughtful. Uncle Henry is bewildered Man running blindly from side to side between the fine and the mean in life. But he is always dogged by his spirit that confuses him. It is not part of him, but an attachment. And here we find the very heart of Mr. Simms's philosophy. The flesh and the spirit of man are both riders. There is an "I" outside of them both, and it is bewildered and pulled about, and it runs from side to side. We cannot but feel that we are in the presence of the keenest cynicism and truth.' Mr. Simms turned to the *Olliphant Review*. It also quoted the new poem. 'Mr. Simms,' it began, 'has either said practically nothing, or he has said a great deal. He has shown us Man, pathetic and silly among the hopeless worlds, his mind running from side to side among them. He has here reached the cracking point. Art cannot be whittled down to this thinness and long remain art. But no one will deny that the poet has again cut deep.'

Mr. Simms laid down the papers and rubbed his hands, which had grown cold. His heart was thumping. 'Man,' he said, 'pathetic and silly among the hopeless worlds. I have cut deep. Cut deep.' His throat felt tight when he thought of it.

Madame Chose

Madame Chose had expected much from a neighbor who put Coin de Provence on his gatepost, since she was also from the South of France; and she had imagined that they two, being exiles on the Tunisian seaboard, would be drawn together in a world largely occupied by Arabs, Jews, Maltese, and Italians. But as day followed day, and Monsieur Pilot evinced no interest in anything except his carrier pigeons, the widow's disappointment turned to resentment.

'Finally, I detest men of a certain age who have been badly brought up,' she declared to her intimates in the ancient city of Carthage. She also speculated somewhat sourly on the type of woman that the late Madame Pilot could have been, that her husband could not even exchange amiable small talk over the fence.

Every evening you might see Monsieur Pilot staring into the sky for his birds from the end of his garden, while the red of his

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cigarette crept up and burnt his fingers. At that time Madame Chose, golden hair carefully arranged so that the natural color did not show at the partings, sat on her verandah with Flora, her cat, on her lap. She was careful not to look in Monsieur Pilot's direction.

It was the sad end of the pigeon Champion de Ciel that first brought the neighbors into active hostilities. One morning Monsieur Pilot found a handful of feathers where he expected to be greeted by his favorite bird. He immediately looked over the wall, and, as luck would have it, Flora was sitting on the back step of the next villa, licking her paws. Monsieur Pilot said something sharp to Madame's *bonne*, who happened to be out in the garden. The woman shrugged. The gentleman clicked his tongue, recollected himself, and turned on his heel.

Madame Chose, who had not lost a word or gesture of this from her position behind the persiennes of the dining room, was furious. What made her angrier still was that her neighbor made no further accusation, which would have enabled her to relieve herself of a sufficiently cutting reply.

It was unfortunate that a couple of days after this Flora should become violently indisposed. Madame Blatte administered brandy, yolk of egg, and a stomach tonic. Flora continued to lie on her side twitching, responding nothing to the agonized blandishments of her mistress.

'He has done this,' the bonne insinuated, pointing a shoulder in the direction of the Coin de Provence. 'Has he not, last week, called the poor beast a dirty murderer?'

Madame Chose rose at once, and — stopping only to arrange her curls, to add some more make-up to her complexion, and to change her dress — she hastened into the street and rang her enemy's bell.

Monsieur Pilot was examining the cages of his dovecot when the lady was announced.

'Ah, Madame Chose,' he said, holding out his hand, 'we are neighbors, I believe.'

'Yes, we are neighbors,' she replied in accents furibund, 'but it is not for that that I am come. Monsieur, I have reason to believe that you have poisoned my cat.'

The gentleman stiffened. 'Madame,' he said, 'I know nothing of the poisoning of your cat. Receive, I beg of you, my sincere regrets that this unfortunate occurrence has arrived, and be assured that I had no hand in it.'

'Monsieur!' replied the lady, twice her size with rage. 'Allow me to state that I do not believe one word of this disavowal. I myself have heard you uttering menaces against the unhappy animal.'

'Something might have escaped my tongue in the heat of the moment,' admitted Monsieur Pilot with a bow; 'but believe me, madame, vengeance is no part of my character.'

Before Madame Chose could reply the voice of the bonne from the next villa could be heard announcing that Flora had successfully ridded herself of whatever had been discommoding her, and Madame departed without further words. As early as that afternoon the cat, somewhat pale and hollow-eyed, could be seen sunning itself on the verandah, but Madame Chose uttered no apology.

So things went on until, one fine morning at the end of April, the cold weather being definitely past, Madame Chose set herself to superintend the rites of spring cleaning. She could not help casting a curious eye next door, where her neighbor's winter clothes hung sunning on the flat roof. They were not pegged on as tightly as they should have been, and as the brisk wind flapped them to and fro they gradually worked themselves loose. At the end of the wire a pair of plus-fours of black and white check dangled by a pinch of stuff. Madame watched them, fascinated. Decidedly, they were handsome; and without doubt they would be blown away! The widow was not yet made up for the day. She wore her hair in the curlers which gave it its ravishing wave in the afternoon, and, because of the work, she had put on an old overall of faded chintz.

'It is not my affair,' she repeated to herself, and tried to pay no attention; but time after time she was drawn back to see if the garment was still there. At the moment when, with a great flap, the plus-fours finally left the clothesline and sailed over the parapet into the street, Bomboloni the peddler was waddling by, an apron tied incongruously over his black frock coat by way of advertisement, while he called out,

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'*Jolis tabliers! Six francs! Jolis tabliers!*'

The plus-fours descended and entangled him. When he had picked himself up and disengaged himself, Bomboloni looked cautiously round. No one was in sight. Rapidly he rolled the pantaloons into his pack and waddled off.

Madame's feelings may be imagined. She could not allow a fellow countryman to be robbed, and of such a handsome article of apparel — and by a foreigner, too! On the other hand, could she befriend the enemy? Finally, could she sacrifice herself, with her hair curlers, her overall, her lack of make-up, to the light of the morning? The bonne had gone to market. As Bomboloni approached the end of the street the widow's better feelings triumphed, and she rushed out after him. . . .

'The fidelity of the pigeon is proverbial,' Monsieur Pilot said tenderly when, some time afterward, he and Madame Chose were planning details of the amalgamation of the two ménages. 'The two dove spouses have one thought, and one only: the nest. But,' he added astutely, 'one spends much money on the sport of pigeon racing. Furthermore, as thou hast remarked, it would be profitable to rent my villa after our marriage, and live in thine, which is not adapted for the keeping of pigeons.' He caressed, as he spoke, the restored Flora, who sat upon his lap and purred.

'*Mais alors, mon cher*,' said Madame Chose coyly, 'birds, they are pretty little beasts. One would not desire to give them up entirely. There are birds which one could keep always in a cage, out of reach of cats, who are, after all, their natural enemies. What thinkest thou of love birds, for example?'

Totterdown Fields

One cannot see them now, although they are still there underneath. They are all hidden by rows of little houses, like rows of little soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder, the chimney pots their rifles, little houses put up in recent years by a benevolent London County Council for the people of the slums, so that, instead of looking at nothing but bricks and mortar and smelling nothing but the steam of trains and the beer from the neighboring public houses, they can see the sky and the trees and the flowers, smell fresh air, and substitute the ups and downs of Totterdown Fields for the drab monotony of the even roadways.

But in my childhood Totterdown Fields were our delight, our playground, filled with buttercups in the spring, and then dandelions and daisies in their season. The hedges were luscious with blackberries, and in each one of the fields a bland cow seemingly chewed the cud at any time one happened to pass that way.

We always took the road up the hill from home, then another one to the left at right angles, and walked some distance until suddenly there burst upon us the grand broad view of the fields leading down the valley and finally to the village street. We had to walk outside of the fields until we got to the stile through which we made our way to the footpath, and whether the sun was shining fully on the wild flowers or a moon was watching their pale movement the whole vista was haunting and sweet. There was actually nothing very eventful in 'going down the fields,' for there was nothing to see but the buttercups and the wild roses in the hedges and the lilac in their seasons, though over at one corner, next to the farm where the cows lived, there was a small pond, very green, where frogs disported. Sometimes we would take a stick and stir up the water, and worry the frogs a bit, but it never occurred to us to do more than that. We hardly ever paddled in the dirty water, we never interfered with the cows, and we never snatched down the lilacs or wild roses. Our generation of children never thought of it!

It was last summer, after an absence of many years, that I stood again at the top of the hill and stared down at the rows of little houses, so prim, so tidy, the little gardens aglow with gay flowers, slender trees along the roadsides each surrounded with its wooden corset, while every house looked a cosy home with its dainty curtains and its little square lantern over the front door with an electric bulb inside — the whole place a miracle of municipal housekeeping, a model village indeed.

Even the children looked spick-and-span with their smooth heads and their clean frocks and suits, as they went efficiently

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either up or down the hill toward the school building near the centre. Mothers stood at garden gates and watched them go, while the school bell tolled its increasingly impatient tempo as nine o'clock drew near. As the last child ran the last few yards the school bell ceased to ring and the old church clock, close by, solemnly struck the hour.

It was a scene to make glad the heart of the socially-minded citizen. Here was a dream of slum clearance translated into fact. Here was progress, here was perfection in little things, beauty for the little man, opportunity for the underprivileged, contentment, health. I knew that I ought to have been proud and happy as I looked at the change; that I should have gloried in this exhibition of growing civilization and should have compared the happy contented faces here with the discontented unhealthy faces of the meaner London slums.

But why must progress kill? Why can't I have my fields and the little people their model village as well? I don't want to be selfish, but I have come a long way to see my fields, so will not some fairy kindly charm away for me all the little houses, the children, the schoolhouse, the gardens, the chimney pots, everything, and raise the fields from underneath the little houses so that, even if only for a moment, I may see them again? I want to stand there once more and look at them, sloping so broadly, and so generously, and so gradually down, the hedges alive with birds and buds, the cows standing contentedly by, and the little lane at the bottom leading to the village street with its hedges arching overhead. I want to hear the church clock strike again, anxiously counting the strokes as I used to do to know how much more time was mine for lingering. I don't want to see the skirt of a single child vanish through a schoolhouse door, nor have even the smoke from one little chimney cloud the upward way of one skylark. I want to go back.

But the fairies are gone too, and the little houses are so solid, the careful streets leading down to the progressive town below are so established, the schoolhouse is so final, and new citizens are growing up in this new village — and I don't know how to turn the clock back.

But one day I shall! That will be when I am dying, when memory will rush back in ecstasy to the childhood days. Then I shall shut the door behind me, take again the road up the hill, panting as I go, hurry along the road at the top, until finally there will burst upon my hungry eyes the old grand sweep of the fields. It will be springtime, I hope, with the gladness of growing things and a chatter of birds. I shall squeeze myself through the stile — it was always a tight fit — and begin to go slowly down. The buttercups will laugh at me, the dew will soothe my tired feet, the church clock will toll the hour, and I shall know that I am home.

Ready-Sliced Bread

Before the comfortable relaxation of middle age came to ease the tension of the moral armor I used to keep tightly buckled on, it always produced in me a sense of guilt to hear virtuous housewives say that their work was finished by ten in the morning.

Too well I knew that bits of my own straggled on and, with luck, were done by 10 P.M. Each new day found me all set miraculously to turn into one of those orderly women who waste no precious moments over the breakfast table, but earn a later leisure by marvels of well-planned work. Now I know — and the acknowledgment is the most infallible sign of the passing of youth — that I shall never be that kind of woman.

More reprehensible still, I know that I do not want to be. Midday leisure, won by a frantic exit from the breakfast table, would not compensate me for the nefarious loafing over a second cup of coffee and the newspaper. Nor for that glorious 'alone at last' feeling that can be had at no other time of day. Even after the paper has been exhausted I sit shamelessly on, enjoying my inconsequential, but uninterrupted, thoughts.

These idle musings seldom result in anything concrete, but this morning I was enchanted to find that one of my daily grouches had its roots in something deeper than a personal and material irritation. The general implication of the matter stood out for the first time. For an endless series of mornings I had been excavating the bread that 'human hands had never

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touched' from its adhesive and sanitary wrappings to find huge, ready-cut wedges in place of the uncut loaf I had expressly ordered. The doors of my electric toaster fell open over the massive slices; the faces of my family fell when they saw them. When I bit into my soggy piece I tried hard not to think of the cosy references in some of my favorite novels to crisp, wafer-thin buttered toast. It was no use — the grocer was incorrigible. Of course he had to unload on me, who did not want it, because of the large stock he carried for the ninety and nine others who did.

After the breadwinners — *un*sliced is what they're after — had left, I sat on trying to argue myself out of my annoyance by thinking that, no matter how thick they slice it, it is still bread, and I don't yet have to stand in line to get it. Then suddenly I realized that it was not just an unpalatable hunk of toast that was weighing on my spirit — and stomach. It was the tendency that lay behind this labor-saving mania and the depths to which it might ultimately take us. The dietetic dilemma alone is appalling. The old 'groaning board' has been abandoned. It was too well named. But won't there be groaning spirits and an utter lack of festivity at the meal resulting from the marketing of a woman who stood beside me in a chain store yesterday? She bought her meat in a can and her soup, biscuits, cereals, and dessert all prepared, except for turning on the faucet and lighting the gas oven. A feeling of nausea seized me. Calories there might be, but certainly no charm.

I have no quarrel with the woman who must buy everything ready prepared because her job of providing it leaves her no margin of time or strength. But so many of the buyers of ready-to-eat foods have no valid reason. It all boils down to a dislike of effort, and the energy they save goes into exactly nothing at all. More time to play bad contract and see worse movies. The very thing that makes them evade a reasonable amount of work and thought is what makes them satisfied to play a mediocre game and choose the poorer movies. When we get flabby from letting someone else do everything for us our mental muscles will be involved too.

Someone will rise to defend the prepared foods as an economy. They can't be. Work is always paid for. In order to finish *Lamb in His Bosom* I stole all of one blissful day, in which everything went straight from the package to the table. It was worth it, — for one day and such a book, — but the results to the housekeeping budget were unfortunate and the patient tolerance of the family could not be faced every day. Also my New England ancestors exacted their usual toll in a feeling of wickedness that I had expended no effort on my bounden duties. I have put those ancestors far enough in the background of my mind so that I do not feel more virtuous for having engaged in unnecessary toil. I shall not spend hours in concocting the tricky foods the women's magazines and the radio domestic experts suggest, but I know that living out of cans and packages will undo something in me and in my home.

Food is only one of a thousand things handed to us in a shape that precludes the need of thought, work, or ingenuity. We get our opinions ready-made, our music, our amusements. We are even saved the trouble of reading. Does not the Reverend Mr. So-and-So review books for us every week over the radio, and is n't it just as easy to discuss the book after hearing his condensed version of it? As for comparing the editorials of different papers or articles in various magazines and forming one's own conclusions on public questions, is n't it much better to get the whole mass digested for us in that weekly lecture at the club? Why bother to keep up one's scales when some of the best concert pianists may be heard on the air so often? The whole thing is trying to obviate the necessity for that slow process of education which should, and occasionally does, result in learning to think.

I am coming to fear this modern trend that is bringing us gifts of predigested food and thought, and to find the persons who follow it exceptionally dull. There is an objectionable goose-step in their mental gaits. We try to pep up life with this and that artificial stimulant, but I strongly suspect that the flavor would still be there if we put more of ourselves into it — worked out our own philosophy of both labor and pleasure and were not forever in the attitude of dropping a penny into the slot.

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The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
PAPER INDUSTRY

Each of the papers published in the series by Arthur Pound represents one chapter from the author's forthcoming book—INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT. Of particular significance to ATLANTIC readers is the fact that, in preparing these articles and presenting them as advertising, Mr. Pound has been given every assistance by the staffs of these corporations in collecting his materials and in verifying his facts. His series of interpretations therefore have the distinction of being in every instance authenticated at the original source.

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MERCHANDISING LABORATORY CONTROL

National Dairy's Sealtest Symbol, and What It Means to Dairy Farmers and the Public

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

WHETHER it be the cold gray dawn or a bright sunrise, both arrive with the milk bottle. The quality of the milk in this bottle, and its presence on one's doorstep, are usually taken for granted, yet milk is one of the most delicately balanced of nature's gifts and getting pure milk from farms to city users is the biggest and most important service task performed daily by any industry.

The scale of the dairy industry is colossal. There are 25,000,000 milch cows on about 4,600,000 American farms which produce roughly 100 billion pounds of milk a year. This immense flow, less that used on farms, supplies thousands of pasteurizing and bottling plants, cheese factories, evaporating, condensing, and powdering plants, ice-cream plants, and butter factories. Production and distribution of milk and dairy products form the largest industry in the country, and dairying is far and away our largest agricultural enterprise.

Three fourths of all American farms produce milk. Take the owners and workers on these 4,600,000 farms as the base of the milk trade, add to them all persons engaged in processing and delivering milk, and you have one of the largest industrial blocs in the nation whose economic welfare is dependent upon any single commodity. To mere size is added immense social significance because of the direct relation of pure milk products to public health and the root nature of agriculture as a source of social stability.

What, then, is the present state of the dairy industry? As far back as the records run, cow numbers rise and fall in a cycle of fifteen years. Starting from a low point, the milk flow from the farms will reach its crest about seven and a half years later and then decline for an equal period. An industry of continental extent, loosely organized, manned by millions of independent operators dependent upon the slow turning of the seasons and the growth of animals, reproduces this cycle over and over; it is an economic law of nature. Consequently, when an industrial depression with reduced buying power coincides with the upward swing of the milk cycle, the results are bound to be unfavorable to American farmers.

This was the case in 1929. Only a little earlier a serious milk shortage appeared, as high consumer buying power coincided with a cyclical 'low.' The farm price of milk soared. Statisticians advised extreme measures for milk conservation; producers were ex-

*Eleventh in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

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horted to increase production. That seller's market started dairy farmers on an expansion programme, so that, with the decline in consumption after 1930, surplus milk crowded the market from 1930 to 1934, breaking prices and burdening dairy-farm economy.

In most businesses a steady run of losses would result in prompt curtailment of production. But in dairying or any other form of agriculture, curtailment is difficult. The herd must be kept going because it is the source of ready money, even though the long series of transactions involved in securing the weekly or monthly milk checks might net the producer little or no return at all for his time. In the lowest trough of the depression, milk ran into politics. State and federal governments attempted to rescue the dairy farmers with emergency legislation by establishing minimum farm prices for milk in various markets throughout the country. In some areas this legislation fixed both the consumer and the farm price for milk, whereupon 'bootleg' milk promptly made headlines.

So vast is the dairying area, and so many are the producers, that the difficulties of any system of government control are obvious. A permanent 'milk bureaucracy' could not be other than ineffective in results and burdensome to the public. The Supreme Court in the Nebbia Case upheld the jurisdiction of the New York Milk Control Board over intrastate prices; but the court followed with a decision denying the board's power to shut out of the state milk purchased beyond its borders at prices lower than those prescribed by the board. This throws the dairy industry back to the fundamental that it can protect itself only through better internal organization and closer coöperation. State government can assist it to a degree, but cannot guarantee the dairy farmer a new automobile every year. A New York dairy farmer is still at the mercy of the distressed marginal producer in another state within economic range of his chief market. Indeed, Governor Lehman of New York recently stated: —

> Government for the long pull can only help and direct; it can never take the place of individual initiative nor reverse sound economic laws. It should be the policy of the state to withdraw from emergency regulation and control as soon as emergencies have passed and to foster and stimulate voluntary action on the part of farmers, dealers, and consumers to solve these problems for themselves without state intervention.

The real problem, therefore, is to bring organization among producers to a point where, through collective bargaining power, they will stand together in defense of fair prices. Indeed, one of the basic purposes in the formation of National Dairy Products Corporation, the largest dairy company in the world, was to assure milk producers a continuous market for their milk at the highest possible price. Thomas H. McInnerney, President of National Dairy, speaking before the National Coöperative Milk Producers Federation in Des Moines, Iowa, stated in 1930: —

> Collective bargaining in the sale of raw material is sound and is always welcomed by fair-minded private business. Coöperative bargaining associations of farmers should be sustained.

Dairy farmers are now aware that, even at the lowest point, milk paid better returns than other farm products. The cow accounted for 15.6 per cent of total farm income in 1926; raised this to 19.5 per cent in 1929; further increased milk's leadership as a source of farm income to 23.7 per cent in 1932 (the very bottom of the agricultural depression), and even to-day, despite the substantial increase in all farm income generally, still contributed 19.4 per cent of the total amount of farm income in 1934.

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Unique among industries in several respects, dairying reverses the usual rule that the big buyer gets lowest prices. In milk the exact reverse is true. The big buyer, requiring a large and regular flow to keep huge plants and distributing systems in operation, must pay highest going price to be sure of enough milk for emergencies and also for regular day-to-day variations in demand. Price advantage rests with the small buyer who can gamble on picking up whatever surplus milk is left after regular daily demand has been met. This differential can be and is overcome, in the case of large companies, by lower unit cost of operation, due to larger volume. It follows that the best interests of the large dairy companies and the best interests of dairy farmers coincide on this fundamental of steady supply at prices adequate to maintain dairy agriculture on a high plane.

II

We have seen in a previous article how a great milling company campaigns to increase the use of wheat, conducting merchandising and advertising drives and prosecuting scientific researches in order to increase the use of wheat products, fighting a battle for wheat growers which they are totally unable to fight for themselves, though the latter are sadly in need of increased markets for their dependable and socially necessary wares. In the dairy industry this same struggle is being waged by the large distributors with equal forethought and under conditions of even greater urgency. For milk is a highly perishable product, susceptible to contamination at all times. Milk comes to market day by day, almost hour by hour. A temporary halt in this system of supply and distribution would imperil thousands of infant lives, throw housekeeping into disorder, and unsettle the finances of millions of farmers dependent upon regular receipt of milk checks.

Under daily and hourly pressure so intense, it is beyond the power of small dealers and operators to perform more than routine merchandising functions. Upon the larger factors in the trade devolve the responsibilities of increasing milk consumption by developing new milk products and sharpening public appetite for existing products. Although the dairy industry of America leads the world in all respects, — quality and quantity of output, speed and dependability of delivery, diversity of products, and thoroughness of management, — nevertheless per capita milk consumption remains at only half the figure considered necessary to the highest level of public health. The average consumption of fluid milk, in cooking and as a beverage, is less than a pint per person per day. Nutrition scientists would double this figure. When and as their resources permit, public agencies do what they can to promote the use of milk, but consistent work in developing milk markets can be looked for only from the larger dairy distributors.

Let us see what the largest of the milk companies, National Dairy Products Corporation, has done and is doing to increase milk consumption. Concentration of capital has not gone very far in the milk trade. National Dairy handles less than 9 per cent of the total milk production of the country. There is no monopoly in milk; far from it. As in the building trade, there is not yet any single factor in the milk industry large enough to do quite all the things required for the best interests of both consumer and producer. Still, National Dairy performs services of which both the primary producers and the ultimate consumers of milk remain unaware.

On the market side, milk may be divided into two classes — fluid milk

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and manufacturing milk. Fluid milk — about 40 per cent of all milk sold off the farm — is the urban public's idea of milk, the milk that is brought to your doorstep in a bottle while you sleep. If fluid milk were all the milk there was, milk economics would be simple, since fluid milk commands the higher price all the way from farm to table. This is partly because it is generally sold in a restricted area, protected by local health regulations, which include inspection of farm conditions, and partly because of the expense and difficulty of transportation. If it were possible at all times for dairy farmers to receive as high a price for all their milk as they do for the part of their milk you buy in a bottle, dairying would become an agricultural gold mine.

Fluid milk enters the distributory system at a near-by rural station. There it is weighed and tested for butter fat, the constituent which gives richness. It is cooled for shipment either in 40-quart cans or in tank trucks of stainless steel or glass, the latter large thermos bottles on wheels. Arriving at the city milk plant, the milk is checked and all handling processes are inspected both by Department of Health representatives and by the company's own technicians. Laboratory tests go on continuously.

The heart of the city plant's processing is pasteurization, which kills harmful bacteria and is applied to more than 95 per cent of all city-consumed milk. Pasteurizing consists of heating milk to 143 degrees Fahrenheit for a brief period, followed by rapid cooling, and has been found so efficacious from the medical standpoint that it is favored by almost all municipal health departments.

In its progress through the plant, no human hand touches either the milk or the interior of a bottle, and exquisite care is both the rule and the practice. Dairy machinery in the better-managed plants fairly gleams with cleanliness, and research scientists search continually for ideal alloys and cleansing compounds. Housekeeping here has at its disposal all the aids that modern science can muster, for milk is crotchety stuff, easily acquiring undesirable tastes and odors and absorbing metal particles when certain conditions favor electrolysis. Through a long series of rigid tests prosecuted by National Dairy scientists in collaboration with other experts, it has been found that aluminum is superior for some uses, stainless steel for others, and chromium-nickel-iron for still others. The results of this investigation, placed at the disposal of the entire industry although financed only by its leaders, tabulate the best metal available for every piece of processing equipment used in a modern dairy. This is only one of a dozen major researches pushed by National Dairy Products along the line of advanced housekeeping, others being aimed at selection of glass for bottle manufacturers, galvanic corrosion, and so forth. The drive for cleanliness goes on unceasingly from dairy barn to final delivery; and the standard of sanitation is of the laboratory rather than the mere eye-and-nose test of common observation.

The economic significance of this 'hospital' care in handling is graphically portrayed in a study made for the New York State Milk Control Board by Dr. Leland Spencer of Cornell University, concerning costs and profits in milk distribution. Concisely, his findings were as follows: —

AVERAGE COSTS AND PROFITS PER QUART
19 NEW YORK CITY MILK DISTRIBUTORS
AUGUST 1933

Selling Price *	$.08651
Product Cost	.04440
Gross Spread	.04211

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Operating Costs:	
Country Plants	.00469
Transportation	.00602
City Pasteurizing Plants	.00428
Containers	.00178
Delivery and Selling	.02344
General and Administrative	.00186
Total Operating Costs	.04207
Net Operating Profit	.00004
Net Other Income	.00003
Net Profit after Taxes	$.00007

* This is the average price these companies received per quart for all their milk sold retail and wholesale, or in the form of cream, butter, cheese, etc.

Not many persons would believe that a milk company in any city would have to sell 143 quarts of milk to make one cent, or that a quart of milk could be delivered for less than the United States Government charges for delivering mail of less weight and bulk.

III

So much for the river of milk which flows to your door. An even larger river rising at the same source flows into factories to emerge as butter, cheese, and other types of milk products. Some dairy farmers have no fluid market, producing only for manufacturing purposes. In this broad competition the determining price factor is cost of production in the most favored area, Wisconsin and southern Minnesota, because milk products can be shipped from one end of the country to another. Butter alone uses about half of all milk sold commercially off the farm. Therefore the farm price for this 'surplus' of manufacturing milk is primarily determined by the selling price of butter. The law of supply and demand fixes this price in a national market. If butter sells at retail for 35 cents a pound, it is obvious that the price the farmer can receive for the 10½ quarts of milk required to make one pound of butter cannot exceed three cents a quart, even were there no churning and marketing costs. For milk sold in a bottle, however, the farmer receives roughly twice as much as he does for milk sold as butter. Only by means of this price differential is it possible to use all farm milk and prepare it for consumption at prices which consumers can pay. With this situation governing, farmers who produce primarily for fluid consumption must sell their surplus milk at a price in relation to the going price on butter.

Major outlets for manufacturing milk are butter, cheese, and ice cream. Butter making and cheese making are among the most ancient of household arts, while ice-cream making is so new that the ice-cream soda received its first large-scale introduction to the public at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Since the beginning of the present century all three have advanced to new standards and greater volume as the result of factory production, scientific quality control, and effective merchandising.

Fifty years ago, for instance, it was still difficult to get good butter unless one had direct contact with an exceptionally cleanly farm. Production went on entirely unsupervised and in many cases without even a faint regard for sanitary precautions. Lack of refrigeration made for early spoilage. Needless to say, quality has been so improved that butter no longer worries housewives.

National Dairy is well represented in the butter industry and is the largest single manufacturer of ice cream. One of the Breyer ice-cream plants is the largest in the world. National Dairy has pioneered with its ice-cream divisions in quality control, and aided materially in solving distributing and merchandising problems. Ice cream, cheese, butter, and miscellaneous by-product sales represent more than half of National Dairy's sales dollar.

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In the important cheese trade, which markets more than 500,000,000 pounds and is steadily growing, National Dairy also has most distinguished representation: Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation. Kraft is the leader, not only in the manufacture and distribution of domestic cheese, but also in the importation of foreign cheeses into the United States. Kraft manufactures in thirty-eight states of the Union and in five foreign countries. It markets approximately one hundred varieties of packaged cheese and closely allied cheese foods belonging to fifteen distinctive cheese families, eight varieties of mayonnaise and other salad spreads and dressings, in addition to malted milk and several whey by-products under trade names. By pioneering colorfully in packaging and advertising, Kraft has been the energizer of the whole cheese trade, rousing housewives' interest in cheese and lifting per capita cheese consumption by more than 50 per cent in the last two decades. James L. Kraft started to modernize the cheese business in Chicago in 1904, with a one-horse wagon and $65 in capital; to-day the Kraft company's business is international in scope.

Of the many forward steps taken by his company in revolutionizing the cheese business, Mr. Kraft considers three decisive. First, prompt delivery of packaged cheeses at their best. Every day Kraft trucks move from the central warehouses to wholesalers, and others move from the wholesalers to retailers, thereby providing fresh stocks all along the line. Second, consistent research in the chemistry of milk, which resulted about 1915 in the successful blending of pasteurized cheese standardized as to taste, purity, and nutritional value. Third, the selling of cheese in sealed, air-tight containers. Processing improvements created superior and dependable goods; packaging improvements commended them to storekeepers and housewives by reason of economy in storage and use. Package sizes range from the five-pound loaf down to the small rectangles of Philadelphia Cream Cheese, a Kraft leader.

Another volume development was the addition of mayonnaise and salad dressings. Kraft's expanding distribution system could accommodate another line of packaged table goods. Kraft laboratories after long experiment provided both improved recipes and production machinery, Kraft advertising gained a steady market, and to-day these non-cheese items bulk large in the company's turnover. Similar considerations brought Kraft into the milk-candy field with Kraft caramels.

Whatever Kraft does, it does largely and boldly. It now has at Antigo, Wisconsin, the largest Swiss-cheese plant in the world. Its malted-milk plant at Wausau, Wisconsin, also leads in size and modernity. Kraft took cheese making South by establishing plants and stations from Virginia to Texas. By providing a market for Southern milk in an area which had never before produced cheese, Kraft's Southern march is contributing to both the industrial and the agricultural development of that region, just as its earlier expansion did in California, Idaho, and Montana.

IV

In number of laboratories and their geographical spread, no industry is richer than the dairy industry, but the majority of these laboratories are occupied with products control rather than fundamental research. One of National Dairy's first tasks, after its organization in 1923, was to establish at Baltimore a well-equipped laboratory to do for each of its associated companies whatever they were unable to do for themselves, and to study

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thoroughly the complex chemistry of milk. The publications of these laboratories cover a multitude of technical subjects reported on in special bulletins and in scientific journals. However, after years of fundamental work along this line, Thomas H. McInnerney, President of National Dairy, became convinced that a closer tie was needed between laboratory results and field practice in the widespread and highly decentralized organization which he formed and continues dynamically to lead.

These facts appeared self-evident. Milk in the bottle, as in several other forms, never has enjoyed the benefit of a strong champion on the national stage. Other food products had long been advertised under trade names in national magazines, and such brand advertising helped manufacturers of like goods indirectly, even though they were not advertisers. No dairy company was using the immense and effective power of the magazine press, so influential to domestic sales and to the cultivation of good will among future buyers, in behalf of the most necessary and healthful of all foods — milk.

To advertise milk and milk products nationally had its special difficulties. The operating companies of National Dairy are captained largely by men who created them, for milk distribution on the modern plane is a rather new business in which proud family names still bulk large. National Dairy desired to reënforce these local loyalties, each of which had its commercial value. Also, owing to the local character of milk regulations, differing standards and customs prevailed in different cities. At the same time, it was perceived that if definite quality specifications could be established and maintained the dairy industry would reach a new dignity and prestige, beneficial particularly to the dairy farmers of the country.

With this goal fixed, National Dairy looked for precedents and found one in the history of its great New York subsidiary, Sheffield Farms Co., Inc., which delivers daily 1,000,000 quarts of milk. Sheffield has many claims to leadership in the industry. It was the first dairy in America to employ the pasteurizing process and the first to establish a complete protection for the consumer on bottled milk, a service involving its own farm inspection programme and progressively higher standards in transport, processing, and bottling. Early in its history Sheffield had established premium milk grades.

Just as Sheffield set the pace in New York City, so National Dairy concluded that it could proceed along that line on a broader basis. To its central laboratories, reincorporated under the name Sealtest System Laboratories, Inc., was assigned the task of fixing quality specifications, checking daily reports, supervising individual laboratories through a zone control system, inspecting plants, granting permits for the use of the Sealtest symbol, and checking by consistent laboratory tests the findings from frequent visits of staff members among dairy plants. Operations thus rigidly controlled were given the right to use the Sealtest symbol on their products. The first broad application of this new system was made in the ice-cream field, which lends itself particularly well to standardization. In this presentation National Dairy sank itself almost out of sight, stressing the scores of trade names built up by its subsidiaries and celebrating its unity of purpose only through the Sealtest symbol. For the first time ice-cream advertising found a place on the home reading table. Sales results proved so favorable that doubters in the great National Dairy family of corporations began to seek the Sealtest symbol for other products. At present some National Dairy com-

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panies are using the Sealtest symbol on milk and other products, and this use will broaden greatly in the next few months. No National Dairy unit is permitted to use the Sealtest symbol until it has satisfied the scientist-officers of the Sealtest organization, and, once in the charmed circle, it must maintain the standards established.

In the main the Sealtest plan is designed to fix as an irreducible minimum the highest standards ruling in each locality, and then to lift quality operations as far above that standard as the economics of the situation permit. Any cost a business assumes to improve quality is always a sound investment. For instance, when Sheffield first developed a superior quality milk, it gained and held to this day an extremely large number of customers who desired and were willing to pay for this special milk.

The Sealtest symbol means that efficient dairy housekeeping has been taught to local staffs by lecture and instruction, that it is enforced by inspectors with laboratory training, that both raw and processed materials have passed high tests on all valid points. Each department is rated separately; there is no blanket dispensation given to all products of a factory producing more than one kind or grade of food, but each product must deserve Sealtest distinction in its own right.

V

National Dairy executives feel that Sealtest merchandising, soundly based on selling the housewife quality dairy products, will champion the worthwhile cause of increased milk consumption.

This accomplishment would mean increased purchasing power for dairy farmers and a high level of public health, thoughts basic to Thomas H. McInnerney when he organized National Dairy only a little more than ten years ago.

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"Noise is the true murderer of Thought"

..... SCHOPENHAUER

Noise that penetrates the walls of any man's thought is an enemy which should be given no quarter. How science has conquered this enemy makes one of the most vital chapters in the history of man's resourcefulness.

NOISE has been one of the great barriers to man's complete realization of his own abilities. It has broken into the most sacred of his sanctums—the recesses of constructive thought. Its abortive effects upon intelligent thinking, and its power to disturb and even wreck human effort, have been great deterrents of progress. $500,000,000 a year is but a conservative estimate of the annual cost of lost efficiency in business and industry alone as a result of Noise.

The last quarter century, however, has witnessed important accomplishments by Johns-Manville engineers in the Science of Acoustics and the Control of Sound. Today it is possible to eliminate effectively all undesired sound in offices, schools, hospitals and other places where quiet and thought must be undisturbed.

JOHNS-MANVILLE *Controls* HEAT, COLD, SOUND, MOTION. *Protects against* FIRE & WEATHE

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FOLLOWING the seasons, **Marjory Cane Harkness** divides her time between Lake Forest, Illinois, and Wonalancet, New Hampshire. Two years ago she turned to us with 'some seething plans for writing,' and our subsequent encouragement has been well rewarded. She was asked if she would prefer to have her present essay anonymous. 'Ought it to be?' she replied. 'I do not feel so. I speak for all widows and have not revealed anything private.' Δ In his analysis of the rise and power of Huey Long, **George E. Sokolsky** reaches conclusions as unexpected as they are persuasive. In these days of syndicated news we are thankful for those few individual observers who travel over the vast reaches of the United States and whose penetration enables us to see more than the caricatures in the press. Δ Nine years before the depression, **Robert Dean Frisbie** made up his mind to trade his job in California for a place in the tropical sun. In his quest for the unmolested state he moved first to Tahiti, then to Puka-Puka, and then to an uninhabited isle. From Puka-Puka he wrote us as follows: —

> Though I have not so much as a penny, I am very happy. The place is actually more primitive than ever it was, and I really look for it to revert to savagery unless copra again becomes a marketable product. As it is, we have been told that the return of the trading vessel is very uncertain, and that we can depend on only a yearly man-o'-war for communication with the outside world. It seems to me that I have a rare opportunity ahead of me: to watch the island sink back into a primitive state. It is sinking, too, as I have tried to point out in my sketches. People can't go to church *in puris naturalibus*, and they can't buy European gadgets unless someone will buy their copra. Without religion and commerce no one but a curious lubber like myself will take any further interest in them.

* * *

An American who would pass judgment on European affairs must have linguistic ability, an exceptional knowledge of history, a quizzical intentness not to be shaken by blandishments, and, above all, a keen sense of balance — an equipment, for instance, clearly possessed by **Frank H. Simonds,** the most experienced foreign correspondent in American journalism. **Hilda Rose** is a mite of a woman (she weighs eighty-seven pounds) who once taught school and who to-day, with an aged husband and a son in his teens, is pioneering in Fort Vermilion, Alberta. Her letters, written to three close friends in New York, help to keep her going; thanks to a friendly 'round robin,' they remind the *Atlantic's* circle of the hardihood and spirit which our great-grandparents must have had on their frontiers. It seems only fair to repeat this caution uttered by one of Mrs. Rose's correspondents: 'I only wish the readers knew she did not volunteer all the sad details. These had to be got out of her by insistent inquiries.' Should any readers wish to send a Christmas remembrance, they may do so direct by letter to the above address or through the agency of the T. Eaton Company, Winnipeg. Δ A recent examination of the entire mass of Dickinson family papers by Martha Dickinson Bianchi, niece and heir of **Emily Dickinson,** revealed the existence of various unpublished poems, preserved at the family homestead in Amherst and omitted by the editors of the first three volumes published in 1890, 1891, and 1893. A single volume containing 130 of these new poems will appear on November 22.

* * *

Lewis W. Douglas was born in Arizona forty-one years ago. His qualities, tested as they had been in the war, in finance, and in four sessions of Congress, led to his appointment as Director of the Budget of the United States. For two years he threw the whole weight of his energies behind the policy of balancing the national account. Of the danger of deficits he is qualified to speak with singular emphasis. This is the third in a series of five articles by Mr. Douglas. Δ Whether in his novels, his essays, or his short stories, **Henry Williamson** is at his best when he writes of nature. His studies of the Devon moors, his stories of the little-seen denizens of the British Isles, have brought him an increasing number of devoted readers, among whom were to be numbered John Galsworthy and the late T. E. Lawrence. The *Atlantic* considers itself fortunate to print in this and in earlier issues three panels from Mr. Williamson's most recent work, *Salar the Salmon.* This story of undersea life will be published in book form early in the spring of 1936. Δ The paper by **Della T. Lutes** should be read aloud in every *Atlantic* household *before,* not after, Thanksgiving dinner. It is guaranteed to

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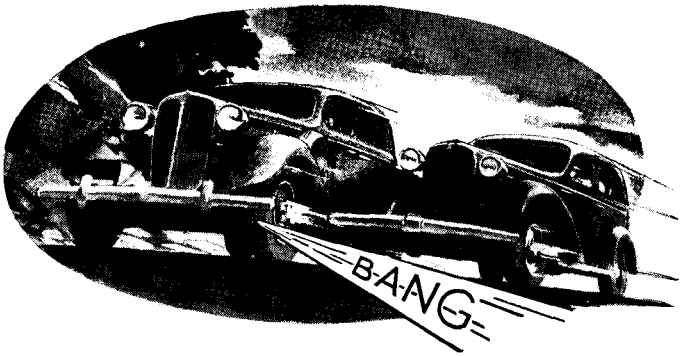


If the fear of a BLOWOUT *haunts you—here is the most sensible protection*

THERE have been many glib claims in the past of blowout protection built in the tire itself, and without doubt, tires are safer today than they were in former years.

Yet so long as a tire is resilient—so long as it encloses air—some hazard of the road may tear or burst it wide open with your car traveling at high speed.

So Goodyear approached the problem from another direction—and figured *what would protect your life after a tire failure?*

You will find the answer to that question in the Goodyear LIFEGUARD★ Tube—which prevents the sudden and complete escape of air by putting *one tube inside another.*

Thus, when a tire is ruptured—the air from the outer tube only escapes—and you ride in safety on the half-inflated tire, until a stop can be made.

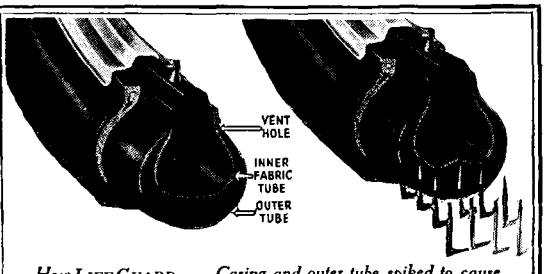
Instead of going flat instantly, the tire, even when it is torn wide open, rides like a slow leak.

It sounds simple, now that it is perfected. But it took over 1300 experimental designs before the LIFEGUARD★ was developed—and hundreds of tires were deliberately ripped, torn, cut, blown open at high speed on test cars, to prove that this principle actually works. *And not a single test car had an accident!*

LIFEGUARD★ Tubes can be installed in your present tires. Your tires will ride, steer, look like they do with ordinary tubes, and inflate with a single valve. But, like safety glass or steel bodies, these tubes give priceless protection in emergency.

Naturally, their cost is somewhat higher, for their purpose is not to save money but to save life.

★LIFEGUARD *is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., and is protected by patents applied for*



How LIFEGUARD Tube looks inside tire during normal driving.

Casing and outer tube spiked to cause made-to-order blowout. Note that two-ply fabric-reinforced inner chamber remains intact. Car rides on this reserve air until it can stop in safety.

LIFEGUARD TUBE

For Passenger Cars — Trucks — Buses

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

More People Ride On GOODYEAR TIRES Than On Any Other Kind

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make the mouth water. **Walter D. Edmonds,** the novelist, is most at home in the Erie Canal country of upper New York. Is there, we wonder, a particular brand of humor which flourishes in that soil? Or is it because of Edmonds's own sauce that his legends slip down so easily? Δ Lovers of poetry will do well to keep their eyes peeled for *Burning City*, a new collection of ten long poems about America by **Stephen Vincent Benét.** Δ If you love to travel but can't pay your way, what is there to do? **Juanita Harrison,** an American colored woman in middle life, gives you her own highly individual answer. With a smattering of languages, with friendliness and buoyancy, she worked her way as ladies' maid and housekeeper through no less than twenty-two countries. Of her many letters of reference we quote one from the English couple for whom she worked on the Cap d'Antibes: —

Dear Miss Morris, - -

My husband and I are only too willing to give you references for Juanita. We were very fond of her and found her an amazing character, besides being a very good servant. We left her at the villa, knowing full well that she would look after it just the same as if we were there. Juanita is a really good woman in the finest sense of the word, and full of a wonderful humanity. I should be glad if you will tell her if she ever comes to London to write to us. We should be delighted to see her.

Yours truly,

HELEN AND HUGH ROSE

'Braes,' St. Mawes, Cornwall

Miss Harrison's letters, an installment of which appeared in the October *Atlantic*, were carefully collected and edited by one of her other employers, Miss Mildred Morris, to whom our thanks are due. Δ It is no wonder that **Joe Lee,** a young Bostonian, should feel impelled to recapture the beauty of autumn. It is the most splendid season in the New England calendar. Δ Now affiliated with the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, **William B. Munro** was for many years a professor in the Department of History and Government of Harvard University. He is expert in his knowledge of constitutions. Δ For more than a quarter of a century **Arthur Pound** has been closely identified with industry in its most active centres. His book, *The Iron Man in Industry*, is a reference work highly regarded by those who know.

* * *

At the *Atlantic's* invitation, Mr. Lewis Douglas, late Director of the Budget, has made a conscientious scrutiny of our Federal fiscal policy. His statements have occasioned a debate in which *Atlantic* readers will take part for some months to come.

Dear Atlantic, —

It would be a very agreeable situation for those of us who were born in New England and are endowed with some of the proclivities of the Scot if Mr. Douglas were correct in writing that 'Saving — Not Spending — Will Bring Reëmployment.' But when one considers that bonds are advertised for sale at a price to yield as little as one per cent, it is difficult to believe that more capital — that is, more saving — is really needed. The fallacy of Mr. Douglas's renewed plea for special efforts to revive the capital-goods industries is clearly exposed in Father Ryan's interesting book, *A Better Economic Order*.

Mr. Douglas is quite right in stating that thrift is still a virtue — but only for the man who will himself suffer or who will cause privation to others by the neglect of it. It is not thrifty for a very rich man to save when more capital will merely increase the number of factories, of which there already are too many. A man who used to do this sort of thing was called a miser — a valuable word, which seems to have gone out of use. A man can roll up and plough in profits nowadays indefinitely without being called a miser. On the contrary, he is honored, and for his benefit the inheritance tax was removed from the new tax law. Andrew Carnegie dispersed his wealth, believing that it was wrong for a man to die rich; he believed that the virtue of saving has a limit. Mr. Rosenwald, in an *Atlantic* article in May 1929, denounced the formation of perpetual trusts. A trust fund can be the very perfection of thrift; and in France, where thrift is proverbial, trust funds are not sanctioned by law.

Neither spending nor saving will bring general and stable employment. It has been hoped by some people that spending would prime the pump, would start the wheels of industry; its immediate benefit is to keep the unemployed alive in the way least injurious to their morale; but its most fundamental benefit would be to stave off the day of reckoning in the hope that leaders of business and finance will see the handwriting on the wall in time.

Until our civilization is falling in ruins there will never again be sufficient opportunity for profitable labor to keep all workmen busy all the time. Our scientific friends tell us so; indeed, we are invited to rejoice that machines have 'abolished the slavery of human toil' — and this at a time when vast sums are being spent to provide toil.

Thus it appears that there is only one way out: the short day and short week — each short enough to put everyone to work. And there is a potent reason why this will probably not be tried: it means the very *great reduction of those profits of industry which* have never benefited more than a few people.

I know of an island in the South Pacific where unemployment is universal and almost continuous. There is no reason for working all the time, therefore the foolish natives don't do it; a few hours of toil a week provide all that is needed, all that can be used. The inhabitants of this uncivilized island suffer from unemployment of a severity and duration not yet experienced in Europe or America; but those poor South Sea Islanders don't know that they are suffering. On the contrary, they sleep through the hot

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NEITHER the 41 years he had served the Crown nor the honors he had amassed counted on that May 3rd, 1621, when Francis Bacon waited for sentence to be passed on him. The court spoke: for having accepted a bribe, Bacon was to be fined £40,000—imprisoned in the Tower and forever barred from holding any office.

Still in the next five years, Bacon accomplished work more valuable than anything he had previously achieved: he amplified the philosophic and scientific ideas which have become the foundation of modern scientific methods.

But at the time of his death, their importance was not recognized. So primitive were printing methods that it took 35 years to circulate enough copies of his writings to influence either thought or experiment. Thus again in the 17th century was demonstrated the truism that man's progress is primarily determined by printing progress.

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afternoon, and spend the night talking, singing, and playing on the beach.

In our more rugged climate, machines have brought the opportunity for Americans to lead a happy life. Machines have brought not only the possibility, but also the necessity, of profit for all in the form of leisure, and they have destroyed the possibility of concentrated profit in wealth for the favored few. Is America going to make the fatal mistake of trying to return to the old order in which work was provided for all, and profit for the few? Or will America, in its hour of decision, rise to its great opportunity to organize a system of society in which the leisure of our ten million unemployed shall, in the midst of plenty, be shared by all?

HARRISON W. SMITH
Springfield, Maine

Dear Atlantic, —

Lewis W. Douglas's article in a recent number of *the Atlantic Monthly comprises a verification of the* truth that the potential employer must be possessed of 'savings' or capital before he is possessed of the ability to employ.

Possession of capital, however, is dependent on continuance of the law which sustains the capitalist in his right to his capital. Employment therefore depends ultimately upon common support of capital or property rights.

Civilization is born of uncompromising and untiring consistency in the establishment of property rights, and exists until it no longer respects the order on which its property rights are established. Future historians may be called upon to explain, in regard to the United States, the early breakdown in protection of property rights. The years from the beginning of our present industrial age until the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt were marked by contempt of all property rights excepting those of the industrialists, and the months since this administration began are marked by contempt of all property rights including those of the industrialists.

MARY ALLEN GRANT
Sparta, Illinois

How words grow.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was interested to see in Howell Vines's story 'The Mustydines Was Ripe,' in the July *Atlantic*, that the hero carried his belongings in a 'crokersack' (crocus-sack). The words 'crocus-sack' and 'crocus-bag' are commonly used in the rural sections of the Southeastern States from Virginia to Georgia, and perhaps elsewhere, as the name of the burlap bags which hold seed and fertilizer. I have once heard a length of burlap called 'crocus-cloth.'

The word 'crocus' as applied to burlap is of long use. In the (printed) Vestry Book of Kingston Parish, Virginia, under date of a meeting in 1770 appears the entry: 'Ordered, That thirty yards of crocus be purchased for the parlour at the Glebe.' Evidently for a floor covering.

I am interested to learn how this use of a familiar word originated. Jute was first introduced into America from India about 1750, and within twenty years the material was called 'crocus.' As the botanical name of the plant from which it is made is Corchorus, I have thought that perhaps this unfamiliar word, being applied to the newly introduced material, was shortened and changed into a more familiar form in common use.

Can any of your readers suggest a better explanation?

G. MACLAREN BRYDON, D.D.
Richmond, Virginia

A correction for Mr. Embree.

Dear Atlantic, —

We should not like to be classed with those who do protest too much; but Mr. Edwin R. Embree's comment in his June article that 'the jealousy of the southern section of the state [California] has forced the development of a large subdivision in Los Angeles which already numbers nearly 7000 students, *the overwhelming majority of whom are women* studying to become teachers,' has moved me to obtain from our Registrar the following statistics of enrollment: —

Year	*Total*	*Women*	*Per Cent*	*Teachers' College*	*Per Cent*
30–31	6391	3823	59.8	1760	27.5
31–32	6814	3868	56.8	1688	24.8
32–33	7168	3866	54.0	1523	21.2
33–34	6784	3570	52.6	1222	18.0
34–35	6896	3572	51.8	1112	16.2

As Mr. Embree himself says, figures speak for themselves.

AGNES EDWARDS PARTIN
Los Angeles, California

Living in the past.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Stanley Casson's article in July, 'Challenge to Complacency,' is of more than ordinary interest to those of us who live in ancient Carthage and have seen smooth grassy mounds adjoining our villas carved by the archæologists into the ruins of Roman and Punic civilizations. In common with most people hereabouts, we have, lining our garden path and adorning the pillars of our wall, round stone balls about the size of Dutch cheeses, the ammunition of wars fought on this ground two thousand years ago. I take my children across a field (avoiding the camels of Bedouins encamped in an ancient granary) and we bathe in the shallows formed by the ruins of the enormous sea wall first erected by Dido when she fled from Troy with treasure which even then was ancient. Sometimes we climb the Byrsa hill to the museum, and look at the toys and milk bottles of the children who used to run about in the walled city whose pride caused some of the most dreadful wars in history. Last night when the moon was full I stood on a mosaic pavement built by some Roman upon the ruins of Punic days, and wondered if it were possible that so short a time ago one of the most horrible sieges of history took place here. These cobblestone roads, neatly drained and bordered by

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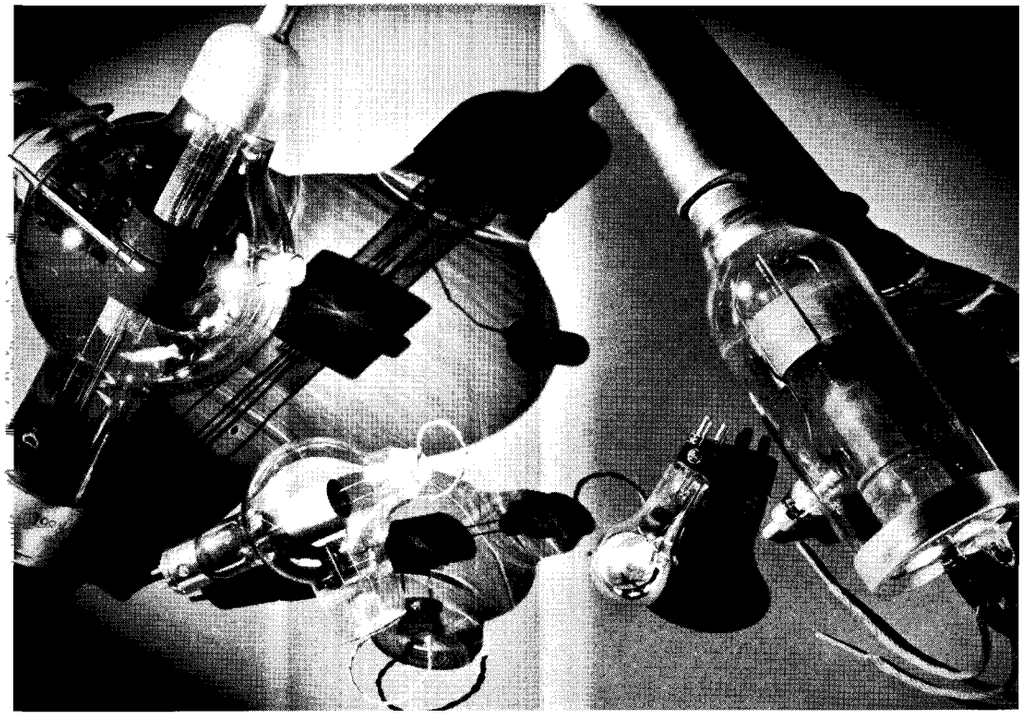

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ONLY strange shapes of glass and metal! Yet it's the electron tube that gives radio its tongue, that brings to your fireside music played a thousand miles away.

It's the electron tube that leads ships through fog, guides airplanes through darkness, peers unwinkingly into white-hot crucibles, directs the surgeon's knife, and is becoming one of the greatest weapons against disease.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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beautiful terraces, were once thronged with people as proud as we are. I wonder if, two thousand years hence, archæologists, poking about in the débris of my villa, will admire the designs of my tiled floors and marvel at the marble sink in my kitchen!

ALICE BERRY-HART
Carthage, North Africa

Little sisters — and brothers, too — please note this.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the Contributors' Column of the October issue I find a letter from a college graduate to a former teacher. It is a typical letter from untried youth. She judges the results she sees with no idea of the causes behind these results. Out of one experience she judges all. It is the prerogative of youth to make rash judgments.

After twenty years in business I think, perhaps, my observations may be a little more accurate.

It is one of men's favorite accusations that women are emotionally unstable. If a woman loses her temper under strain, that to a man is emotional instability. We have no refuge in 'God damns' and the other phrases which make up man's emotional outlets. Somehow even when women make use of them they don't seem to give us the letdown that they give men. But when a man loses his temper — and in twenty years I can assure you I have seen a great number of men lose their tempers — it is a perfectly justifiable matter.

If the writer in question had worked for five or ten years, had ambition, had the training, had the need for a position that was well paid, and then saw some really inferior man get the position toward which she was working, merely because of her sex, I wonder if she would go sour? I think she would. And if she succeeded in getting that position and found that her salary was exactly one half that paid a man for the same work, would she snap and sputter? And if she were told men were paid more because they supported families, while she tried to make up for the fact that her father had been adequate only in bringing children into the world, or supported a widowed mother and helped to educate the younger children, or helped out the children of a brother who was smarter at bringing them into the world than in taking care of them, would she be sour?

My experience in business has entirely convinced me that man is the gossipy sex par excellence. The most casual salesman — or, for that matter, executive — who has a few minutes on his hands while he waits for his appointment will, without any encouragement, tell you how wonderful his daughter is, what ambitions his son has, and intimate details about his home life that would make his wife blush — and often make me blush.

Any kind of job must have a value beyond its intrinsic one. We all must have something to work for. A title, or more money, and the better of these is the money. Men do not work because they love it — neither do women, and the fact that the average girl must take her place in an office for the first few years of her married life is evidence enough that men are only too willing to share their responsibilities.

There is nothing really so irritating in an office as the boy or girl fresh from college. Many men have complained about boys fresh from college. In relation to business they stand in the same place at the end of college as they stood in relation to college at the end of their high-school years. An A. B. degree ensures no business ability. The general attitude is not that of one willing to learn a new game. The attitude in fact is that no one else has ever been to college. Something should be done about the girl just coming from college. If her teachers are wise they will tell her that she is on the threshold of something new and different. We enter college knowing we are going to learn. We enter business pretty sure we know everything.

The girl's discovery that women in business are a mistake is correct, but not for the reasons she gives. They are a mistake because after ten years, or even five, of being a combination of machine turning out accurate work inaccurately given, and a clairvoyant who must guess what is meant and not blindly follow haphazard instructions, they are no longer fit to be mothers. If they snap at the children — who would not, with shattered nerves?

We would gladly resign our tasks in the office if our brothers were capable of the task of caring for us. But there never has been a time in the history of the world, since we led the sheltered life of doing a wash for a family of eight, canning for the household, spinning and dressmaking, that we have n't carried our own economic weight.

It is ten o'clock and I am still at my desk, because it was important to the executive I work with to talk over the fighting points of the Louis and Baer fracas to the extent of eating up two hours. He went home promptly, but I must carry on. My temper will not be smooth in the morning, and if the little girl who just came down from Mount Holyoke does n't do as I tell her, — a simple thing, — write the instructions that I give her so that she won't forget them before she crosses the hall, I'm afraid I'll be vexed.

Little sister, much is forgiven you, because you talk in ignorance, but write us again ten years hence!

JANE DOE

If you 're waking, call me early.

Dear Atlantic, —

Della T. Lutes, in 'Breakfast, Old Style' (September), was delightfully succulent in her regrets for the passing of the breakfasts that were really breakfasts. But the inference that such meals belong entirely to the past was a little contradictory to some of my experiences in rural North Carolina within the last three years. In many of the country homes I have relished breakfasts as richly heavy as those described in the article. There were often eggs, of course. But they were accompanied by huge quantities of rice, stimulatingly tasty ham or sausage, or even fried chicken. There were two or three kinds of preserves or jelly to go with the hot, flaky biscuits in which fresh butter, churned by hand, melted to a delicious yellow. In one home I remember distinctly that two

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Grandma idn't know this

dma was brought up to think canned s were something for the winter time But modern women know they're ng the most healthful things "grown- or children can eat the year round. hy?

cause the can seals in all those ous vitamins and mineral salts that o essential to health. Each can is a ature sealed cooking kettle that ns nature's goodness intact await- our pleasure.

oreover, perishable fruits and vege- s are canned within a matter of s after picking, at the peak of their al goodness and flavor. That is you'll find . . .

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kinds of pie and a cake were served at the same breakfast. The cake and jelly were excellent together. And after providing all of this my host graciously kept insisting, 'Take out an' help yourself.' I did.

FALK S. JOHNSON
Mars Hill, North Carolina

Breakfast in Pennsylvania.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am lying in bed in a hospital which has just served me 'the standardized American breakfast' of orange juice (the glass stood in cracked ice), toast, and coffee. It has been the accompaniment to my reading of Mrs. Lutes's 'Breakfast, Old Style.' Even so, I must still object to the 'Old Style' of her title. Less than a month ago my family and I sat down to breakfast in a farmhouse in Southern Pennsylvania. Cooked cereal, fried cakes and syrup (from a modern can, however), roast pork in rich gravy, potato salad, great slabs of homemade bread, preserves, home-canned plums, a glorious sponge cake, coffee, and milk (warm from the cow) were set before us in one fell swoop. No wonder our appetites staggered! The men of the farm had eaten at five; evidently there was a great disparity between their capacities and ours, for our hostesses were horrified at the poverty of our seven-o'clock consumption.

I have eaten breakfasts in Japan of fish soup, fried fish, rice, and pickles; I have eaten breakfasts on the Tigris of greasy mutton, greasy rice, and Arab bread soaked in *leben* (clabbered milk, almost), but my Pennsylvania breakfast is still the prize of them all. 'Breakfast, Old Style' has not passed from every American home.

MRS. DAVID D. BAKER
Baltimore, Maryland

The *Atlantic* in swaddling clothes.

Dear Atlantic, —

Perhaps your readers would like to see an article about your younger self which I found in the August 1858 issue of my bound volumes of *Merry's Museum:*

'THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

'This able and interesting monthly has now accomplished its first half year, having from the start achieved a brilliant success. This is the more remarkable, as it commenced in a season of great depression, when other magazines were shaking in the wind, or falling before the blast. It is ably sustained by the very best writers in the country. A great variety of talent is employed upon it, and talent of such an order as never fails to command attention. Its politics will suit some classes of readers; its genial humor and sparkling wit will suit all. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," who is sometimes irreverently spoken of as the funny little Doctor, has more in him than some regiments of overgrown men, notwithstanding he has let out enough, in the last twenty years, or so, to supply material for fame to half a dozen. What would not the London Punch give for such a contributor?

'The same fruitful pen is often detected in the poetry of the work, with golden twinklings of Longfellow, and other favorite bards of New England. We do not see how any family that has a taste for the cream of American literature, can dispense with this monthly visitor. To have it come regularly to your parlor is like receiving periodical visits, and holding periodical confabs with Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Tuckerman, Whittier, and a score or two of kindred spirits whose presence and influence would throw a sort of halo about your door — whose gleaming would scarcely be lost before a fresh visit would renew it. If the Atlantic continues to do as well as it has done, we confidently predict that it will be as popular, by-and-by, as MERRY'S MUSEUM, and have young men and maidens, old men and children, watching for it at all the post-offices at every return of the month. The young Merrys will please tell their parents, and their older brothers and sisters, what we have said about it. If they have made a proper use of the MUSEUM, they will be fully competent to navigate the "Atlantic."'

The irregular method of punctuation and capitalization may seem odd, but I have copied this review exactly from the *Museum.*

As for me, I am fifteen, and while just outgrowing *Saint Nicholas,* I am rapidly learning to appreciate the *Atlantic* of to-day.

MARGUERITE ALVIS
Greenfield, Oklahoma

No month passes without our receiving a score of letters with their chuckling 'Signs of the Times.' Shall we bring out an *Atlantic* supplement?

Dear Atlantic, —

There was plenty of room above and below, yet the sign writer left only enough space to make praise of oil and give directions in one notice. Here is what we read at a California service station: —

100% PENNSYLVANIA PURE
LADIES

ALFRED J. SMITH
Oakland, California

Dear Atlantic, —

I have been enjoying your recent reprints of strange signs, and I cannot remain silent, for a friend of mine returned from a motor trip the other day with word of an unusually cryptic one.

Between El Paso, Texas, and Carlsbad, New Mexico, there are very few stops, and these are lone gasoline stations and occasional eating houses. It is one of the bleakest territories of the great open spaces of our state. My friend stopped for lunch at one of these wide places in the road and was thoroughly rewarded when his eyes beheld the following:

DON'T ASK US FOR INFORMATION
IF WE KNEW ANYTHING WE WOULDN'T
BE OUT HERE

MARY NASS BERMAN
San Antonio, Texas

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